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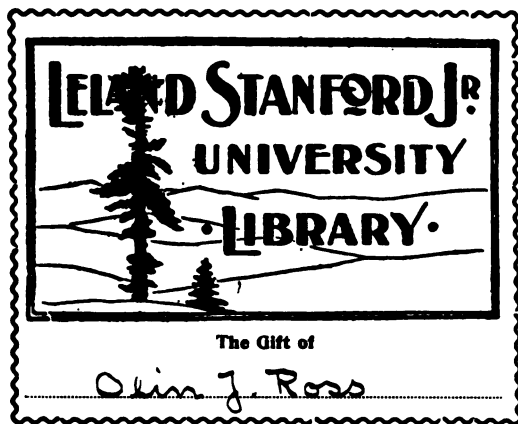
# The Sky Blue



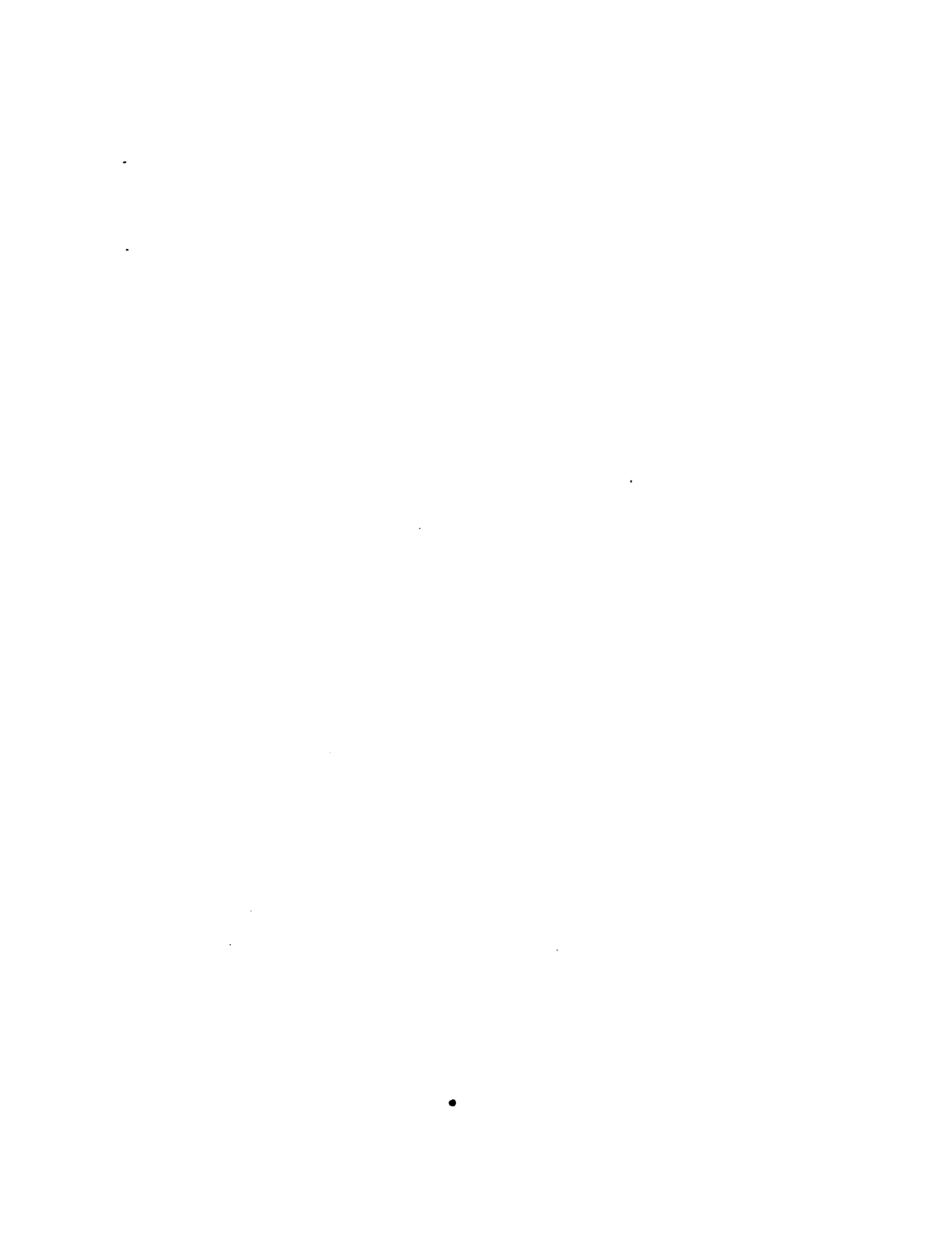
A Tale of the Iron Horse, and  
of the Coming Civilization



By OLIN J. ROSS







# THE SKY BLUE

**A Tale of the Iron Horse**

**AND OF THE COMING CIVILIZATION**

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By OLIN J. ROSS

(Of the Columbus, Ohio, Bar)

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## PREFACE.

When <sup>as</sup> a small boy living in southern Illinois, my home was in sight of what has since become the great main line of the Illinois Central Railroad from Chicago and St. Louis to New Orleans. It was the first railroad I ever knew by name, and, so, when a few years ago it commenced to run its trains into Cincinnati, I found that, somehow, boy like, the name was imbedded in my memory.

I then conceived the idea of getting it to parallel the Ohio river as it had practically paralleled the Mississippi, and build through my former home town in southern Ohio over an old grade part of the way, to Pittsburg. Howe, in his history of Ohio and in his chapter on Pike county, speaks of this railroad grade, which cost a million dollars, before it was abandoned, some forty-five or fifty years ago, and, also of the town of Piketon, which at one time was the thriving county seat of Pike county.

A strange fatality, he says, has followed Piketon, in this, that nearly every great enterprise in which it has embarked has failed on the eve of success. My own former town and Piketon were largely instrumental in getting the old grade built. It failed. Then several other Piketon railway enterprises failed and then the canal, which was everything in those days, and which it had worked so hard for, failed, or rather went on the other side of the Scioto river through Waverly, its rival. Then it lost the county seat, it going to Waverly also; and a lot of other things conspired to discourage our Piketon neighbors, and it looked as if the little old town which long since had ceased to grow, never would get a railroad at all.

The old-time dream of the ambitious country village to have a railroad and be a city was not realized at the time Howe wrote, only a little while ago. In fact, when I read about these things in Howe's



history, I felt sorry for the little town that never could get a railroad. Being such a sorry tale, being such a long tale of hard work and disappointment, and these other facts being in my mind, I commenced to think and say things more or less, now and then, in a desultory way about talking the Illinois Central into building over the old grade to Pittsburg.

I remember in trying to fire their imaginations—at least, some imaginations, and firing imaginations is not one of the least of the things to be done in order to get things done—I described some great trains—imaginary trains—running through the woods and across the hills and over the stone abutments built so long ago, on the old grade, on their way from Pittsburg to New Orleans. I recall among other things that I spoke more than once of the little old town at last getting a railroad—the railroad that follows great rivers. The Sky Blue train grew out of these descriptions.

Soon after this the World's Fair coming on at Paris, and having seen the Empire State Express on exhibition at Chicago in 1893, it having made just before that, some runs that easily made it the first train in the world, I conceived the idea of mating my Sky Blue train with it and taking them to Europe and exhibiting them.

A large part of this book was written during the first two or three months of the fair.

I believe in railroads. I believe that they are solving some mighty problems and are going to raise some new ones—some of them being of the kind that statesmen have not heretofore been in the habit of dealing with. I believe it is possible to fill the world with railways and iron horses, that if it is so filled, they will reduce it to a neighborhood—that is, if they are permitted to work up to their capacity—and that new relations will arise between man and man and new problems by reason of the new relations will come into being; but some of the problems, though, will be old problems magnified many times.

This neighborhood, which I think it is at work upon, the iron horse will surely get for us sooner or later unless civilization meets

## PREFACE

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with some great catastrophe and gets turned back into barbarism and savagery.

I will not undertake to define the word "neighborhood" in the sense in which I am using it and in which I use it in my book. I will only say that the iron horse in getting over the continents of the earth has an effect upon far distant peoples, races and countries much like the telescope has upon distant objects, that is, all these distant objects are brought very close to us and we can see them plainly, and yet it is not like the telescope, either. The telescope which seems to bring things so close to us, in fact, does not. It is an illusion, but there is no illusion about the iron horse, and so when the world is swiftly brought to us or we are swiftly taken to the world or over it, the word "neighborhood" is not a bad one to employ in describing the new relations which men and things everywhere will be made to sustain to each other.

I have aimed to forestall natural processes as it were, a little, and work into this neighborhood which is being made faster perhaps, than many of us dream—a neighborhood which is not altogether geographical in extent, either, and into the civilization which will exist within it, a kindlier spirit and a more loving remembrance for one another, than any neighborhood or any civilization has yet had.

For this purpose I have called out the artist, the poet and the musician to fill the world with the creations of their hands and brains, that is, I have sought to make the Messengers of Commerce and Industry, for that it what these things are of which I have written, tell tales of love and kindness as it were, and do deeds of love and kindness too, and, then on their having done so, I have tried to make the artist, the poet and the musician, chisel, paint, write and sing these tales and deeds and other tales and deeds into the human heart, everywhere, in place of so many things which have for so long a time been chiseled, painted, written and sung there.

Into this new world I have sought to make the great reformer, the doctor, the lawyer, the scientist and the statesman go and work also. I have tried to give each and all of them a larger task to per-

form. I have tried to get them all to go and do great things for the world—things which I think they can do and which, if they would do, would make life less hard for all of those who live now, as well as for all of those who will live in the coming years. I have made them all—railway companies, artists, poets, scientists, lawyers, doctors and statesmen—workers and reformers—builders and reconstructors as it were—in this new world which I have tried somewhat to outline.

Having spoken somewhat confidentially as to how this book was started and having told somewhat of the things I have tried to do, I will only add as a sort of explanation that to some, my great trains which were put out to work, may seem to be too large in number, but when one considers the amount of work to be done not only in helping out at a World's Fair but in the great afterwork which I have tried to describe, thirty or forty of them are too few rather than too many. A lesser number would have been out of proportion as much as would have been a thousand or so inhabitants for the city of Boston.

Believing that there are thoughts in my book which will tend to make men better and the world a pleasanter place to live in for us all I send it out among the great sea of books and into the great world of thought with the hope that it will not prove to be a book which is barren of good influences.

December, 1903.

OLIN J. ROSS,  
COLUMBUS, OHIO.

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# THE SKY BLUE.

## A TALE OF THE IRON HORSE AND OF THE COMING CIVILIZATION

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### CHAPTER I.

#### TWO GREAT TRAINS.

A stranger was walking one day, along the track of the New York Central Railroad, when some one from an adjoining field, shouted, "Get off that track." The stranger looked up and, glancing backward, saw a train coming a half mile away.

Supposing that the man in the field was "guying" him about his pre-occupied air, he started on again, when instantly came the warning cry in deeper earnestness than before, "Get off the track, it is the Empire State Express and it is late." He glanced up again and turned to look at the man in the field as if he was vexed at being "guyed," when for the third time came the warning cry, thrilling in its distinctness, "Get off at once; she will be onto you in less than ten seconds, for she is only a quarter of a mile away."

He was a stranger in those parts and, speaking somewhat in the language of the Round House, down where the locomotives make their home, did not know the Empire State

Express—did not know how, when she was late, she annihilated distances and got back the time which was lost—and so he smiled to himself as he thought of the words, “a quarter of a mile away.”

“O, there is plenty of time,” he answered, “if she is a quarter of mile away,” and then he started to walk the length of another rail, evidently expecting to step off on the other side, but ere he had gone half its length, he cast a swift glance backwards and saw, like a flitting shadow, a huge locomotive towering over him—and then— well! the death which came so suddenly was the talk roundabout among the people for many a day.

The Empire State Express is fast every day and reels the miles off, hour after hour, at a steady gait of a mile a minute—that is her average running time— but that day she was late and the stranger did not know it—did not even know her average speed. She was away late, had met with delays and had struck a long stretch of straight level track and was coming with the rush of the wind—with the roar of the tempest when the storm king is out—was making up time at two miles to the minute, when the warning was given to get off the track.

He did not live eight seconds from the time he was told she was “only a quarter of a mile away.”

The man in the field saw the danger, when he heard the noise she was making in getting back the time which was lost and he knew that the speed she was on, would overtake a man more deceptively than the sudden rush of the panther when it springs upon its prey. When he saw the great train

coming "a half mile away" and go through a long, low cut, he knew then that no time was to be lost, in making the man on the track know the danger, for no man is safe who walks with his back to a coming train when it is going at the two mile a minute rate—or even a much slower rate.

The man in the field afterwards said that it seemed to him as if she did not run through that cut at all—but, of course she did, for the tragedy on down the track proved it.

Another man said that he saw her—and I use the words "her" and "she," as the round-house uses them—go through that same cut and that the smoke of the great locomotive, as it rose slightly upward, suggested the feathered shaft of an arrow, sped by some monster bow, or rather of a huge feather, going through the cut, point end forward, as an arrow goes.

I speak of this tragedy for several reasons, one being that it called public attention to the deceptive approach of fast trains—a deception grand and magnificent in itself, but which nevertheless has suddenly ended many a man's life.

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Not long before this accident happened on the New York Central Railroad, another road, a north and south road and an east and west road, too,—the road which has followed great rivers and has made even the "Father of Waters" to divide up his "traffic and travel"—got out a new train which was fast and beautiful.

By reason of its color, it was called "The Sky Blue" and because of its speed—and in this "history," I will sometimes drop the more "stately" style of diction as it were and use



the vernacular and pet terms of those who live with giant locomotives and great trains—it was called by some the “Racer of the Ohio, Mississippi and Missouri River Valleys.”

No train in all those broad valleys could run with it and of all the trains in the world, the one that could run with the Empire State Express for more than a hundred miles was this same Sky Blue. Some said that it was the prettiest thing that ever ran on wheels. The coaches were of a pale blue color and it was this that gave the name to the train.

It was not a dark blue, nor a deep blue, but a pale elusive sort of blue. It was a beautiful blue—a blue so inexpressibly fine that it seemed to have been taken out of the sky when the sun shines brightly in the morning and painted on to it—the very blue one will see, sometimes in a rift between fleecy clouds, when the sun pours its light in behind them—the pale blue, which is so fresh and clear and delicate that it seems to have been mixed with sunshine and shaded down by the hand of nature herself.

I guess I had better take that back. It was a beautiful shade of blue with which the Sky Blue was painted, but it was not quite equal to the blue, after all, with which the sky is painted, when all nature wears her brightest smiles, for no man has ever, yet, mixed colors into such a blue and, yet, it came as near to nature’s finest blue as any blue you ever saw. The borders of the coaches were of a darker blue and the name of the train and of the railroad were lettered with gold shadings. The windows in the coaches were wide, one might say, unusually wide, showing a finish inside which was enticing in its beauty and richness, for the colors blended

and pleased and satisfied the eye. There were gilt and silver stripings on the panel work and borders which harmonized most beautifully with the other colors.

The inside of the coaches, from just along the base to the tops of the car windows, and the wood and iron work of the seats, were finished in white, as bright and lustrous in its whiteness as polished ivory or marble.

The seats were upholstered in silk, heavy and fine and of a red color, almost as deep a red as one sees in fine silken flags. The backs of the seats were made in one piece, though in upholstering and framing them together, they looked somewhat like two beautifully designed chairs, seated so closely together that the upholstering, separated by a very narrow space, looked a little like raised panel work.

There were mirrors fitted into the spaces between the windows and there were gold and silver stripings and handsomely designed figures in all places where good taste would permit. The ceilings and spaces above the windows were finished in sky blue with artistic decorations,—the same shade of blue of which I have spoken. The train inside and out had such a rich, clean look, that standing among other trains in some great depot, it would have been picked out at once as a thing of beauty. Perhaps, what made it look so beautiful, was the blending of the three colors, red, white and blue—and, perhaps what made them seem to blend so, was because so many people in the world are used to these colors, for three of the great nations of the earth make flags out of these colors.

Sometimes, it was called the girls' train. This name

got started by some commercial travelers, who, on seeing it from the outside and then, entering the door and seeing the white and blue finish with the red silken upholstering and the panelling of mirrors and other evidences of beauty, exclaimed, "This must be a train for girls, only, it is so fine"—and so, not only the ladies took a fancy to it, but the commercial travelers did, too.

One day, not long after it had been running, it had a narrow escape from destruction. It was chased by one of those monsters of the west, a cyclone. Early in the forenoon, a mass of darkness, streaked with red gleams—an angry, dangerous looking thing up in the sky—had been seen following it. Sometimes, this thing would seem to drop behind or shift its course and then, as the train would stop at some station, it would come rushing on, wilder and more furious than before.

At one of the stations, the news came to the passengers that they were indeed, being followed by one of the most awful tempests that ever went down the Mississippi valley—a tempest that spared neither town, city, forest nor railway train. Death followed fast after it and gleaned a rich harvest. And a race commenced, one of the strangest ever known. The Sky Blue ran but the cyclone followed steadily on after her, down the Mississippi valley, never swerving to the right nor to the left. Like some great hound that could not be shaken off, it followed on in the chase. For hours, it seemed, it came on, a destroying monster. Its roar, and its angry, coiled and twisted, hateful look, as it tirelessly hung on to

the rear, made the passengers grow sick at heart and the Sky Blue on a clear track, ran for life.

Early in the afternoon, the wind commenced to tire out, then it lagged behind with its strength half spent. A little later, the great train was going straight on, going on alone.

Sometimes, these great whirlwinds filled with lightnings and rain, for that is what a cyclone is, will tear their way through a country for hundreds of miles, sparing nothing and leaving a path of ruin and death behind them, and it was with one of these monsters of the air that the Sky Blue ran that day—and the people who were on it will never forget that ride from death.

That afternoon, as the great locomotive was fleeing from the tempest, with its human freightage, it seemed, as one man expressed it, that "God, alone, held it to the rails," and so, it came to be known throughout the Ohio, Mississippi and Missouri river valleys, that the train which had run down the wind and tired it out in one of its wild runs was this same Sky Blue train and that the only locomotive in all the world that could run with the locomotive that pulls the Empire State Express was the locomotive that pulls the Sky Blue up and down the Ohio and Mississippi valleys.

No other locomotives in all the world of locomotives have made such names as have these two and, so in the world of locomotives they run together and are known as "The Twin Brothers." Their reputations were and are so great for speed, that out of all the incidents which have gone to make up their reputations, I have selected only these two to show them up, as it were, to some extent, lest there might be

some who would say that their reputations were not deserved. In fact, this book started from their reputations. "The Twin Brothers" had such great names in the locomotive world that when the World's Fair came on in the year 1900 in Paris, they and the trains they pulled, were, if I may be permitted to speak of them, somewhat as if they were living personages, invited to attend.

## CHAPTER II.

## INVITATIONS.

The going to Paris of the Empire State Express and the Sky Blue, opened the way for other trains to go, too, for there were other great trains in America—trains that considered themselves the equal of the Sky Blue and the Empire State Express. The Royal Blue, the Fast Flying Virginian, the Pennsylvania Limited—which is so fine that it does not pull anything plainer than Pullmans—the “Kittie,” of the Missouri, Kansas and Texas, the Wabash, the Black Diamond Express, the Sunset Limited, the New Orleans Limited of the Louisville and Nashville, the Overland Limited, the Imperial Limited of the Canadian Pacific, a great train from our next door neighbor, as it were, the Rock Island Limited, the Florida Limited of the Queen and Crescent, the Southwestern Limited of the Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis, the Southeastern limited—which runs from Kansas City to Florida—and a splendid train each from the Texas and Pacific, the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe, the Chicago and Northwestern, the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton, the St. Louis and San Francisco, the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, the Richmond and Danville, now a part of the Southern Railway, the Minneapolis, St. Paul and Sault Ste. Marie, the St. Louis Southwestern, the latter not being such a long road, but known far and near as the Cotton Belt Road, because it

goes through the great Arkansas and Texas domains of King Cotton,—and the Denver and Rio Grande—the last named being one of the trains that does nearly all its running through the gorges and up the sides and over the tops of the Rocky Mountains, a train from whose windows, the grandest and most majestic scenery in all the world can be seen, so some noted travelers have said, for no road has ever yet been built, through so much of the sublime in nature, as the road over which this train runs—were invited to attend the fair.

These trains always were fine, but the companies owning them, made them put on their “Sunday best,” when they went to Paris. As they stood in the great transportation building, they were things of beauty to look upon. Great magnificent coaches, each spanning well up to one hundred feet, were made so fine that it seemed that people of lower rank than kings and queens had never ridden in them—and to a great extent that was true, for in America it had been their business to haul kings and queens.

But what I had in mind to say, especially, when I started to write about these trains was to tell what happened to them after they got to Europe and particularly what happened to the trains pulled by the twin brother locomotives, for, though the other trains were grand and beautiful and the locomotives that pulled them were strong and swift, these two were the means of starting influences in certain quarters of the world, which will grow things for the good of the people till “time shall be no more,” though the work done by each was stupendous in the aggregate and limitless in its far-

reaching consequences. Many a tale, beautiful and grand and fine, could have been told about each and every one of them. But it is the sum of all their work that makes each one grand,—but I am forestalling.

There were many trains in Paris, that summer, but there were few that came from across the sea, and so, the trains that came from across the sea—from the new world—were the ones that, somehow, caught the public eye.

More people looked longingly upon them than upon any of the other trains; and it was the expressed wish of many a man and woman, boy and girl, to ride on them.

There stood the Pennsylvania limited and the Royal Blue in their "beauty and pride." How grand and stately they looked with those glistening, powerful locomotives hitched in front of them, restlessly waiting—so it seemed, as their custom was—to start on their long journeys across the continent. There stood the Rock Island and Chicago, Burlington and Quincy trains,—long heavy overland trains with ten or twelve heavy coaches,—just ready, apparently, to start for the Rocky Mountains in the West as had been their custom. And right over there stood a train from the Texas and Pacific, and the Louisville and Nashville, and the Fast Flying Virginian and the Black Diamond Express, four of the most beautiful trains in the world—and there was the Wabash about which songs have been sung—the train that goes down the Wabash and runs on the Wabash Railroad,—and there, too, was "Kittie."

She was named "Kittie" in the great Union Depot in St. Louis, one of the finest depots, by the way, in the world. It



sort of raises a smile to hear her called "Kittie." A great express train, a quarter of a mile long, or nearly so, named "Kittie," after a girl, "kind of" raises a laugh, but when you see her pull slowly out of the great depot from among the other trains, just at dusk in the evening, the laugh dies out as you think of that long twelve hundred mile run before her to Galveston,—that is, I might add, at the time of the great fair, that was her run, but for a long time, now, she has been running on to Patagonia—one of the results of the mighty work done that summer. And there, at Paris, away across the sea, were all these other magnificent trains with their daily long distance runs back of them as a record. There were the great overland trains on which people lived—on which they ate breakfast, dinner and supper, went to the barber shop, to the bath room, reading room and library, trains on which they smoked, chatted, sang songs and lounged about and went to bed at night as they could scarcely do at any great hotel, and this, too, while they were going at 40, 50 or 60 or more miles per hour.

That summer, all the world seemed anxious to go to Paris. The fair was grand, for the grace, beauty and strength of the world were there. All day and night, the trains coming and going were crowded. There was so much to be seen and so many eyes wanted to see.

Paris had been beautiful, before—had the reputation, justly, of being the most beautiful, *large* city in the world—but, she, too, had put on her handsomest gown and wore her sweetest smiles.

Paris and the Fair were as beautiful as things sometimes seen in dreams, fairy like and graceful and grand, and, so, the crowds came. They came and went in such dense throngs that the railways, two months before the Exposition closed, found themselves unable to do the business. Paris was choked up with masses of people who had come, but could not get away for want of trains, while abroad, depots were crowded with people waiting to go to the Fair.

It was at this stage of affairs, that the American commissioner, so it has been said, went to the Exposition authorities, after consulting with the managers of the railroads, and offered them the use of the American trains, standing idle in the transportation building. He offered them their use, free of charge, except that they were to pay the expenses of running them; but the control of the trains was to be under American conductors and engineers—of the men who had grown to love them—of the men who had guided them, safely with unflinching nerve through the storm and darkness of many a night and through whose eyes, the whole train looked, and had looked, for years with faith and confidence and on whose keen eyesight and quick unerring decision, the lives of myriads of people had hung.

There was one other exception and that was, that on every fourth run the trains were to be allowed to carry such passengers as they pleased, or all passengers, free of charge, and on the other three, the French authorities were to charge what they pleased. And, so, it was finally arranged that the trains which had stood idle, doing nothing all summer and which had been admired and on which, people were anxious to ride—

trains which were famous in their own country—were put to work in a foreign land.

And why should they not be? They looked grand in any great depot, standing ready to be let go, but they looked a thousand times grander when out at work, ministering to the wants of humanity. And, so, these trains were put out to service in the old world.

Strange as it may seem, the Royal Blue of the B. & O. was put on a new run, the run between Paris and Madrid and, as she hummed down the track, through France, and climbed up over the Pyrenees, like as she had so often climbed the Alleghenies on her daily runs, and went down through Spain, the heart of that country was stirred and warmed, and all Spain came out to welcome her as she talked to them in her own swift, thrilling way, of the power and greatness of the new world, which they had found, four hundred years before. And so, as she came and went with her loads of human life in that fast way of hers—a way which will almost scare you and make your face turn pale, if you come close up to her, when she is going by on the wings of the wind, the sting of wounded pride was taken out and Spain's heart was softened and her face turned into smiles, so sweet, under the Royal Blue's wooing—I will call it wooing—that all the world was glad to see them back again—and so, the old liking returned for the nation which she had been so much the cause of bringing into existence and about which the other World's Fair was held.

The Pennsylvania Limited, and what a majestic train it was! was put on the run to Rome—and she “made Rome

howl"—not in the usual meaning of these words, but in another, for she makes a sound of her own, which when once heard, lingers in the ears. That string of long heavy Pullmans with a giant locomotive puffing slowly around a curve into some great depot with them, just at dawn, has a deep, heavy rumble, a majestic sort of rumble, blended with a musical ring of steel as a car wheel rubs a rail, that will thrill the nerves and make even the dullest spectator pause and turn and look at it, as it comes in from one of its long runs.

The Fast Flying Virginian was sent to Berlin, the Black Diamond Express to Brussels and the Hague, the "Kittie" to Vienna, the Louisville and Nashville's New Orleans Limited to Florence, the Rock Island Limited, sometimes called in the West, the "Big Limited," to Warsaw, the St. Louis and San Francisco's Texas Limited to Milan and the Denver and Rio Grande's California Express to Berne, for there were two California Expresses. The Texas and California Special of the Texas and Pacific was put on the run down through France and Italy to Genoa, and the New York and Chattanooga Limited of the Norfolk and Western to Leipsic, the Palm Limited, one of the Richmond and Danville trains which had sometimes grown tired, almost, of its magnificent run from New York down through Washington and Baltimore, past great battle-fields and along the eastern slopes of the Blue Ridge mountains to Atlanta and New Orleans, was given a new run, which took in Bremen and Hamburg.

The Atlantic City express which had a run from Philadelphia, or rather from Camden on the opposite side of the Delaware river to Atlantic City, the great summer resort of America, was put on the run to Odessa—and I am sure, if it ever got across Europe, as it sometimes got across the state of New Jersey, people came out to see it go by.

There used to be six sixty minute trains among the others, as they were called—that is, nearly sixty miles in sixty minutes—on the Reading road and the Pennsylvania, arriving at Atlantic City between 4.30 and 6 P. M., and the way they would come across the “meadows” and come around a bend on their approach to the city was in their swift movement, suggestive of shadows made by the sun and clouds crossing a meadow or prairie in the west. Once I went out to see them and I thought that a great moving picture scene could have been made out of them. But the Atlantic City Express which arrived at 6 P. M. impressed me most. It has made the run in forty-five minutes. Once I rode on it when it made the run in forty-eight minutes. For fifty miles it was one of the finest exhibitions of sustained speed that I ever witnessed.

The Wabash went down the Rhine—just as it had been used to going down the Wabash river in its own country—through a land of song to Frankfort and Munich. The Overland Limited of the Union Pacific, which used to make the longest runs of any trains in the world, and it still makes something like a nineteen hundred mile run from Omaha on the banks of the Missouri to San Francisco on the Pacific, and it well deserves the name it has, for it was the great Pioneer train in that vast stretch of country, which before

it came, was traversed only by savages and herdsmen and by the early settlers who went west in their overland wagon trains, pulled by horses, mules or the slow moving yoke of oxen—was put on a shorter run to Toledo, Seville and Cadiz. But this overland train was quite different from the old overland train of the western pioneers, though those old pioneers gave it its name and helped to make it what it was. This one was a thing of such beauty and speed and of such length and strength, that it would seem man's power to travel over the world had reached its limit. Yes, indeed, the Overland Limited was a great train and it had back of it, a considerable portion of a nation's history for nearly forty years.

The Queen and Crescent's Florida Limited, which had a splendid run from Cincinnati to the great winter health resorts of Florida, a train that runs through some magnificent mountain scenery and over the highest railroad bridge in the world, so it is said, a great bridge, nearly a quarter of a mile long, which, spanning the Kentucky river, reaches from the top of one great precipice, which rises in height, almost perpendicularly, far above those in the Royal Gorge at Niagara river, to another on the opposite side of the river,—was sent to Budapest. On its great Southern run, the Florida Limited runs over bridges and trestle work, so graceful and slender and high up, that when seen from below, they strangely suggest spider webs, spun through the air, though of course, not in the spider web form. But the spider web bridge and the spider web trestles, frail and slender, though they seem to be, are made of steel and are so strong, that

monster locomotives, sometimes two locomotives hitched together, dragging a half mile or more of cars, loaded with coal and iron and stone, run out upon them, with never a thought of going through to the depths below. A cow, seen from the long, straight level top of the bridge, where the trains run, for they run on the top of the bridge and not through it, dwindles into the size of a calf, and the Florida Limited, or one of its mates, seen as it runs across it at 30 or 40 miles or more per hour is more thrilling than it would be to see it run along the outer edge of a twenty-four story building in Chicago or New York, for there, there would be a wall of stone and steel beneath it, but where the Florida limited runs and has been running, these many years, there is no wall.

Passengers who have ridden over it can tell of the sensations that come and steal through the mind and "soul," from looking out of the car windows, straight down through vacancy, so far, that if an axle should break or a girder or bolt slip a little, the train would be broken into bits of wood and iron in which there would be no chance to escape death.

I have heard, though, of people, who, on seeing the bridge, have expressed disappointment over it, for there are longer bridges than it, but there are none, I guess, so long and so high up as it. Sometimes, the mind, at first, refuses to take in great things. Their immensity must grow upon it and, sometimes, this immensity is slow about growing where the surroundings are immense, too.

The great new train of the Northern Pacific, the "North Coast Limited," had its more than two thousand mile run

from St. Paul and Minneapolis to Portland and the Pacific coast, cut to a shorter one to Marseilles, but it did not mind that— and what a train the North Coast Limited was! I never saw it but I have heard about it. And what a run it had, a run over both the Rocky and the Cascade mountains and along lakes and rivers, rivers like the Mississippi and Yellowstone, and by and through things, marvelous in nature, not the least of which was the Yellowstone Park.

The name "Yellowstone Park," hardly gives one a correct idea of what the North Coast Limited passes in its flight. It hardly pictures to the mind, hot springs of stupendous size, huge geysers, sending forth boiling water one hundred and fifty or two hundred feet high, hills and mountains, rivers and valleys, gorges and canons—one canon being two thousand feet deep, through which the Yellowstone river rages and roars through subterranean whirlpools and rapids, down over a waterfall one hundred and fifty feet high, and then, coming out at last, from dark cavernous depths, plunges with all its fury, headlong, as it were, over a three hundred and fifty foot precipice—a great stretch of country, owned by the government and kept up as a pleasure ground for the people, filled with nearly all kinds of game from the jack rabbit up to the grizzly bear, filled with waterfalls and canons that have never been fully explored, and obelisks, strange and fantastic in shape, made by nature herself and on which is her own handwriting, some plain and full of meaning and some so illegible that the scientific expert cannot make it out—a stretch of country, so full of nature's handiwork in



those things which are grand and sublime, that it has been called by travelers "The World's Wonderland."

The Lackawanna Limited of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western, one of the most beautiful trains in the eastern part of the United States, so some say—the train especially, which at the eastern end of the great run made by the Wabash's "Continental Limited" from Omaha and Kansas City and St. Louis and Chicago and Detroit to Buffalo, takes its passengers on east to New York City—was given the run to the old city of Venice.

One of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy trains, the magnificent "Colorado Limited," which I once saw, when it was called just simply, No. 1—leaving Chicago for the west at 4 o'clock P. M.—was sent to Naples. I did not see it after it got to Europe, but I feel sure that it was a very beautiful train, for it used to be grand and majestic with its long limbed iron horse, as it were, to pull it. Those great drive wheels with spokes and tires of steel, so slender as to be graceful, over seven feet in diameter, inspired respect for its traveling capacity, and it must surely have given a good account of itself on the run to Naples, and of the great road it represented,—a system of over eight thousand miles of track. This used to claim to be the best equipped road in the country, and probably does yet, but it has some great rivals, like the Santa Fe, the Pennsylvania, the New York Central, the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, the Southern, the Chicago and Northwestern, the Southern Pacific, the B. & O., and others who say that it not so—that theirs is the best equipped road, and so while they are quarrelling as to

which is the best equipped road, I will reiterate what I have said about its being a great system, most splendidly equipped. I remember, in 1882, I took a C. B. & Q. train, just about noon, at Chicago, for Lincoln, Nebraska. It was their regular train for Denver and it had sixteen coaches, including Pullmans, day coaches, baggage and mail cars. When I saw what kind of a train it was, I thought it was the finest train and the heaviest regular passenger train, I had ever seen. Somehow, it has clung to my memory, and a thousand times, I have recalled it to mind and have told, time after time, about the great train on the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy, on which I once rode.

So, if the C., B. & Q. could put up such a train, so long ago, what could it not put up now? It is a larger road now, than then. I have heard that the people of Naples took to that C., B. & Q. train like Rome did to the Pennsylvania Limited and the city of Trieste did to the Fast Mail.

The Sunset Limited, with its regular twenty-eight or twenty-nine hundred mile run towards the setting sun on the Pacific—to San Francisco, the New York of the Pacific Ocean, for it is destined to become the center of a vast ocean commerce as well as an inland railroad commerce, and in fact, it is, now,—was put on a shorter run, though in some respects a more celebrated run, as it happened, towards the rising sun, through Smolensk to Moscow and Novgorod—and so—well, I will tell more about it further on,—they changed its name to the Sunrise Limited.

The Chicago and Milwaukee Limited of the Wisconsin Central, which runs between Chicago and the twin Cities of

the northwest, St. Paul and Minneapolis—one of the fine trains of the country—was put to running down through Germany and Austria to Servia. It must have been a nice train, for I have seen some of the trains on the Wisconsin and I know it has got them. I think I know what a nice train is, for I have seen nice trains on other roads and this forms a basis of comparison—nice trains, too, which did not get to go to Europe. But the Wisconsin Central got an invitation and it sent one of its trains, the handsomest it had, and they took it from its run, up into the great northwest country and gave it a new run—a long run down through southeastern Europe to Sophia and they say that, as it came and went so swiftly, it did things that summer, which made the heart beat faster, and the eyes fill with thoughts, as it were, that were tender and sweet. And then, there was a splendid train, almost a “bran new” train, which had been recently built for the Cotton Belt Route—a great train,—“a solid train,” as they called it, of baggage, mail, express cars, coaches, sleepers and free chair cars. called “Train No. 1,” which had been put on the great run from Chicago to the Mississippi river on the Chicago and Eastern Illinois and from there, on, over the Cotton Belt Road, itself. It was put to running between Paris and Tours—not a very long run, it is true, for a great train like “No. 1” on the Cotton Belt and C. & E. I. roads. But is was pretty well satisfied with the run, because vast throngs of people from all nations traveled back and forth between Paris and Tours, for, and I state it as a sort of reason for the crowds—it was at Tours, the victorious Saracen in his mighty march of the conquest of the world, met the

grim and fiery ancestors of the "Old Guard," and of other modern soldiers—and turned back. It was there, the Saracen did battle with the sons of those men who had fought so long on those same hills and in those same valleys, against the great Caesar and his legions. In this seven days' battle in which Christendom was saved from destruction and more than three hundred thousand Saracens were slain, so the monks used to say, the world was turned and headed in its present direction. What we call "Christian civilization" would have died, as surely as it did die at Antioch, Damascus and Bagdad. If those French and German ancestors of ours, who fought under the banner of the illegitimate son, Charles Martel, of France, had failed at Tours, as everything and everybody else had failed till then, the Saracen would have swept the world. The Eastern Empire at Constantinople, which did fall, in 1453, in the siege of the Turks under Mahomet II, would have fallen, no doubt, long before it did. Gibbon says that the Koran might (and would, no doubt, if there were such places) "have been interpreted at Oxford and Cambridge to day." So, "Train No. 1" of the Cotton Belt and C. & E. I. roads, rather liked its run, even if it was not a long one. The Chicago and Eastern Illinois had another great train, called the "Chicago and Florida Limited," run in connection with the L. & N. road, and pulled by huge giants, built with a capacity of eighty miles per hour, which wanted to go and run in Europe but it did not get to go. The invitation was given to "Train No. 1," and all that summer, this beautiful train was thronged with people from everywhere, anxious to go to the scene of a battle, which takes rank

in its far-reaching effects upon the world with the struggles that took place at Marathon and Platea upon the land and Salamis upon the sea.

In fact, there was talk at that time, among the Christian population of the world, of building a great monument upon this battle-field. The talk was, that it was to be of marble and granite—mostly marble—and was to be somewhat pyramidal in form with great terraces receding inwardly to the top. There were to be columns and beautifully curved stairways, both inside and out.

Poetry was to be represented as leading her train of great men and women and so were Art and Music and Science and Mechanics and Agriculture and Eloquence and Statesmanship and Law. It was to be stored with the treasures of a vast library; and the productions of all the men and women, who followed in these trains, were to be stored and kept there forever—or, at least, if it were possible to do so, longer than the mummies have been kept in the Pyramids on the Nile. This monument was to be so solidly built that the treasures of modern civilization should not be lost to the world in some great possible catastrophe, as the products of other civilizations had been. It was to be crowned with colossal figures, representing Law, Justice, Science, Art, Literature, Music, Mechanics, Knowledge, Peace, Truth and all things that are good for man, victorious in battle array, with Superstition, Cruelty, Fanaticism and other things that are bad for him.

In the center, between the contending forces, but standing above them, were to be two other figures, whose clear cut out-

lines would show distinctly against the sky from the plane below. One was to be that of a man, a knight in armor with helmet torn from his head and flung on the ground, bending down on one knee and looking up at another form in astonishment and dismay. This other figure was that of an angel—I am describing the design only—which had suddenly descended from heaven and is standing among the combatants and facing the knight and the crowd he represents. The angel has lifted the helmet of the knight, who is the “illegitimate son,” who preserved that day to mankind, the things which modern civilization so largely has, and has flung it on the ground and has placed one hand on the knight’s shoulder and has pressed him to his knees and with the other is placing a wreath upon his brow and is telling him, so it is said, that the wreath is better than the helmet and that it was made in heaven from the leaves and buds and blossoms of the tree of life and that they will not wither and that he was sent to give it to him and bestow upon him, everlasting knighthood.

I am not speaking for the monument—only mentioning the fact that such a monument was spoken of in the year A. D. 1900. It is doubtful whether such a monument will ever be built—at least from anything like a religious standpoint, for influences commenced to form that summer and to work themselves out which may incline the world’s mind away from the preservation of the memories of that struggle, for greater things than the building of that monument grew out of that summer’s Fair, of which I will speak further on. But “Train No. 1” helped mightily in the making of these influences.

And then there was a train from the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul—the great Pioneer Limited—of which the road is so proud that it advertises it as the C. & A. advertises the Alton Limited, that is, as “the handsomest train in the world,” and it, the glory of the road, was given the run through France and Germany to Dresden, while the California Express of the great Santa Fe, which starting at Chicago, runs so far away into the southwest, was sent to Athens—the road to Athens having been finished and put in shape so that the long, heavy Santa Fe could run over it in safety.

## CHAPTER III.

SOME BIOGRAPHIES, AS IT WERE, AND SOME NEW RUNS.

In anticipation of a great passenger traffic, the European railroads had been put in first class condition and, so, they willingly arranged to let the American trains run over them. The Empire State Express was put on a long distance run between Paris and St. Petersburg and the Sky Blue was given the run through to Constantinople, each a sixteen hundred mile run, as they had to go, while a great train, the Boston Express, from the Boston and Maine, the New York and Chattanooga Limited from the Norfolk and Western, the Dakota Express from the Minneapolis, St. Paul and Sault Ste. Marie, known as the "Soo Line," the Fast Mail from the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton—one of our Ohio roads, not so long as some of the others, but nevertheless a road that runs fine trains, the Seaboard Express from the Seaboard Air Line and a splendid fast train from the Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis, a sort of western continuation of the Empire State Express, were given important runs.

And there were—I came near forgetting them, a train from the Great Northern, from the "Coat, Pants and Vest" and from the Missouri Pacific. I must say a few words about them.

The Great Northern is one of our last new made roads—and it was built largely by the genius of one man. A few years ago, he was a clerk or something in a small store, but



he took to railroads and finally got an interest in a little impoverished sort of road, up in the northwest. He kept "fooling" with that little railroad and kept on fooling with it, so much, getting it larger and larger and making himself so familiar with it that they used to say he had a personal acquaintance with every tie and rail and spike that went into it.

But the little road which he put his life into, grew and flourished and so—well! that summer when the great Fair came on in Paris, where there had only been a little insignificant road, badly in debt and where there had been no road at all, for the little road did not run far—there was a great steel highway, on which huge locomotives toiled with their long, heavy trains all day and night from the "twin cities" in the northwest to the Pacific,—a great railway about midway between the Northern Pacific and the Canadian Pacific, whose total mileage ran up into the thousands. That is the story, in brief, and one of its fast trains, the "Pacific Fast Mail"—sometimes called the "Great Northern Flyer"—the Fast Mail that has a nineteen hundred mile run—was invited to attend the Fair.

But the C. P. & V.!—I must say a few words about it, for it is the smallest road in the lot and one of the smallest in Ohio, only about one hundred miles long, running from Portsmouth to Cincinnati. C. P. & V. stands for Cincinnati, Portsmouth and Virginia, which is quite a dignified name but the boys and girls took all the dignity out of it. They changed its name in popular remembrance to Coat, Pants and Vest and it is better known by that now, than any other. It

ran through one of the wildest portions of Ohio. The everlasting hills, seemed, in places, to crowd right over it and on to it; and it was freely predicted that it would get "no business."

The little road had a hard time and, especially, the branch which always ran in connection with it, from Sardinia to Hillsboro. They used to get off lots of jokes about the C. P. and V. and "the branch;"—and the road being short of business, got to be very accommodating—at least, they say, that was the cause of it.

It did everything it could to please its friends and patrons—though its accommodations, after all, were poor and mean compared with its neighbors. It was so accommodating, they used to say, that if some of the passengers wanted to get off and eat blackberries from some hillside near the track, Coat, Pants & Vest was willing, and, so, would stop and wait; and, then, when it would get off the track—as it sometimes would, for the rails it had in those days were very light—the passengers would reciprocate the favor and get out and help it on again. And then, again, when the passengers would be waiting at the depot, they would good-naturedly stand around and "guy" the conductor or inquire about whether it would be better to walk than to ride and then, when it would get in on time everybody would express surprise, for, when it got behind time, it never tried to catch up, so they said, like the Empire State Express, the Royal Blue, the Wabash and other trains. All the wits in the country seemed to try their hands on the Coat, Pants & Vest and "the branch," and so many jokes were gotten off which were true and half true and not

true at all, that it seemed the little road would never have any pride or dignity at all. The branch up to Hillsboro got so poor, a few years before the Fair, that for a month or so one winter, it ran no trains at all and the mail it was to carry was sent to Sardinia from Hillsboro on a hand car.

It had so much to contend against! It got into lawsuits and all sorts of scrapes and then its great rivals seemed to have the knack of getting all the business. Running from Portsmouth to Cincinnati on one side, was the C. & O., over which flew the elegantly equipped Fast Flying Virginian and other trans,—while starting northward from Portsmouth, was a branch to the main line of the B. & O., over which hummed the Royal Blue on its fast run from New York, down through Washington and Baltimore and across to the Mississippi river. At Hillsboro, the largest town on its line between Portsmouth and Cincinnati, it met the B. & O. again, and so, between the two, the C. & O. and the B. & O., Coats, Pants & Vest had about all it could do to live—and it did not run fine trains at all.

But the road got along, somehow, during those long, hard years of struggle. Great stone quarries, gravel pits and other things were opened up along its line and the hills which came up so close to it, proved to be friends. They were not so barren as they looked. It got to "fixing up." It changed its grades and lessened its curves and put down heavier rails and bought some locomotives, so great and strong that when they went, puffing steadily up some steep grade with their ponderous loads of stone, iron and gravel, the very earth would tremble beneath the jar and grip and pressure of the wheels.

In fact, the little road spent more money in "fixing up," during the few years preceding the Fair than any other road, in proportion to its size in the state of Ohio. It is not a big road, yet, just a little road, compared with the Pennsylvania, the Illinois, the Missouri Pacific, the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, the Santa Fe and other roads—not one-seventieth part as big—but, to shorten the story—one of this little road's trains was invited to attend the Fair. And there it stood, right between the Royal Blue and the Fast Flying Virginian.

Talk about pride in railway trains! why, it was the proudest train in all the world, that summer, as it stood there at the Fair, and as it went out on some of its long runs. And it was one of the beautiful trains, too, for before it left for Paris, some of the most skilled artisans in the country—those who were noted for their cunning workmanship in making trains, were gotten to fit it up, somewhat, and so, no one there, would have known by looking at it, what a hard time, the little road had had which had sent it there. The good-natured humorists and those who used to laugh at the road which was jestingly called, "Coats, Pants and Vest," and who had often damned it for its slow speed and plain—and often times shabby—furnishings, opened wide their eyes, as they saw it standing among the world's great trains at Paris, that summer—and they laughed no more at the little road out in Ohio, which had done the best it could.

And then there was the Missouri Pacific. I must really say something about it. It came from a great railroad in the west of some six or seven thousand miles of track—a vast

network of steel rails in Missouri, Kansas, Arkansas, and other southern and western states, on which hundreds and even thousands of gigantic locomotives work day and night, pulling fast express trains or dragging after them, strings of freight cars, from a half to three-quarters of a mile long, loaded down with stupendous burdens,—from a railway system, which is owned by a girl, or young woman, which is the same thing, or at least I have always taken them to be the same thing—or so largely owned by a girl so, I have heard it intimated, that the part which is not, makes no objection,—not seriously, anyway.

The men who keep these trains on the move, rather like to have a woman mixed up with them, I have heard, especially a young woman, and so, they talk a great deal about her—at least, I have heard them, I think, talk about her away over in Ohio and that is a good ways from the Missouri Pacific railroad, for it comes no nearer Ohio than St. Louis. I said that I had heard them talk about the young woman. I must qualify that statement. It might not have been the men who work for her road—in fact, I know some of them were not, but then, I reasoned this way: that if some talked about her, who, I knew, did talk about her, then, certainly, her men must talk about her. I guess that was the way of it.

Now, this may be somewhat on the order of a woman knowing things, but, then, the mental processes by which I arrived at this conclusion satisfied me pretty well. Then I heard that this young feminine railroader got, if I may be permitted the term, oftentimes, interested in people and so that, taken together with my aforesaid knowledge, makes me say

that the men who man the great trains out in Missouri, Kansas and Texas and hold the great locomotives to their mighty pace with steady hand and who pierce the darkness of the night, hour by hour, with a gaze that never falters, lest the death which lurks along the way should leap out upon them, like to have a young woman mixed up with them, as it were—and so, well, not to speak, too, lengthily about her and the hands, just now, I will digress and say that one of her trains, the Fast Mail, was invited to go to the Fair.

It was a great train. Any one seeing it pull out from among the other trains at the St. Louis passenger station, and seeing it as it moved swiftly on out into the illimitable West, where it daily passed scores of villages and towns with never a pause in its flight,—a train with a huge locomotive, so strong as the time tables showed, that it covered a hundred miles at a stretch without a stop,—would have said that it was, indeed, a great train. It was given a run down through Austria to Bucharest and Belgrade and later on, a much longer run, for this Fast Mail became an important factor in the working out of certain results, which will be described somewhat further along.

There are a lot of Helens in the world but, so far only one has got into this “piece,” my “Sky Blue,” if I may be allowed to use the word “piece,” which I hope I will. Some of the Helens in the world I know and some I do not. This is one I do not not and, so, I presume I will have to be very careful, as it were, with a strange Helen, otherwise I might not get her into “the piece” just right. A book like this will not look well, I am afraid, since I come to reflect, with only one

woman in it, and a strange woman at that. It ought to have more women in it. I feel as if I must have some young women in it, though I must confess I had a mind at one time, to let it go without women, altogether.

I have heard so much about women gracing and beautifying books and "things"—and, so, I have concluded to see what virtue there is in one or two or three of them, if I can find that many, in gracing and brightening this book.

But before putting any more women in, I might explain and say that one reason why I put this particular Helen, out of so many Helens, into my book was because when, I was writing it, or at least a goodly portion of it in my old home town in southern Ohio, some soldier boys who had come back from the late war and who had somehow learned of what I was doing in writing up the Missouri Pacific and other roads, said, as they passed my office window: "Put Helen in and say something nice about her." There are lots of Helens but I think they meant this one.

They seemed to want her in and so I have put her in. If she does not like it, she will have to blame some soldier boys. I do not know exactly what relation she had sustained, as it were, to the soldier boys, but they seemed to want to do something for her even if it did get her into a book all alone. At that time there was no woman in the book at all, though, perhaps they did not know that. They might have thought that there were forty or fifty others in the book—enough to furnish her with all the company she would need.

Now, I do not know whether I have said anything nice about her or not. I have not made any inquiries as to why

they, "the boys," wanted her in the book, but I have taken their word for it—and, here, her name is written in.

There may have been others who wanted her name written in—some, perhaps, who did not know her as well as the soldier boys, but had heard of her. In fact, I had heard it said that she had been the "good Samaritan" to soldier boys and to those, also, who were not,—and the Good Samaritan is one who will interest people away beyond the confines of home and the circle of personal acquaintance.

I am, for one, in favor of Good Samaritans. There are many Bible characters that I am not in favor of at all, but this one I am. It is one of the greatest characters in the Book—and as there are so many young women who ought to be, and who could be, Good Samaritans, I take pleasure in pausing at the suggestion of the soldier boys, to mention the name of one young woman who has measured, so I have heard, farther up this standard of greatness than many others.

While I am on the subject of young women, and in order to get another one of them into the book under "flying colors," as it were, or, in other words, under the most favorable conditions, I will pause to say a word about Chic.

As to who Chic is I will not say. All I want to say, now, about her, is that I once gave her the Illinois Central Railroad. I thought that that would be the finest present a girl could get. After I gave her the road I told her to build through to Pittsburg. I remember, I told her how great the Illinois was and of the strange locomotives that would come down from Dakota and up from Mississippi and stop in the old town on their way to Pittsburg—if she would just have



her road to build through. To another young woman who was not quite grown I gave the great Pennsylvania, though afterwards, I had a notion to take the Pennsylvania away from her, but then I thought that when a man once makes a present, he should stick to it. So, I have stuck to it. Instead of giving her the Pennsylvania, I sometimes have thought that I should have given her to the road and instructed them what to do with her. I have an idea that, if the road had taken her, when she was real young, they could have made something real fine out of her—though she might differ with me on that point and think that she was fine enough just as she was. She was a right good looking young woman, anyhow, but then, I feel sure the Pennsylvania could have improved her. Probably it could have improved her a good deal more than she could have improved it. Sometimes I get my gifts wrong end foremost, as it were.

Then there was Chick Two, too. Like "Chic One," I will not say at this point who Chick Two was, or is, but I gave her the Great Northern.

At this point, while saying something about girls, I have a notion to give the Colonel a railroad, too. I have not seen her for so long a time that I do not know whether she would like a railroad or not. When I last saw her she would probably have liked a few sticks of candy more than she would a railroad—she was just about the candy age—though I must confess I never gave her any candy. All I ever gave her was the name of Colonel. I do not think she altogether liked the name of Colonel. In my younger days I named several girls, one of them being the Captain. Neither the Captain nor the

Colonel ever enjoyed their titles. In fact, I have about made up my mind never to change the names of girls again. The Colonel was a very little girl at the time, and I have not seen her for years. The Captain was not a large girl, either, but she was not so young—that is, not so young as the Colonel.

But because the little Colonel still clings to my memory, especially, as one who disclaimed her title, I will give her, now, a railroad. I will give her the Chicago and Great Western and from what I know of her I feel sure that it will be a great thing for her—that it will indeed be about the biggest thing in the world to her.

I remember once of seeing a night scene picture of one of its great trains, pasted up on the wall, as an advertisement, and it was a majestic looking thing even in that form. The locomotive was so large and its headlight cut such a clear shaft of light out of the darkness that it has stayed in my memory ever since—and I am sure it would have stayed in the Colonel's memory, too, could she have seen it. So I have felt like giving her that road and that great train—which train I may somewhat describe further on—as a sort of a make-up for the worry I may have caused her by giving her the Military title, though I do not think I ever worried her a great deal. And then there were two young girls, whose faces I painted with red paint a long time ago when they were throwing snow at me. They happened to have the snow and I happened to have the paint—and a good brush—and, well, I painted their faces. So I will give them a railroad, too. I will give them the L. & N. road.

Now, I might confess, that I do not know whether it is best to give girls railroads or not. I never gave girls railroads before. Some people might say that there are two sides to such gifts, like, as they say somewhat of Mr. Carnegie's gifts of libraries to cities—though if I had libraries to give away like I have railroads, I would give some of them to some of the far away cities and towns in our new possessions. As a rule, they need libraries more than we do here—and, well, we, as a people, might find that such presents would be "bread upon the water" for our genial friend, Uncle Sam, some dark day, in case they were given.

But returning to the railroads, I did not give this particular Helen a railroad, because—and that is a good reason—she already had one. I have not given away yet the New York Central, the Chicago and Northwestern, the Santa Fe, the C. H. & D., the Lake Shore, the Wabash and several other roads. So there is a chance for some more girls to get a nice fine railroad, though I might stop to confess that I came near giving the Alton Limited of the Alton road to a young lady of some twenty-five summers, whom I once named—and the Colorado Limited of the C. B. & Q. to another. In fact I was going to change the name of the Colorado Limited to "Kittie," so that there would be two great Kittie trains in the west, but neither of these transfers was completed. Later on I may tell what disposition was made of the Alton Limited.

But the Colorado Limited, the great long-limbed giant of the west, as it were, which has traveled at the rate of one hundred miles per hour and whose great drive-wheels, allow-

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there is no doubt about the Rock Island system covering a great territory. Some great trains run out of Chicago. There are great trains, finished from end to end in black walnut and also, I believe, in white walnut, and finished, too, probably, in the highest art that has ever been used in the cutting and shaping and polishing of woods. Cherry and ash and oak and mahogany and all other beautiful woods are plenteously used in the manufacture of America's great trains, but for my part, I think the only rival which a richly grained piece of black walnut has in the world, is a beautifully grained piece of white walnut. All other woods are either plain, or stary or loud beside them. They are the Kings of the forest—for the manufacturer of beautiful things out of wood, at least. For him they, our old black walnut and our old white walnut, are of the blood royal.

But returning to the Rock Island System. One main line, the one on which the Golden State Limited runs, is fourteen hundred and sixty miles long, going southwest from Chicago, almost as the crow flies to El Paso; another of 1100 miles to Ft. Worth; another of 1100 miles to Denver and Pueblo, and another of 500 miles to St. Paul and Minneapolis. It is a great system of steel tracks whose outermost diverging points would inclose an area as great as would a circle of a thousand miles in diameter; and within this circle—well! I do not know what the productive capacity of Europe is, but the productive capacity of this Rock Island area is great, indeed.

It is a land filled with traction engines, gang plows, steam threshers, self-binders and all the paraphernalia of tens of

thousands—hundreds of thousands—of farms. Its cattle graze in fertile valleys by the millions and the corn along the lines of the Rock Island, the C. B. & Q., the Santa Fe, the Union Pacific, the Texas Pacific, the M. K. T., the St. Paul, the Chicago and Northwestern and the St. Louis and San Francisco, for these roads, other than the Rock Island, enter into more or less this same circle, is measured not by the million but by the billion of bushels and the flouring mills—well, if I should speak of the capacity and output of the mills of Minneapolis alone, I might be accused of telling fairy tales.

And this great stretch of country, since I am reminded of it by the Rock Island advertisement, contains many—very many, indeed, who, before the coming of the iron horse into the great west, lived in that same territory, just referred to by Scribner, in Europe.

They came over here, poor. Very many of them were very poor indeed. Many of them had tasted of poverty and had heard the black wolf at their door for years, but they got a job, sometimes a hard job, but a good job, out there in the great west, where the great locomotives toil all day with their heavy burdens across the continent.

They are helping to produce—are producing—those things which this old world needs so much and likes so much to have—plenty to eat and wear. And they are helping to make the country great; and they, in turn, by reason of the opportunities given them, are becoming themselves rich and prosperous and great. Much of the billion of bushels of corn out there is theirs. And much of the wheat and barley and rye and many,

very many, indeed, of the "cattle on a thousand hills," are theirs.

Yes, they got a job—a big one—and the great ideals of the American commonwealth are becoming their ideals, their blood is becoming our blood, their nerves our nerves, and their bone and muscle our bone and muscle. In fact, they lost, soon, much of their old Austrian, Scandinavian, Italian, German, French and Irish identity.

They soon ceased to be "foreigners" and they became typical American citizens and they now see things as we see them, and hear things as we hear them, and their children especially are this way. They take up with the American flag and follow it around and "holler" for it and build, and help to build, little red school houses everywhere.

They and the iron horses and the machine shops and the mines—and the rest of us—are building towns and villages and great cities and commonwealths, out of the vast prairies and unbroken forests.

And that great stretch of country in Europe, which to so many was unproductive, has been exchanged for one which, notwithstanding hard trials and misfortunes and very many individual failures, has been productive, for the horses and cattle and sheep and hogs become more numerous every year and the wheat and corn to be gathered each summer and autumn ever increases in quantity. They soon take up with our way of doing things and so you will find them, not only on the farm, in the workshop and mine and quarry and along the steel highways where the iron horse is at work at his stupendous tasks, but, also, in the legislatures, and in

Congress, making laws, according to republican ideals, on the bench and in the schools and colleges. But I did not intend to say so much about that stretch of country out where the Rock Island, the M. P., U. P., S. P., T. P., C. B. & Q., St. Paul and Santa Fe trains run, but having said what I have, I will let it stay in, though I am afraid it will make my audience, whether small or great, feel tired before getting my "players" out into the world's great stage of action. They are not players, either, though I might say, confidentially, that I have gone so far sometimes in the sportive vein as to have not only called them "players," but to have nicknamed them the "Kids." The "Kids," though, are pretty strong, healthy "kids," and if I can get them out once, they can, I think, do what I think they can do.



## CHAPTER IV.

.. AT WORK IN EUROPE.

After the Sky Blue train and the Empire State Express had been running for some time and had become used to their tracks, it was arranged to run each of them through to their respective destinations in one day. It was a long run they had to make—1600 miles in a day, the way they had to go—and even they had never made it. But the “twin brothers,” as they were called, were swift and sure-footed, and when they got started, they kept tirelessly on, hour after hour, through the long day. Darkness came down upon them, but it did not impede their flight. Straight on they went, through the night, scarcely making a stop—and then stopping only for an instant and then hurrying on while thousands and scores of thousands lined the track to see the trains go by, which were making sixteen hundred miles in a day.

All Europe had grown interested for no such runs had been made since time began. Never before had men been in two places so far apart in one day as they were to be that day.

The Empire State Express sent a thrill through all Russia, for there was something about its metallic roar and hiss and hum of pent up energy, as it was seen and heard coming, covering distance like the tempest, that sent a thrill deep into the hearts of those who stood by its path. Those great steel drive wheels, over seven feet in diameter, seemed to have

such resistless power and that ring of steel so got into the ears, and the smoke went so straight back, making the great engine seem to crouch forward like some fast runner, and the distance between you and it so quickly lessened that the blood in the veins of the near-by spectator would turn colder and a chill would creep into the heart.

After Russia got a touch of that thrill, she wanted that train—and if ever a thrill gets into a human body, that will almost lift the heart out of the body and make the nerves tingle and the very muscles stiffen into inaction, it is for the great express to go humming by within eight or ten feet, at a mile and a half to the minute.

It is at such a time, easily, the most majestic spectacle of modern civilization; and it is the most thrillingly impressive—I might say, frightfully impressive—object in all the world. The only thing that can at all compare with it in impressiveness, is the sudden bolt of lightning, shattering a tree to pieces within a hundred feet of where you stand. *That*, with the sharp concussive report and the reverberative roar going across the heavens, might be more impressive, but I have my doubts.

If a man were to come out of the back door of some vast, noisy machine shop and start across the track of some great steel highway and then, unexpectedly, catch sight, a hundred or so feet away, of one of these great trains coming down upon him as the whirlwind comes, and he barely escapes the wheels, I am of the humble opinion that he would feel sick and trembly, and that his face would turn paler than if he had

seen and heard and felt the lightning strike the giant oak a hundred feet away.

But to return to the great train. Russia wanted it to stay with her, always, and it did stay and it did some mighty work to which, I will, somewhat, refer later.

But what of the Sky Blue? She, also made a sixteen hundred mile run in a day and kept it up day after day till the close of the Exposition, when she, too, staid in Europe.

It was of the Sky Blue train that I first intended to write, chiefly, not because of discrimination against the other trains, but because she was fast and was on this run and because of other things which it and the Illinois, its owner, were the cause of doing. The effects of that sixteen hundred mile run will never probably be fully written, unless the Almighty himself, as the pious Christian would say, writes it up, for the thrill it sent into a nation which was said to be dying, went so deep and far that no human mind can clearly follow it.

The runs she made in those days have become historical in a thousand ways, and the historian has not yet laid down his pen. I said it was a sixteen hundred mile run in a day—but it was more than that, a far greater run than that. That day's run went through the whole of the Sultan's dominions, both temporal and spiritual—and the latter is the greater part of his dominions. It seems, now, if such a figure is not too bold and too far beyond the limits of historical truth, as if the whole Mohammedan world made a sixteen hundred year run in a day, for what happened in Constantinople soon seeped its way through to every Musselman on earth and made him yearn for something higher and nobler and greater

than he had ever yearned for before. In other words, he caught that day, the spirit of Progress and of a higher Civilization and new aspirations were born within him.

Day after day, as she made those marvelous runs, all Turkey seemed to turn out and line the tracks and catch that strange stir in, what we call, sometimes, the "soul," which comes over a man when the Sky Blue goes by at the sixteen hundred mile a day rate.

It was the spirit of Modern Civilization with its stir and movement that their souls took in that day.

They would linger along the track for hours, men and women and boys and girls, when possible, to see that train—to see the train which had run down the tempest, go by. Yes, it got into their minds and souls and dwelt in every nook and cranny of their being, so that about all they thought of was that train. And in truth, it was an awe-inspiring sight. All the way from Paris, while people would lounge about on the richly upholstered seats and read and laugh and talk with one another, with now and then a careless glance out of the windows, men on the outside would stand and watch it pass with white faces, for those on the inside of the Sky Blue or the Empire State Express, though they feel the motion and tremble of the car, do not see that which is doing it all, nor much of the train itself—do not see the great locomotive in front with all its matchless manifestations of power nor catch that feeling of utter helplessness when a thing like that passes by.

The small boy talked of nothing else and he soon got to worshipping that train—at least he paid more attention to

it than those learned in the law did to Allah. And a chance to ride on that train! Well! that was impossible. To think of riding on it was like aspiring to sit on the throne of the Sultan himself.

I said there had been an exception made about hauling passengers. That exception had been suggested by the managers of that great railroad, which has followed mighty rivers, the owner of the Sky Blue. They suggested that on every fourth trip, passengers should be carried free, and that the difference be made up by higher rates on the other three trips, the train management being permitted to haul whomsoever they pleased on this free trip. This was agreed to by the other authorities, they expecting that the invited guests would be from among those high up in rank and authority.

But the Sky Blue did not invite those high up in authority, or in rank. No, they were not high up. I said they were not high up in authority—and yet, they were, too, for they changed, largely, the course of history for vast multitudes of people. But, I have forgotten to tell who were invited to go to the Fair.

The officers of the great corporation of which I have spoken—the one, I mean, which has so many trains going up and down the valleys of great rivers and that has paralleled the Mississippi, the great “Father of Waters,” as the Indians used to call it, and made it divide up its traffic—in making out its list of invited guests, did not go to the palaces, nor to the places where the rich and great do congregate. Their list was made up, somewhat like that of the man’s in a certain parable.

They went into the garrets and cellars and hunted through the streets and alleys and found little forsaken wretches, so poor and destitute that they had never had a friend, nor had ever gotten a friendly smile nor known a kindly deed, little ragged inhabitants of the lower world, who had starved all their lives and had grown up in the dark. Little ragged boys and girls from seven to fourteen years of age, who lived like rats in the gloom and obscurity of human existence, were invited to be the guests of the Illinois to the great Fair.

At first they could not be made to understand it. It was past their comprehension to receive such an invitation. For them to go on that train!—it was incredible. There must be something wrong about it. To ride on that train, the train that was the talk of the city and pay nothing!

And to go away—far away towards the setting sun—that was dangerous. There was too much uncertainty about that. Yes, there must be a trap, somewhere, and so these half starved, ragged and forsaken creatures, at first refused the invitation of the Illinois.

But after some considerable trouble, the officers of the great railway explained, rather vaguely, it is true, what the Fair was, that it would not hurt them and that they were to be given a free ride and were to have nice clothes to wear and for a few days, were to have a good time and plenty to eat.

Still it was past belief, and they hesitated. But when they were cleaned up and given nice clothes to wear and asked to get on the train and ride for a few miles—just within sight of the city—they concluded at last to risk that much, especially when they saw some Turkish soldiers on the train. When

they saw the soldiers on the train, they thought, then, that no harm was intended and so, when their doubts were gone and they felt safe, they acted like men and women no doubt would act, who had struck a world somewhere, a hundred thousand times finer and grander than this.

I said that they had been ragged and dirty—and so they had. It might be said that such children on board a train like this one of the Illinois, would soil and scuff things up, but they did not. They had been half savage, if not more than half savage, in their wild, neglected life, down among the wharfs and in the alleys and streets, but they were shy now—the shyest specimens of humanity you ever saw. No! they did not soil or scuff anything. They acted as if they were afraid it was not real—as if it was made of the stuff dreams are made of—and at any moment might disappear and leave them in their wretchedness and loneliness again, for though they lived in a large city, they were practically alone in the world, and so they seemed to be afraid lest they might do something that would drive away the things on which they were feasting their eyes.

No, they did not soil or scuff anything, not any more than Christian people would soil or scuff things in the heaven to which they expect to go.

And the little swarm of rags was dressed up and cleaned up, so that you could not have told them from other children, and on the appointed day, they were put on the train for that great ride to the great Fair. They sat in those seats, those beautifully upholstered seats—how beautiful and luxurious they were! Why, it made them fairly tremble. And then

they saw themselves in the mirrors everywhere, and they looked out of the windows and saw the whole country whirling past them, and they leaned back in the seats and looked at each other and then rubbed their eyes to see if they were awake. And what a day's ride that was!—a ride straight on through the day and through the night.

They went through great cities at night which seemed to be spotted all over with specks of fire; and ten thousand things of beauty appeared before them by day and then, in an instant, were whirled out of sight.

All Paris had heard of the little swarm of Turks coming to the Fair from the garrets and cellars and the back alleys and from down under the wharfs where their home was, little pieces of stranded humanity, who had lived in the back ages and did not know there was such a city in the world as Paris till yesterday.

Well, Paris got interested. Paris got so interested, as the train drew near, that the great Fair, itself, was almost forgotten; and the great city gave that little crowd of strangers a welcome. Paris turned itself into a heaven for them and they gazed on the beauty of the city and the wonderful things to be seen there and they wondered whether it was the same world. Sometimes the thought came to them that, possibly, they might have died and that this was Paradise, though this Paradise was more beautiful than the one they had heard about.

And then they were sent back. They were sent back, but men and women worth scores of millions of francs, dollars and pounds were interested, and the children who had spent a



week in "heaven," as they always called it, were not returned to the garrets and cellars and the back alleys and the damp, dark places under the wharfs. Permission was had from the Turkish authorities to establish a great school and so they were put into pleasant surroundings and taught new duties and told how they could fill their minds with bright thoughts and become useful and great. The children gladly took up the new way of living and they studied and worked and learned more about the great world, a glimpse of which they had gotten in Paris. They read of the nations of the past which are dead and buried and of the new ones which have come to take their places—of Great Britain, of France, Germany, Russia, Austria—and Spain, too, for old Spain has done some great things, too, in the modern world—and of that great free country beyond the sea, from whence the Sky Blue came—and of the forces that made them great and powerful.

Many of them—these little stranded pieces of humanity—have become young ladies and gentlemen, as fine as you could see anywhere, but they have not yet got through telling about being found in the garrets and cellars and taken out into the light of day. They have not yet finished telling about the great city they saw and of the sights they saw at the Fair, but child-like—perhaps it is child-like—the thing that stays deepest in their memories is that Sky Blue train.

They tell and retell every detail of that wonderful trip, of how swiftly the great drive-wheels took them over Europe, of the sensations they had, when, sometimes they went down grade at the rate of over two miles to the minute and the

train seemed to sink beneath them; of how things along the track were blended into a sort of blur and shrubbery near by was turned into woven fences, and of how horses and trees and houses, seen far up the track, as they sometimes looked dreamily out of the windows, came swiftly towards them, as if they were on a movable platform, and then disappeared in the other direction.

\* \* \* \* \*

When the Empire State Express commenced to carry that fourth load of passengers, the Czar took hold of the matter, himself, and went out into the alleys and back streets and other half forgotten places and hunted out train load after train load of poor forsaken waifs and took them to his palace and dressed them up and put them on the train.

They could not believe at first that it was the Czar who had found them and lifted them up out of their degradation and sent them to the great Fair on that train—the one train in all the world, which they had heard about for its wonderful speed. And then the Fair! When they saw it and got another ride on that train! Well, it started little mouths to talking, and they never got through talking about that Fair and about that ride and of the King, who had taken them up and given them a taste of another world.

And so, it came about that the great Empire State Express, for more than half its trips was laden, not with the rich and great, but with little people with pinched, wistful faces, little forsaken people who had always been poor and ragged and friendless and helpless and had never dreamed of such grace and beauty and kindness in the world.

Yes, they talked ever afterwards of the things they saw, of cities and towns and forests going by, of the delicious tremble and movement of the train as it hummed down the rails on that long run from St. Petersburg to Paris in a day.

The Czar bore all the expenses of those trips, himself, but it all came back to him, for those little stranded inhabitants of the dark quarters of his kingdom, who seemed to be so powerless and so useless to him and his empire, made it safe for him to go anywhere alone in all his vast dominions—by day and by night—a safety he had never known before. The sword of Damocles which had hung so menacingly over his head and of his predecessors, was taken down and he dreaded it no more from that day forth.

Other kings and queens did the same with the other trains. On the day when the Royal Blue gathered up its first load of little specimens of forsaken humanity from "the waysides and the hedges" and took them as its invited guests to the great Fair, Spain's heart broke down and her eyes grew soft and luminous; and it was the same way at Rome when the Pennsylvania Limited filled her magnificent Pullmans with little half starved creatures, with little people who thought that day, they had been transported to the heaven they had heard about. When the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul's greatest train, and that is saying something real nice about the "Pioneer Limited,"—for, a road that owns six or eight thousand miles of track, can put up a great train,—the L. & N.'s New Orleans Limited, the Queen and Crescent's Florida Limited, the Chicago and Northwestern's Fast Mail, and the C. H. & D.'s Fast Mail, too—the latter being a train put up

by a road not as large as the owners of the other Fast Mails, but a train made as fine and beautiful as money and human hands could make it, the splendid fast train that pulls out of the depot at Cincinnati in the early morning, just at the break of day, just as the sun begins to paint a gray spot in the sky and to drive the darkness away, for its daily run to Chicago—and all the other trains, added their loads of poor, little, forsaken passengers to the Fair, it was said that there was more happiness in the world that summer and fall, than had ever been known before. And, so, it came about that these trains were seen and admired more—a thousand times more—if they did come in dusty and soiled from their work, than if they had stood, neat and clean in their places at the Fair. And the children—well! no children ever played around the foot of a throne or sat on the arms of a Presidential chair, who were half so happy, or who drank so deeply of joy and gladness as those poor—almost forgotten—inhabitants of the nether world.

## CHAPTER V.

## THE ELEVENTH HOUR TRAINS—AT HOME AND ABROAD.

When these trains got started to running in Europe and the stories of the work they were doing over there came back to the country from whence they went, it created a stir among all the other trains, as one might say—dropping once more into a more figurative style of writing. In fact, every train in the country, and there were tens of thousand of them, wanted to go. They got most anxious to go and run in Europe for a few months, for it was a great honor to be invited to run in a foreign land, but France could not invite them all, though she did invite five more. There are beautiful trains on the Maine Central, the West Shore, the Michigan Central, the Jersey Central, the Grand Trunk, the New York, Chicago and St. Louis, generally called "The Nickel Plate" road, the Southern, the Iron Mountain, the Colorado Southern, the Mobile and Ohio, the Iowa Central, the Ohio Central, the Hocking Valley, the Pittsburg, Ft. Wayne, and Chicago—which runs with the Pennsylvania—the Oregon Short Line, the Atlantic Coast Line, the Panhandle of Texas, the Plant System and a lot of other roads, and they wanted to go and spend the summer in Europe. They were almost jealous of the trains that went. They were so anxious to go to the Fair, that if they could have gone, they would, undoubtedly, have made a name for themselves—a greater name than they

already had. I feel sure that if the trains that did not go, had gone, they would have done things, that summer, great and good for the world.

So, as there had to be a limit somewhere, France, out of all that wanted to get invitations to the Fair, invited just five more. I use the word "invited." It sounds better, though it has been said by prosy, envious critics that none of these trains were invited—that they were simply bought, owing to the press of business, by the French people and put to running over there, but I do not believe that story.

These five were selected more by lot than by special favor, for they were all splendid trains. One was the "Alton Limited" of the Chicago and Alton railroad. I never saw the Alton Limited, but it is grand, they say. The Chicago and Alton company, its owners, say it is the handsomest train in the world. I have seen some of the other Chicago and Alton trains and like those of the C. H. & D., they are fine. So I feel sure that when the Chicago and Alton company say it is fine, it certainly must be, for it is the one they talk about. They have a lot of pictures of the Alton Limited hung up in hotels and other public places all over the country, and they, indeed, show up a fine train. I will pause and repeat a few other things they say about it—about what they call "the handsomest train in the world," though I feel sure the Royal Blue, the Pennsylvania Limited, the Southwestern Limited, the Fast Mail and many of the others, if not all the others, would deny that the Alton Limited is the handsomest train in the world.

But here are some of the things the owners of the Alton Limited say:

"It is impracticable here to reproduce in natural colors, the beautiful woodwork, plushes, carpets, details of upholstery and finish which make surpassingly gorgeous the interior of the cars. The three shades of maroon, the greens and the gold, which are worked out in the color scheme of the exterior and interior of the entire train, including the locomotive, are indescribably beautiful and novel. Electric search headlights, electric signal lamps, electric lights for oiling, watering and feeding the locomotive, electric reading lamps, electric center lamps, electric call bells, are features of this train. The Alton's high speed passenger locomotives are provided with dynamos which supply the entire current for electric search headlights and incandescent signal, oiling and illuminating lamps; speed indicators, which register by pencil and paper, as well as by guage in front of the engineer, the speed attained; automatic self-feeding lubricators; chime whistles; mechanisms for compressing air with which the bell is rung, and gigantic tenders, the largest in the world, which have tanks which hold 6,000 gallons of water and a storage capacity for carrying fifteen tons of coal which is fed to the fire automatically. These giants furnish the motive power to the fast express trains of the Chicago and Alton railroad and they embody every improvement known to man."

That is what they say of the Alton Limited and I guess they are not lying about it—unless it is in the fact that it is the handsomest train in the world. Well, it was one of the five to be invited. It had some rivals though, which wanted

to go—rivals which considered themselves its equal if not superior. For instance, there was the Diamond Special of the Illinois which, with it and the Wabash on the Wabash, particularly, is a fast rival on the run between the two great western cities, Chicago and St. Louis.

The Diamond Special did not get to go, though it was worthy of going. As you see it standing in its great depot at Chicago at night—the depot with the semi-circular ceiling and the curved marble wainscoating and the rows of lights up the arches, which looks out on Lake Michigan on one side and up the park in front, facing toward Logan's monument—waiting to start on its night's run to St. Louis, it looks magnificent and grand. The dark sides of its ten long coaches gleam beneath the electric lights and it looks so solid and substantial and so strong and seems so sure of itself that it is no wonder the passengers go to bed and fall asleep with never a thought but that they will be awakened, all right, for breakfast, by and by, after the night's run.

And the southern Fast Mail and the New Orleans Special of the Illinois which run so much farther than the Diamond Special, which, starting at Chicago, runs three or four hundred miles through the state of Illinois and on southwardly through state after state till they reach the mouth of the Mississippi—felt disappointed still more than it, but though they were disappointed, they said nothing, for had not their own Sky Blue gone? And was it not running with the Empire State Express? And was it not doing things over there which would shape the destinies of those who will live in times to come?



Then there was the Atlantic Express of the Erie railroad. It wanted to go, and it got to go. It is a train that inspires respect.

As I stood one night in the Chicago depot and watched it start out on its eastward run and saw the engineer lean out of the cab of his great locomotive and heard it give one of its long-drawn breaths, which slowly turned—or at least seemed to turn—the immense drive wheels—which jarred the ground and made the very rails wince in their grip—and heard him “holler” something about “getting out his train,” I thought that it would, indeed, be able to give a good account of itself anywhere in the world—and so it did. It got the run to Amsterdam; and the great city and the great train became fast friends.

Then there was the Great Western Limited of the Chicago and Great Western railroad. A flashlight photograph of their club car, for instance, as they call it, shows up a pretty exterior, but the company says “it does scant justice to the richness of the car—the flat ceiling with its oval dome decorated in olive green and gold, the latticed windows, the brilliant vermillior wood finish, the handsome reading lamp and center table, combine to produce an effect unequaled in railroad car building.” And then their reclining chair cars and their sleeping cars! but I will not undertake to describe this great night train out of Chicago for the West.

It is enough to say that like the Pennsylvania Limited it is composed of all Pullmans.

And then there was the “Dixie Flyer.” It is a train that makes a long run from St. Louis down past Lookout Moun-

tain through Atlanta to Jacksonville, Florida. Several roads combined to put it on, and they made it a beauty, so they say, for I have not seen it myself. The Illinois runs it for a couple of hundred miles, then the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis sends it on for several hundred more, then the—well! they all get it through and they call it the “Dixie Flyer”—rather a pretty name, especially the Dixie part of it. Perhaps what makes the name sound sweet to the ear, is because its given name “Dixie” has been associated so long with the great southern song, Dixie—a song that has something in it which, when heard in a foreign land by a southern man—or by any American—will make the very heart leap in his bosom, for it is sung and played today, with the Star Spangled Banner—and great armies have marched to these songs.

One summer at Niagara Falls, two or three years after the Fair, I ran into a procession of men and women, following a brass band, who were attending a convention from the South. From out of the music I heard a voice say that, “If you were penned up and hard pressed in some foreign city and heard ‘Dixie’ in the distance, coming to your relief, you would think that it was the sweetest music you ever heard.”

There was something so stirring and impressive about it all, that I turned and followed the band, too, till it quit playing. We, as a people, have two songs that would sound most wonderfully sweet under such circumstances—Dixie, and its great solemn rival.

And then, there was the Lake Shore Limited of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern road. To see it standing late

at night at some railroad station where it has stopped, lit up in all its beauty, just before the passengers have gone to bed, makes you wish to take a long ride on it before you die. It is a train that will make anyone look the second time—and it is worth looking at the second time. The richness of the finish of that train and the flash of its lights, reflecting the beauty and elegance within would, no doubt, make the man of cunning workmanship a thousand years hence praise it, could he but see it in all its beauty and see his own form pictured in the smooth finish and rich polish of its wood-work.

No! our country need not be ashamed of the Lake Shore Limited, the pride of the Lake Shore road, anywhere on earth, even if it was the last to be invited to attend the great Fair beyond the sea. But, one of its great counterparts, which travels on the north side of Lake Erie on the Michigan Central, ought to have been invited, too. Since one warm evening, one might say a hot evening in August in the year 1900, I have had an abiding respect for the locomotives that pull the great trains on the Michigan Central railroad.

I will say a word or two about that evening, for I heard a Michigan Central train do something then, that almost filled me with a sense of awe at the power of man—or, perhaps, I should say at the power and greatness of a locomotive which runs on that magnificent highway, between Chicago and Buffalo.

I was sitting or lying on the grass in Prospect Park at Niagara Falls, listening half dreamily to the roar of Niagara and to the strains of music which came from a merry-go-

round, or "Flying Dutchman," as we used to call them—listening to it saying something about the Irishman and the Union Jack being friends—and to that near-by thunder of the American Falls and to that roar coming up from out of the depths of the Horseshoe Falls, a roar so deep and reverberative that it seemed no other roar could ever equal it. It was the roar of a mighty river, which had been gathered up from out of the heart of a continent and poured—and which had been poured daily and hourly through a lapse of time, so great that no man knows its length—down the rapids where it had turned and coiled and twisted and hissed among the rocks and over the ledges, till it came to the verge of a half mile or so of cliff and there was hurled with an awful force, down into the depths below. I was listening to the roar which comes from both falls and to that other roar, that hollow roar, which comes up at regular intervals from down in the bottom of the Horseshoe Falls—a roar which was full of mystery—a roar which seemed to come when the spray rose up in clouds and then for a moment, settled down again. I was listening to the thunder of the falls and, especially, to this roar—a roar which possibly could be made if Lake Erie were lifted up out of its bed and poured down in a stream as big as the Mississippi river into a huge cistern—a cistern which would never fill up but a little ways.

I was listening to this class of sounds and thinking that the Irishman ought to be proud of the Union Jack, for it is his flag, and on it is his own cross of St. Patrick, blended with those of St. Andrew and St. George and it, his flag, proudly waves over a third of the earth and has had, and

still has, a great deal to do with ruling that third of the world. A passing thought came to me, and it was, that he ought to be pretty well satisfied with the job, for it is a big one and will probably last a long time. And then I thought that no man should die until he had seen and heard Niagara Falls, for the music box in the merry-go-round and the roar which had come up from the bottom of Niagara had brought on both kinds of thoughts.

I was thinking rather dreamily along these lines when a train stopped on the heights across the gorge on the Michigan Central. It was about the time of the Pacific Express, a great train of thirteen or fourteen coaches and Pullmans and mail cars, so it was said, and it might have been that train, or it might have been a heavily laden freight of from a half to three-quarters of a mile long. I heard some one say that it was a freight and then, some one close by said that it was the westbound express.

Anyway, it had stopped on the heavy grade up Niagara river—and there is undoubtedly a pretty good grade there, for the road not only has to go up the grade of that river but mount upwards to the summit of the ridge beyond the gorge. The Horseshoe Falls seemed to be about as far away as the train, while the American Falls were right by pouring its share of the four great lakes over one hundred and sixty or seventy feet of precipice and it seemed as if their combined roar would never be disturbed—but the roar of the mighty cataract was disturbed.

The first puff of that locomotive in its struggle to start forward with the heavy train on the up grade, fell on the ear

and soon everybody in the park was listening to what was going on across the river. Those puffs or pants were slow and long drawn out at first, but there was never a moment of hesitation. Every puff counted or seemed to—there seemed to be a grip and a pull to them. If some one had come from a country where the locomotive was unknown and he had never seen one, he would have thought, no doubt, that something over there, across the river out of sight, was at work, pulling the world from its ancient foundations.

But gradually, slowly, the puff of the great locomotive increased in frequency and became more intense and thrilling and the mighty roar of Niagara died on the ear and the only sound heard was that locomotive getting under headway. In the fierceness of its energy and the roar of the train back of it, as a higher rate of speed was gained, the great river in its wild plunge over a half mile or so of cliff into the rocks and caverns below was forgotten. The mind, somehow, fastened itself to that train and listened to the pulse beats of that locomotive in its work for man, growing so swift, so very swift, that no man could count them, pulse beats that gradually died out in the distance; and then, he who had listened to those sounds—sounds as inspiring as the beating of the unseen wings of the great spirits of Progress and Civilization—came to himself, as it were, with a start and he became aware again that old Niagara was at work.

In fact, it took no stretch of the imagination to feel the presence of those great Spirits, which are doing so much to fill the world with things good for man, as that train went up the Niagara river in the presence of the great falls, for

they were, indeed, there. And then in a little while, as he would "come to himself," as it were, and look across to the point of the Horseshoe, where the water turns to green and see the spray rise up, out of some unseen depth from just under it, in a cloud like that of steam or finely driven snow, the deep hollow roar would come and strike distinctly on the ear and then his mind would start out again and ramble among these things, majestic and grand in nature, round about him.

Yes, I think that that splendid double-track from Buffalo, one of the great twin cities of Lake Erie, to Chicago, should have been represented. But, as I said, the Lake Shore Limited went. Perhaps that was enough, for the Lake Shore road and the Michigan Central are so near akin that they both join at Buffalo—a city, by the way, that is turning into one of the most beautiful in the country and is giving its great rival, Cleveland, a hard run for it, and that is saying a great deal, for Cleveland is growing fast and has some pretty things of her own—her own Euclid avenue, so Bayard Taylor once said, being the most beautiful street in the world—and from there, they run as the New York Central to the east.

The Lake Shore Limited was put on the run between Paris and Lisbon. I never heard what kind of a track it had to run over, but I am almost sure it never got to run on a road quite equal to its own great splendid double-track main line between Buffalo and Chicago. On the new run, it had to go over some mountains—and it was not used to mountains. It was used to running over a road that had a straight, smooth

track—in places as straight as a line for 40, 50 or 60 miles at a stretch. But, I feel sure, though, that it had no trouble in getting over the mountains, for they have powerful locomotives on the Lake Shore road and I am confident that it was pulled by one of the strongest and most beautiful on the road. I have seen them hitched to the Pacific Express, a train of thirteen and fourteen heavy Pullmans and coaches and mail cars, for the Lake Shore has a Pacific Express, too, and a Fast Mail and many other heavy trains, and they seemed to be almost limitless in their strength—great giants, with three immense drive wheels on a side, each measuring six feet eight inches in diameter and barely reaching to the under side of the huge boilers, which tower high over your head—great monsters of steel, seventy feet long and sixteen feet or more high, like some on the Northwestern road which, if you should run on to them unexpectedly some night, snoozing on a side track out of town, would scare the blood back out of the arteries into the heart, for a moment, until you could take a second look and become assured that there was no danger, for the great outlines of one of them, hot and full of compressed energy, looming up in the darkness close to you, and the faint hiss of steam escaping from the cylinders, make a something almost uncanny and wierd and unnatural.

No, I do not think the Lake Shore Limited could have had a better roadbed to run over than its own, for it is so smoothe that just ordinary unvestibuled coaches with nothing to brace them together, go at a high rate of speed over it for miles with a vibration of scarcely half an inch.



One of the standard jokes of the season—and it was not very much of a joke either, for it was the ghost of another joke—was that the King of Portugal, when he saw the Lake Shore Limited inside and out and then saw it run, said, “What will you take for it?” That was just a western way of saying, however, that the King liked the Lake Shore Limited when it came to see him.

But the joke that grew out of the King’s liking for the Lake Shore Limited was always blended with something else, for the Lake Shore Limited got to doing some work, after the kind of that done by the Empire State Express and the Fast Mail.

It is said that every child in Portugal and Spain, too, for it ran through Spain, fell in love with the Lake Shore Limited and the love has not grown cold to this day. People on that run, southwesterly from Paris used to gather in crowds all along the track to watch the beautiful fast train, pulled by a great locomotive, go by, much as they gathered on the southeastwardly run from Paris to see its great rival, the Wabash, go by, and the two great trains which were rivals on the run between Chicago and Buffalo, pulled together in Europe for the good of the world.

There is another road which I would have liked to see represented.

It is not a big road like the New York Central, the Illinois, or the Michigan Central, but it is one of our own Ohio roads and it is full of vim, ambition and energy. Like the Illinois, the Ohio Central is a north and south road, too, and like it, it may become a really great road, some day. It is building

southwardly and has already crossed the Ohio river and gone down into West Virginia—and who knows but that it may become a great trunk line between the lakes and the gulf—running great trains through to Atlanta and then on to Charleston and Mobile and other cities. Such roads, running clear through the “North and the South,” make people close neighbors and soon tie the country together with mutual business and social interests; and I have no doubt, the people of Atlanta, Mobile and Charleston would go wild to see Ohio Central trains pull in from Lake Erie. And if such a great southern road as the Louisville and Nashville should build through a certain section of Ohio to Columbus and from there on to Cleveland, I have no doubt but those cities and the people along the way would give it a welcome so whole-souled as to memorable in railway annals. Great trains like some of those now running south of the Ohio river, pulling into Cleveland with the Louisville and Nashville name on them, would send a pleasurable sensation through every nerve of that great city—the first city of Ohio, as it now proudly calls itself since the 1900 census, and it might be added, the city next behind Chicago and St. Louis in the great West. And if the Illinois Central should finish paralleling the Ohio river to Pittsburg, I have no doubt but that that city, also, would go wild over a great main line, stretching away southwardly to the mouth of the Mississippi river, for the coming of such a highway over which man and his multitudinous forms of merchandise can swiftly go and come, is like unto the coming of a great river to town.

But, speaking of the Ohio Central, I have had a respect for that five or six hundred miles of road, ever since I rode on one of its trains—not its finest train, either, but just a common train, as it were, with only one or two coaches and a baggage car and a parlor car—when it was one or two hours late. Something had gone wrong on a freight train ahead of it and it had to wait somewhere west of Findlay. But how it flew from Findlay, and how, where the fences at road crossings came close up to the track, they flitted past, so that you could scarcely get a glimpse of them and how, at times, when an upright switch sign was passed close to the car, you told more by the sense of hearing than sight, that one had been passed, and how, when it pulled into Kenton, where the Erie road crosses its track, some one “hollered” to the engineer that his coming in had thrilled all Kenton down!

No, the Ohio Central did not get to send a train to the World's Fair, either, but I will venture to say, that had the Fair been held a few years later, it would have had some long distance trains on the run between the north and south as celebrated for beauty as the Pioneer-Limited of the “St. Paul road,” as it is generally called—one of the great railway systems of the northwest and one of the great competitors of the C. B. & Q. and the Chicago and Northwestern. I regret that I have not taken more space to refer to it, for it is indeed a great system—the St. Paul road is—of some six or seven thousand miles of well equipped track with hundreds upon hundreds of great trains, freight and passenger, the chief of which is the Pioneer Limited.

It is the glory of the road—the one the company talks and writes about, as the Alton road writes and talks of the Alton Limited.

But the Fair came too soon for the Ohio Central and so, no doubt, while it may have beautiful long distance trains before long and could have gotten up a train of unsurpassed beauty, had an invitation been extended it, it had to stay at home. But these five, the last five to go, did go and they went to work in Europe that summer, and their work was of such a kind that could the sages and wise men of the olden time have seen it, they would have stopped to tell about it.

## CHAPTER VI.

## COLUMBUS, HER RAILROADS AND HER NIGHT SCENES.

Since writing the last chapter, and some of the other chapters, too, and after the lapse of considerable time, I have found that I was not altogether correct about the Ohio Central and the L. & N., and because of that and other things, the telling of which would, perhaps, make "my argument" stronger, if I may be permitted to call this "piece of mine" an argument, I will, as it were, at this point, write this chapter in among the others.

The L. & N. has built through Columbus to Cleveland and the Ohio Central has built farther south and has, by combining with the Georgia Central, commenced to run trains from the lakes to the gulf and the south Atlantic seaboard—and it might be added, since writing something about this city, that the Wabash has built from its great main from a point in Indiana through Columbus to Pittsburg and the east, thus making a great trunk line across the continent; that the Norfolk and Western has extended its line to Chicago and that the Illinois Central, also, has built into Columbus.

When these two roads combined, the Ohio Central and the Georgia Central—it was agreed to divide names, so that the whole system should be called the Ohio Central and its greatest train, the Georgia Limited.

An artist painted a picture about the union of these two

roads which was full of sentiment, because it suggested the more complete union of the two sections, the North and South, which had warred from 1861 to 1865.

The picture was a bridge scene. It represented a great, high bridge, spanning a vast bottomless chasm—bottomless at least in some places—and it was built in the form of two long arms stretched out from either side and clasping hands. On top, where the track was laid, was the Georgia Limited, running northward.

Over at the great passenger station at Columbus when the time approaches for the Georgia Limited to come in, people look for it to this day. They all know about the picture and feel that the great train is working up on everlasting peace and good will, between myriads of people, who, at one time, were enemies. Every time it comes in from the gulf and the South Atlantic seaboard, it seems to speak of a great united country; and as it comes and goes through the warring sections of 1861 and '65, it seems to suggest to the people the coming of the great neighborhood which later on was so much worked into and mixed up with the triumph of the Iron Horse.

Here it meets two other great trains, about which I have written—and many I have not written about—the Pennsylvania Limited and the Southwestern Limited, for the time of their coming is not far apart—and when they come, the great depot, figuratively speaking, “takes off its hat” to them and they, in turn, seem to make the depot larger and grander.

While writing about the depot and the Georgia Limited I will mention two or three other trains and tell about a

night scene—an every night scene—which I once saw in Columbus. I think the time and space so taken cannot help but give the iron horse dignity and power—that is, if I can tell of things as I actually saw them—and the giving to the iron horse dignity and power in the minds of men, will, I can not help but think, go a considerable ways in the realization of some very high hopes for the welfare of mankind.

I do not think its power and majesty and work can be too much impressed upon the public mind, if it is to accomplish those things in the world, which it alone, so far, in our civilization, can accomplish. So I will pause, now and then, to write up the iron horse and its work for man, and especially when I catch a glimpse of it from some new point of observation, for I think it will take richer loads of freightage to distant climes and to strange, uncouth people than were ever taken anywhere before—loads which would include among the tangible, some intangible things so priceless in their value that money standards could not measure them at all.

One night in Columbus, Ohio, I thought I found a new view point. I saw hundreds of these iron horses at work. How many there were altogether, I do not know. Afterwards in the year 1903, the assistant superintendent of motive power of the Pennsylvania railroad, told me, after some counting up and figuring, that 367 of their locomotives alone, either staid in Columbus all the time, or passed through, every day—which certainly was a pretty good showing for the city and for the road.

But when I saw what I did, that night, I thought that if an artist could paint a great switchyard after night and

paint in the locomotives moving about in the semi-darkness and make it anything as realistic as many an original is, he would have a picture of wonderfully thrilling power and beauty; but, perhaps, it would be impossible to paint such a picture. It might be beyond the reach of the artist's brush and his colors, for there is so much that could be put into it, and so much that ought to be put into it, to make it a true picture—some fine, very fine things, one might say, that ought to be put into it—that it might be a picture too elusive to paint.

Lest some one might say that I think too highly of such a possible picture, I will try to indicate some of the things that could be put into it—that is, some of the plainer things that catch the eye, leaving out those finer things which oftentimes are very hard to paint.

Here is a great switchyard at night. The time is a not too cold and disagreeable night in January, 1902. The people have not yet gone to bed, at least, not all of them. There is one who has not, for he is wandering around, seeing things at night.

How large this switchyard is, perhaps no one knows, except those specially initiated into its mysteries, for the rails cross and re-cross each other, or seem to, in ten thousand different places and then to go out into the darkness to—well, it would be hard to tell where they are bound. Acres and acres, hundreds and hundreds of acres of steel rails interlace with each other and cross each other, and run by the red, white and green lights, everywhere, out into the impenetrable darkness beyond; or, perhaps, instead of saying that



the rails run to and by the red, white and green lights, it would be more exact to say that the red, white and green lights have come for their nightly vigils and have squatted down by the side of the steel rails.

In fact, it was these lights on duty, so many of them as seen from the passenger station at Columbus, looking eastwardly, that my curiosity was excited as to what they were watching and guarding down in the network of tracks.

Their watch over the steel rails made a pretty picture, and so I went down among them. They, those lights, red, white and green, so quiet-like as you see them, squatted down low beside the track, do not seem, to the casual observer, to amount to much. Most people in looking at them for the first time, would probably say that they do not amount to much, except that they look real pretty, as they gleam like big specks of colored foxfire, low down, close to the ground, but they do, for there is life and death in them, in those flecks of red, white and green. That is why they are there—because of life and death; and why they come every night and go on their long vigils by the side of the steel rails.

Yes, indeed—and I pause to say it deliberately—there is life and death in them and property, too; and on a large scale, too—life and death and property in the lights that gleam through the darkness along the steel highway. They are the beacon lights for the iron horse, and no ocean greyhound coming in from across the sea with her load of human freight looks more anxiously for the "lights along the shore" than does the great iron horse for one of these.

The load of passengers in the great train flying through the

night at sixty miles an hour may laugh and chat and sleep and doze and never think of the faithful sentinels that keep nightly vigil close to the rails, but let the eye of him who holds the locomotive to her mighty pace catch a fleeting glimpse of one of them flashing something wrong, or find that something has happened to one of them and there is but little time in which to take the warning, and a start will come into the nerves and a chill into the heart as suddenly as when the rattlesnake rings his death song at your feet, though, of course, there is a difference in the start and in the chill, for while both notices are death notices, one comes from a friend and the other from an enemy.

Looking down into this switchyard from the wide stone platform or balcony, overlooking the tracks from the second story of the great depot—and in many respects it deserves the title “great”—and seeing acres and acres of these red, white and green lights, some beckoning great trains to come on and some ordering them to stop, and seeing how implicitly the great locomotives obey the orders, one cannot help but take in, not only the beauty but the majesty of the scene. And to go down among these silent watchers of the rails—though, if they be silent, I might say, there is an ever-shifting and movement of color among them, as they signal to coming trains, a veritable panorama of color, sometimes, as seen from the stone balcony at the depot—and among those locomotives and into that network of tracks, where a man to be safe must always be on the lookout in all directions, rear as well as front, and even then is not safe, *that* is a trip worth taking.

It was into one of these scenes I went that January night in the year 1902, and yet, it was just an ordinary, every night scene, too; a night scene which had, no doubt, long before grown tame and commonplace to the chief actors in it, though I then thought as I have since thought, how many cities there were in the world that would like, commonplace or not commonplace, to have just such every night scenes; and then I thought that if every city in the world could have just such a scene every night—could have a network of steel rails to which the red, white and green sentinels would come and watch till daybreak, what would it not mean for them?

But I am forestalling, as it were, what I was going to tell about—about what you can see at night, east of the passenger station and down from where one of the long city street bridges crosses over a portion of the tracks, so as to make people avoid complications, as it were, with the locomotives—down into a place which, as you catch a plimpse of, even in daylight, sometimes, from a window in a street car crossing the bridge, is somehow suggestive of a great boiling caldron, a half mile or a mile long—from which vast volumes of steam and smoke ascend.

But here, that night, as there were every night, were locomotives threading their way through these acres of lights, red and white and green, seemingly picking their way by their help, through the tangle of tracks. Yes, there were locomotives. It seemed as if there were five or six hundred of them at work thereabouts and around the city and coming into and going out of it. You could see them and hear

them, everywhere, for you can always tell locomotive noises. Away off in the distance, could be heard the musical toot of some great passenger engine clearing the city and starting on the road for its long night's run to St. Louis, Chicago, Boston, New York, Philadelphia or Washington, or of some other, giving notice of its coming; and, then, you could hear it slowing down as it approached the city. They, these locomotives, seemed to be all around the city, coming and going and circling about it, and working within sight.

Here is a switch engine dragging down past the south side of the passenger station a long line of cars, perhaps a half mile of cars, heavily loaded. In the gloom it looks to be over a half mile long and the locomotive as it struggles by with its burden, seems to be not something real, but something unreal, something visionary, a wild product of the imagination. As it came past the depot close up to it on the outside of it, struggling with its load and sending a long trail of smoke and sparks of fire upwards, I am sure the great depot, made of brick and stone, trembled, for on other occasions I have stood in its magnificent waiting room on the second floor and felt the distinct jar and tremble which comes from the tread of the iron horse struggling slowly by with its stupendous burden. It took its load of freight—stone, coal, iron, lumber and no telling how many kinds of merchandise—over to a sidetrack where a still mightier locomotive was calmly waiting for its load to be made up for the long run into the southwest.

Yonder goes the rear end of another string of cars which another locomotive is pulling into place for some other giant

of the steel highway to take somewhere—perhaps a thousand miles, or more, away, and over there are eight or ten others at work, going back and forth in the darkness, doing the “Lord only knows what.” Here comes a locomotive, tripping gaily along, as it were, pulling a single passenger coach. As it comes on past you, you notice that it is a magnificent Pullman which it is taking over to hitch on to a train for another road which will soon be along, bound for the north-west. There are cars and cars, thousands of them, it seems—no end of cars, long lines of freight cars, baggage, mail and express cars, parlor cars, dining cars, day coaches, Pullmans and all sorts of cars, here, there and everywhere.

Just over there are five or six huge locomotives, doing nothing. They seem to be at rest, though by the hiss and roar of steam about them and their slow measured pant, you know that they will not be at rest long.

A lot of locomotives at work at night in and about a great switchyard and passenger station make busy scenes—strange, shifting, thrilling scenes—more like fabled scenes, imaginary scenes, where titans are at work, than plain, prosy, everyday scenes. Yonder are great trails of smoke, outlined in the gloom as they reach up into the dark sky. You trace them downwards and you see that some great steel Titan, at work not far from you has driven them upwards. Some of the trails sent skyward are jet black and others as they cross a shaft of light sent forth by some electric lamp are fringed it seems, with white. Great clouds of steam arise from here and there among the cars as they escape from the huge cylinders of some locomotive moving about in the darkness.

Westwardly from the depot you cannot see very far for the scenes beyond you are hidden by what I would call the splendid architecture of the viaduct, through which you pass in coming on the wide stone esplanade, from High street down to the depot itself, though the magnificent viaduct approach and the depot itself, are parts of one and the same great structure. You can, however, see a few of these "watchers" of the steel highways through the arches and from between the columns beneath the viaduct, through which the trains going to or coming from the west, pass. But out beyond the viaduct, there are plenty of them where the tracks, converging at the west side entrance, branch out and spread out, and with their connecting switches, cover hundreds of acres, yes, thousands of acres, on which are, seemingly in the gloom, myriads of freight, coal and passenger cars; and there are myriads of lights out there on watch over the steel rails, signaling to the almost countless trains—countless at least in the darkness, in which are all manner of merchandise and all kinds and conditions of people; and out there are many bridges, too, spanning the Scioto and the Olentangy rivers—how many, I do not know. In fact, I asked a switchman out there, how many bridges there were across the two rivers and he said that he did not know. So I judged that there must be a good many or he would have known the number.

While wandering around among these night sentinels and among the switches and the locomotives and the turntables and the round-houses, where the locomotives sleep, 10 o'clock approached and I heard away off to the westward the musical toot of a great passenger locomotive, for the freight loco-

tives, at least some of them, have a quick, wild, clear whistle or cry—almost a scream—a scream which falls thrillingly on the ear and which at times, when you catch it, suddenly and unexpectedly, not far away, will make the nerves tingle.

In a little while, the locomotive with the musical toot, which had announced its coming into the city—I think it was the same one—pulled into the depot with the celebrated train, the Southwestern Limited, and came to a standstill with its string of splendid coaches and Pullmans. The engines are changed—a new one, or rather the same old one that pulls the train for the north half of the night run, is hitched on.

I go over to where it stands and admire its magnificent proportions. If anything, it is larger than the one just come in. The great drive wheels with the slim tires made of tempered steel, and the wide-narrow spokes, made also of steel, look not only singularly graceful, but impressively powerful. The cab is so high up and yet, not so high, either, in proportion to other things, that, as you stand on the ground, beside it, at the east end of the depot, and look up at the engineer, leaning out of his window, it is somehow, suggestive of the knight of the olden time, or the sweet singer looking up to the balcony of "my lady's chamber" and, as he pulls the throttle and the great machine begins to move away with the heavy train, loaded with human flesh and blood, and he looks down at you from his seat so high up above you, he appears to be a mere speck on the great steel monster—much like a little child, hardly big enough to hold on, guiding the fiery war-horse, only many times more so. The great train moves out into the darkness on its long run to New York

and Boston, and in a little while, you can hear that musical toot again as it clears the city limits, and catch the pant growing swifter and swifter, which will be incessant, all night long save as it may stop here and there for a moment at stations long distances apart on the way.

And down yonder, running out of sight into the darkness, are the heavy steel rails of the great Pennsylvania over which flies the Pennsylvania Limited and a thousand other trains—a great double-track highway, so well kept, “right of way” as well as track, that for hundreds of miles you can ride in the summer time, almost as you would ride through a well kept lawn, though some of the scenery through which it passes, beats lawn scenery a thousand to one. Later on in the night, there will come humming over those same rails from out of the west and from out of the east, the great Pennsylvania Limited, for the eastbound and the westbound limited pass here after midnight at about the same time—and it was here, I heard it come in once, belated, just at dawn from around a curve beneath the viaduct and its coming in and slowing down I thought was majestic. Yonder, running out of sight into the darkness, for it is dark in the great background beyond where the lights of the city and of the switchyards do not go, are the tracks of the C. A. & C. and B. & O., the C. S. & H., the Big Four, the N. & W., the T. & O. C., and the Hocking Valley—some of these roads having three or four lines entering and leaving the city—over which run, all day long, ponderous freight trains, pulled by gigantic locomotives, and more splendidly equipped passenger trains, pulled by a swifter breed of the iron horse—two or three of



which latter out of many that might be described, I have barely alluded to, though each road has its own especial pride; and it was their trains, their locomotives, their cars, passenger and freight—and their “silent watchers of the night” that made a night scene sublimely grand, and I might say, wonderfully eloquent, too, for an inland city of a hundred and forty or fifty thousand people. I use the word “eloquently” advisedly for the great iron horse and the heavy steel rails and the silent watchers of the night in their garb of red, white and green, are eloquent.

They use a mighty language and when you begin to understand it a little it will thrill you through and through—mind, soul and body. And when they speak for an inland city or any other, they speak as no river ever spoke for the city that came and settled upon its banks.

Yes, the iron horse has marvelous eloquence. How it has drawn people to it and made the waste places teem with busy populations!

Lest I may not be perfectly clear in my meaning; lest my notions about the eloquence of the iron horse may not be entirely comprehensible, perhaps I had better explain a little. Take a large wall map of the United States and see the names of towns standing out at right angles from the great thoroughfares where the iron horse runs in the illimitable west—where only a little while ago, there were no towns—count the names there, standing out from the great main lines almost as suggestively thick as bristles on a hog’s back—towns which came by invitation of the iron horse and which invitations were more eloquently expressed than the rivers

had ever expressed theirs—at least, judging from the number of acceptances.

The steel rails and the locomotives, out in the great country beyond the Mississippi where the Buffalo roamed and the grizzly bear had his undisturbed home, invited people to come; and when they came, they ministered unto them, as it were, their invited guests, though, to be candid, these hosts and these almost infinite number of “guests”—have had their little differences—and I use the word “little” advisedly, for no matter how great the difference was, the great fundamental relations they sustain to each other have not been disturbed.

Along the lines, for instance, where the locomotives of the great C. B. & Q. road work and struggle at their titanic labors and talk their mighty language, invitations to the number of something over eight hundred and fifty have been accepted by the “guests”—“guests” in the sense in which I am now using it, (it being, I might say, somewhat of a locomotive term)—meaning cities, towns and villages, though as to some of these cities, some of the C. B. & Q.’s rivals joined in the invitations.

As to the record of the C. B. & Q.’s rivals, the Chicago and Northwestern, the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, the Union Pacific, the Santa Fe, the Missouri Pacific, the Southern Pacific, the Great Northern, the Rock Island and others, I do not know in full, but I am sure that they have gotten an immense number of towns and cities to come and settle along their tracks—and I might say, are still busy getting

people to come and dig mines and farm farms and build cities.

I hope I have made myself clear on the subject of the iron horse's eloquence.

So, to be brief, I say—and putting much of what I had to say, into a single sentence, for this sketch of an iron horse's night scene is getting somewhat long—that the night scene made by the steel rails, the long lines of cars, the locomotives and the sentinels, clad in red, white and green, which come every night in Columbus, to watch by the iron horse's track, is indeed eloquent. It is a prophecy of what is to be or may be.

But the two or three other trains—I must not forget them.

A year or so after the Paris Fair, two great rival roads from Chicago to New York put on two fast long distance trains. One was called the Twentieth Century Limited of the New York Central and the Lake Shore, and the other the Manhattan Limited of the Pennsylvania, and they each made the long run in twenty hours, every day. I remember seeing once, the former, appearing suddenly—appearing suddenly is correct, I think—from behind a small woods, a quarter of a mile away and bearing down upon me. It was a sight to see, that locomotive straighten out the length of the train behind it as it swept the curve and came on down the track.

It must have rounded that curve and come on down at 80 or 90 miles per hour. It was certainly the most business-looking object on earth.

Then, one night I heard a train enter Columbus, when I

was out on the west side which, it seemed to me, had one prolonged roar and whistle. It was running at a high rate of speed and the time spent in reaching each street and railroad crossing, where the law required it to whistle, was so short that the whistle seemed to be almost continuous. Its coming attracted attention, even where great trains coming in are common. Some one said it was the Pennsylvania special two hours late—it being an earlier name for the Manhattan Limited.

But it was of the "Wild Irishman," I intended to make special mention. This was a Chicago-New York train put on by the B. & O. and the Hocking Valley to compete with the other two. In order to let it run through Columbus, the B. & O. had to arrange with the Hocking Valley to haul it to Fostoria, some 90 or more miles, in order to connect with the two B. & O. main lines.

Even then, it had to run something like one hundred miles farther than its two rivals—and over more mountains, too—but it made the long run in the same time, 20 hours, and it, the "Wild Irishman," as some joker called it, became the fastest long distance train in the world, excepting the Sky Blue train and the Empire State Express. It was at this time that the B. & O. put down nicked steel rails around its mountain curves.

The Hocking Valley, known especially as a coal road—disappointed its enemies, if it had any, and hauled this great train, for the ninety or more miles it had to go from Columbus to Fostoria on this fast schedule with the regu-

larity of clockwork, and no one ever sneered at the old coal road again.

But, the great coal trains on the coal road got out of the way of the "Wild Irishman." When the B. & O. turned it over to the Hocking Valley, the coal trains gave it a clear track, and it made the fame of both roads.

The name it got, notwithstanding the joker, was descriptive. Timid people would sometimes get scared and think it had turned into a wild train, and so, as there was another "Wild Irishman" train in the world—a great train beyond the sea—the name became popular and stuck to it. The two wild Irishmen were both fast trains and neither was ashamed of the other.

I spoke of people watching for the Georgia Limited to come in—and so they did of the Wild Irishman. Strangers about the depot and strangers passing through the city would watch for her to make her appearance, coming rapidly through the switchyards and when the great locomotive would slow down almost suddenly and come to a standstill, some one would be almost sure to say something sentimental about the two great trains of the same name, the great English train and the great American train, and the sentiment always seemed to have an echo, as it were, round about in the great depot.

## CHAPTER VII.

## SOME NEW BED FELLOWS—GREAT CITIES AND NATIONS.

But returning to the Empire State Express. It did more than carry ragged children and princes of the blood royal. It started the Czar to thinking about the country from whence it came, of how it came about that a few colonists of a hundred and twenty-five years before had grown into a great nation—the nation which had made over one-half the locomotives traveling over the earth and on whose soil, nearly one-half of all the world's railway mileage was laid. It started him to thinking not only about these things but about the internal development of his own kingdom as he had never thought before, and when he thought, he wanted some of that same kind of development for his own great empire. In studying the possibilities of free government in bringing out the latent powers of a people and in lifting them up to a higher plane of life and in working out the problems of his own country's internal development, the restless spirit of conquest which has been so much charged up against the Muscovite was held in abeyance and given nobler employment, and the great expected war to the death between the Anglo-Saxon and the Slav was postponed, perhaps, forever.

He went down into the poor districts of his cities and towns and through the country districts and established schools

and music halls and free libraries and public reading rooms and gymnasiums and parks and playgrounds for the people.

Changes were made in the manner of doing things, and a thousand things were done throughout the kingdom whereby the minds and souls of his people would be lifted upwards.

He utterly broke up the grog shop "industry" which had been poisoning and impoverishing his people and eating the nerves out of their bodies and the minds out of their skulls and drove it out of the land forever. And he was brave enough to make some changes in the marriage laws by which it was made unlawful for children to be born of parents who were tainted with mental or physical disease. He brought gradually the standard of parentage up so high, that in the course of time, a thousand diseases which had cursed and half eaten up and killed his people were banished forever. Some of the measures he adopted along this line, were, at first, thought to be cruel. But, after all, what was a little temporary cruelty and possible hardship inflicted on a part of his people for a short time, compared to the life-long misery of millions—hundreds of millions—who would have been begotten with all manner of diseases living in their blood and feeding on their minds and bodies.

One child, even, brought into being by diseased parents, and befouled mentally, morally and physically by a swarm of diseases, he believed, would not only be a curse to itself, but, if it lived, would, in coming into contact with others, poison and even kill hundreds and thousands of other people, before it, itself, died—or died out in the blood of others. And so, he thought that it would be a mercy and the highest

order of humanity to prevent its birth. He believed that there were enough sound men and women—comparatively sound, at least—to stock his empire with manhood and womanhood of a healthy, noble type, rather than with a diseased type, provided they were given and encouraged to take the chance. In other words, he stopped thousands of diseases from breeding or propagating themselves.

His system of legislation on the subject of parentage was simply the surgeon's knife applied to social affairs—the "surgeon's knife" being a figure of speech—and so, in time, in the Czar's dominions, Hamlet's description of a man became almost true to life. But I must not forestall. Later on I will say more on these great subjects.

He studied up on constitutional government and among other things established the ballot box and the great principles of free government. He imported the American and English jury system by which men could appeal to their friends and neighbors to settle disputes about life, liberty, reputation and property.

He became such an enthusiast about constitutional government, when he saw how his people were being lifted up by making them feel the responsibilities of civil affairs, that, ere he died, he voluntarily submitted to the establishment of a republican form of government, and his people, almost unanimously, elected him their first president.

Yes, strange as it may seem, he was their first president and he helped to bring it about himself. Some might say, he got down when he became president, but he did not. He took on another title in place of the old one—a title the



people gave him.—And it was the greater title. There was as much difference between it and the old one as there is between a magnificent monument built and put up by a man himself, to perpetuate his own memory and another beautiful monument built by the people to perpetuate his memory.

And so, Nicholas, who, no doubt, would have died and been forgotten—just as any common king, as obscure and forgotten as nineteen—twentieths of the kings—became known in history, even before his death, as Nicholas the Great.

Taking my readers, as it were, into my confidence, I will pause and remark at this point about Nicholas, while giving him instructions what to do, that I sat at a boarding house table for a while once with a man who looked like him and who was, as they said, the “Czar.” I remember I “changed his name” into “Nic,” it being about the time when I was addicted to the habit of changing names, which I have since found is not a good habit. If I should ever be so fortunate as to run across the “real thing,” if I may be excused for using the slang term, either before or after he becomes Nicholas the Great, I will, I think, show him my book and call him “Nic,” possibly “Old Nic,” for I expect he will be a pretty old man by the time I see him. I will make him think, “Gosh” or “Begad” or something of that kind, as no doubt the Pope of Rome once thought when a “westerner,” so it is said, grabbed him enthusiastically by the hand and said, “Why, howdy do, Pard, how are ye.”

I will, if I happen to get into one of my younger day moods, take more liberties with his name than I have with

Chic's, Chic Two's, the Captain's the Colonel's—and some other girl's. Now, I did not intend to do anything more with their names and, here, I have gone and mixed them up with the Czar's. They may not like it—none of them, the Czar included.

But speaking of the Pope and the homely words, "Why, howdy do, pard," reminds me that I can imagine scenes out in the great west where the grizzly bear and the savage dwell, where the Pope, if he sometimes goes about incognito as kings are said to go, could he hear these same words spoken to him by some late comer to the scene, would think that they were the sweetest and bravest words in all the world.

And I can imagine another scene in the vatican where, if these same words were spoken by this same man to the Pope, the laugh and titter round about at the expense of the stranger would speedily hush.

Owing, however, to the restless ambition of Russia's ruling classes, it is feared, that at the Czar's death, the old empire will be restored and another period of military rule and conquest—or attempted conquest—will ensue. That spirit is there and we do not know what it may bring forth, but it is hoped that by that time, republican government will be so firmly established that it can never be overthrown.

However, all this is too far off in the unknown for us to see clearly, but we do know that the Empire State Express, the Rock Island Limited and the Sunset Limited, staid in Russia and they are busy and have been ever since their first day's run, in making Russia great—greater than she was before. We do know that great improvements followed close

behind them—as day after day, they carried the thought of free government and its powers and responsibilities and the great doctrine of equality before the law into the heart of that empire.

They, all of these trains, seemed to carry with them, the history of their country, or at least to suggest all of that which was best, in its laws, customs and institutions.

The latent powers of the people came forth as flowers, blooming into possibilities, sweet to the human soul. It seemed as if each man in the empire felt new responsibilities—responsibilities which he gladly assumed and discharged with honor and fidelity to his country.

Every man became a Czar in trying to work out the greatness of Russia. The dungeons and the Siberian mines were opened and men who had never had a trial and did not know the charge against them—except that they were suspected of “political offenses”—offenses that the Empire State Express, the Sunset Limited and the Rock Island Limited knew not of in the land from which they came—were given a trial by jury and thousands of poor wretches came out into the light of day, again, and were made to taste of the sweetness of human life.

But after all, the effects of the Empire State Express and the Rock Island and the Southern Pacific trains in Russia were tame, as compared to those of the Sky Blue in the Sultan’s dominions. Somehow, it struck the Mohammedan people hard and made every nerve of national life tingle as they never had before, and it, like the Empire State Express, carried back not only happy children but new ideas and aspi-

rations. Civilization, higher and nobler, commenced its trend that way, and the Sky Blue in its swift flight to Constantinople and the long, heavy Santa Fe on its run to Athens through the western end of the empire, and the Missouri Pacific's Fast Mail near by, carried things into Turkey, that summer and fall, more valuable than silver and gold.

The Sky Blue, going like the tempest and the California Express, a great western train, a quarter of a mile long, or nearly so, running not quite so fast as the Sky Blue but nevertheless an awe-inspiring sight, as its great ponderous weight went rushing and roaring through Turkey at a mile to the minute, were seen by scores of thousands, yes, by millions of people—and they caught in their very souls, the pulse beat of a new civilization.

Those great trains, coming from their old runs to the new, brought some things from the old runs to the new, which took up and carried myriads of people a long way upwards;—and what runs—I might pause and reflect a moment and exclaim—those old ones were, and what things, wonderful and grand, could not those magnificent locomotives tell about! The Sky Blue could tell about its run down through the fertile Mississippi valley—of its run from Omaha on the banks of the Missouri, and from Dakota and Minnesota and Wisconsin and from Chicago and St. Louis and Cincinnati, down along the "Father of Waters," through great cotton fields to the Queen City of the South, close by the Gulf of Mexico—a royal run over America's great highway, between the North and South. And then, the California Express could tell of its great run along rivers and about everything

else that is beautiful and grand and strange in nature. What a run it had—or has—when at home! Starting in its flight away off in the southwest on the Pacific Coast, it crosses over the Sierra Madre range of mountains and the Colorado river and runs down by the Grand Cannon, where the Colorado river has cut its way for three hundred miles through the rock to an average depth of nearly a mile—and then, across the Little Colorado, which it follows along past the petrified forest, in which, for instance, a fallen tree, turned to stone, spans a chasm, 100 feet wide, and the alkali plains and the coast like sand dunes of Arizona and the celebrated Moqui Indian tribes, where they have wild dances and play with and toss about as harmless playthings, the most venomous species of rattlesnake and escape unharmed, and other Indian tribes, and then on over the Rocky Mountains, close by the ancient cliff-dwellers, a mysterious people, who once built houses, several stories high in the cliffs and then climbed ladders from below and above to reach them, to the Rio Grande river. Following it a considerable distance, up into the mountains, it comes to the old town of Santa Fe, a thousand miles from its starting point, on its long run to the mistress of the great lakes and of the Mississippi Valley—was going to say, the “Queen City” of that strip of country, west of the Allegheny Mountains, but, perhaps, I had better not say that, for there is an old town on the Ohio River, which calls itself the “Queen.” There is a sort of sarcasm, or something akin to sarcasm out, however, or this old queen of the Ohio valley. The other Queen, the one to which the Santa Fe was going, burned down once, a little over twenty-five years prior to the

beginning of the present century, when it was not so big as the Ohio River Queen, in the biggest fire of modern times, not excepting the Moscow fire—and it looked as if the only rival the Ohio River Queen would ever have in the Ohio and Mississippi valleys, would be St. Louis. But, today, the Queen that burned down is the mistress of the Mississippi valley and is larger than its first two great rivals, St. Louis and Cincinnati, for though these two cities have grown, too, they do not consider themselves, any more, as rivals to the city that burned down. In fact, she is nearly as large as these two and Baltimore and New Orleans and Boston combined, as shown by the reports for the year 1900—cities which were ranked with Chicago in size, twenty-five or thirty years before. But the Ohio River Queen has not got rid of rivals. She still has them. Cleveland, on the lakes, which, a few years ago, was rather “guyed” and jeered at by this “Old Queen,” now puts on airs and looks down on her, as the second city in Ohio; and Pittsburg, the “Iron Queen,” one of her old neighbors and rivals, has become the iron and steel center of the world—unless it is that she, the latter, has a rival in England.

But the great train on the Santa Fe, as I was going to say, does not tarry long at the historic town of Santa Fe, for it is still a long ways to the city on the Lakes—and it is only well on the way. Leaving Santa Fe, it skirts along the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains and then, striking off through the country to the Arkansas river, follows it for two or three hundred miles; and then, well—to make the description short of the kind of run the Santa Fe has, or had—

it leaves the Arkansas and starts off on the long run to the city on the lakes. In reaching it, it follows in succession, the banks or valleys of the Kansas, the Missouri, the Mississippi, the Illinois and Chicago rivers, as they happen to trend in its direction, and passes through some of the most beautiful country and the finest agricultural land in the world.

Yes, these locomotives, making these great runs through Europe to Constantinople and Athens had traveled and seen a good deal of that which is grand and great and sublime in the world—the locomotives that pull the Sky Blue and the California Express—and they spoke of another civilization, of things that had been and of things yet to be, and Turkey understood their language. In their awful rush and drive and power and hurry, they spoke so plainly that they could not be misunderstood. And the thrill of their language, stirred not only the hearts of the myriads who listened to them and who watched them pass by, but it lifted the whole Turkish Empire into the full blaze of twentieth century civilization.

Civilization in its highest form got started into the eastern world—got started over there in the graveyard of ancient civilizations and it was the locomotive that did it. The people were given the cause and it worked itself out into a thousand effects, so glorious as to be almost incredible.

In other words, the Sky Blue, getting into the very heart of the Mussulman world and the California Express, going to and fro, through the western end of the empire, and the Fast Mail coming up close to the northern border, gave it the fever. That Empire caught the railroad fever, not a very bad fever to get, by the way. Other people have gotten it and

it did them good—America caught it once—and still has it—and that is one reason why she has become strong and great—why she has made over half the locomotives that are working for mankind—why the great West has developed and so quickly filled up with farms and workshops and towns and cities.

Over in the state of Illinois, the third state, now, in the Union, the home of the Sky Blue, especially—they caught the railroad fever, a long time ago—not so very long ago, either, for less than seventy-five years before the great Paris Fair, its prairies and forests were inhabited by savages and wild beasts. But the people who went there, caught the railroad fever and—well, Illinois has outstripped even our own great state of Ohio and she has within her borders, more than seventeen thousand miles of railroad track and one of the great cities of the world, a city nearly as large as Paris itself, the one just behind her, the city where the last World's Fair was held—the city, where seventy-five years before, only one man, a Frenchman, lived—and he sold out and went away, because the prospects were so poor. But today fifty-three lines of railroad run into and out of that city, so one of the Encyclopedias say, and it is so ambitious as to want to be the metropolis of the world. It is not too much of a dream to say, that by the time Chicago celebrates her one hundredth anniversary—from the time of her incorporation as a country village—she will be giving even mighty London a hard chase. London has a rival. Great as are other cities of the world, I presume that this city, which has grown up where the prospects were so poor, is the only city that considers itself



in that light. Her ambition has something solid to feed upon for she is in the center, almost, of the North American continent and her railroads are reaching out everywhere.

They caught the railroad fever out in Illinois and it, getting into the blood, carried everything else along. If they had not gotten the railroad fever, Illinois would not, now, be filled with cities and towns and diversified industries. Civilization poured its treasures through these great steel arteries into that state with a heart-beat so full and strong as to surprise even this western world, where rapid commercial development is so common.

So, the Mussulman, as he watched these trains come and go—the same trains, which had flitted to and fro across the state of Illinois on their long distance runs—got that same fever in the blood. The Sultan caught it more than anybody else and so, he commenced to study up on railroads and found that, owing to what the world calls the indolent habits of his people and their old antiquated ways of doing things, enough time was wasted and enough bone, muscle and sinew worked aimlessly or to poor advantage, or else not at all as would in five years, thread every portion of his kingdom with steel highways.

So, while the people had the fever and yearned for more trains like the Sky Blue and the California Express, he by every means in his power, encouraged them to go to work and build them.

He studied up on the charters of the Illinois Central, the New York Central, the Wabash, the Baltimore and Ohio, the Pennsylvania and the Missouri Pacific railways and by royal

decree, issued charters, almost identical with theirs. Lines were surveyed and his people went to work and commenced to build them, themselves. Men banded themselves together and took small shares of stock, those who could, paying the money and those who could not, going to work and working out their shares, while others, not wishing to take any risk, donated their labor for a certain length of time or donated their money.

By this simple, common sense method, roadbeds, in a wonderfully short space of time were graded and got ready for the iron and bridges all over his empire, and, when the people did this, showing that a spirit of enterprise was born and was being bred into a population of millions, no trouble was had in borrowing money with which to iron them and put on rolling stock.

One railroad being commenced and finished in this way, encouraged the building of others. And so, railroads are now laid over the ruins of dead and almost forgotten cities, and the scream of the locomotive, as it rushes over Babylon and Nineveh has signaled not only for Turkey but all that Eastern world round and about the Euphrates and the Tigris, the beginning of a new history, for the great express train has carried everything along.

A better system of agriculture, with the use, wherever practicable, of such modern appliances as the gangplow, the drill, cultivator, mower, self-binder, steam thresher, traction engine and the like, was established, and myriads of people are working now, as they work in Ohio and Illinois.

Labor, intelligent labor, what has it not done for these millions? And they are still building railroads out of their spare time—the kind of time they used to waste so prodigally. The people somehow got something from the great, powerful drive wheels which came to them, as they tirelessly drew after them, their heavy burdens. Their energy and strength and their hurry, somehow, got transfused into the blood of millions who were living lazily or shiftlessly in the past and started them to work—to work first, in building lines of communication over which commerce could go without having a thousand brakes put on it and then—well, the railway and the great locomotive started up everything else.

The Illinois and the Ohio method of doing things got into the Turkish Empire—and it is not hard to guess the results. All through the Mohammedan world, cities and towns are growing and new ones are being built and becoming great hives of industry, where art, science and literature flourish, and telegraphs, telephones, electric lights, phonographs, printing presses, schools and colleges and liberty of thought and speech abound, as they do in New York, Chicago, Kansas City, Washington and Baltimore. Her free school system is fast coming up to the standard of Iowa's, Massachusetts' and of our own state. And at Constantinople, there is a greater than an Alexandrian Library. Under improved methods of agriculture, her soil has become more productive and Turkey, once so poor, has become prosperous and is fast paying her debts, and her credit—well, in the great business centers of the world, it is unquestioned.

The pall of night has lifted, the sun has risen and Turkey, so lately looked down upon as the "Sick Man of Europe," sits, now, a very queen in the family of nations; and that ancient queen, the "Mother of Civiliation" to the south of her, when the California Express hummed down past Marathon and other places, so well known in history, to her, awakening to life again, memories of other times, when she shone forth to the world in all her beauty and intellectual glory, and when the Sky Blue, the Empire State Express, the Royal Blue, the Wabash, the four Fast Mails, the Overland Limited, the Pennsylvania Limited, the "Kittie" and all the other trains, went rushing swiftly by full of the very soul of free institutions and of twentieth century civilization—for they all went down to see her before the Fair closed—caught the spirit that broods so lovingly over the great western republic, and she is fast turning into a grander and more beautiful Athens than the one of the olden time.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## MAJESTY.

But the going into and out of Paris, that summer, of those great trains which came from across the sea, on their long, fast runs, did other things than those I have mentioned. Their new runs seemed to have been in just the right direction and to have been made at just the right time—and in the year A. D. 1900—for the betterment of the world. They had in them the restless and progressive energy of the year 1900 and they took it under the most favorable conditions, while the great Fair was on, to the “four corners of the earth,” where it stayed and grew into things great and grand. They were themselves so much the embodiment of restless energy and power, and the work they did was so much after the commercial spirit of the times and of the longings of the race for better things, that the imaginations of men were stirred and the latent powers of the brain and heart and hand were stimulated and trained in a thousand places, to work where they had not been before.

There were situations made and things done, and things suggested, which brought out the genius of the painter, the sculptor, the musician, the poet, the philosopher and the statesman, as well as the artisan, the machinist and the engineer. The great trains started not only a wonderful material development for the world, but also an education

of that finer something within man—what shall I call it?—the heart? the soul? Well, it was this finer something, whatever its name is, which was so largely suggested and started by the Sky Blue, that induced me to call my “piece” the “Sky Blue,” though, sometimes, I have been inclined to call it, after Dickens, “A Tale of Two Cities,” or “The Triumph of the Iron Horse,” or “The Neighborhood,” or some one of a half dozen other names which I have thought of. In fact, I may yet take a notion to call this my “Sky Blue Piece,” all these names, for there is nothing like having plenty of names for a thing. But it was the fierce energy of the great locomotive and the finer education, started by the great trains on a great scale, before the eyes of the world, that got out the artists and the poets and the song writers—and, at last, the statesmen and lawmakers.

For instance, an artist painted a picture, I remember, about the Royal Blue, down in Spain. And after all, why should not a great artist paint a picture about a splendid railway train?—a thing which, taken altogether, distinguishes, so far, modern civilisation in material things, from the ancient, more than any other one thing, probably. If Archimedes, Hannibal, Pericles, Phidias, Demosthenes or Plato could come back to earth again, and stand within ten feet of one of them as it hummed by at ninety miles an hour, I feel sure that he would say that, far as our science and mechanics have gone, nothing impressed him like one of these.

The telegraph, telephone, phonograph and electric light are wonderful, but they do not impress a man with an almost indefinable something as does one of these giants when out,

hard at work, carrying man or building up a vast commerce for him. Valuable as they are, they leave the impression on the mind as of mere playthings, as compared to the great locomotive in its mighty work. No living thing, no matter how swift, can fly with it. And in all the history of the world, nothing has been made that can take man and his merchandise so far in one day.

Archimedes comes in from across the sea on some "ocean greyhound" at 20 or 25 knots per hour and he marvels at the beauty and strength and speed of the ship and says it is all wonderful—almost—yes, far beyond the border line of a dream in the ancient time. But what would he say to the Fast Mail when he saw it standing in some great railway station, and got on it and felt its gliding motion under him, getting faster and faster, and saw the very fences and trees and telegraph poles run, as it were, and hurry out of sight as it sped across the valleys and up the mountain sides on its long westward flight at seventy or eighty or ninety miles per hour? What would he say to a thing like that—which could pick up a thousand men and women and hurl them through space like that? I think he would say, at least, that it *was* a majestic spectacle—that it was sublime. In fact, that is where that indefinable feeling comes from, which a man gets, when he comes close up to a thing like that

So, I say, why should not a great artist paint railway trains as well as ships and houses and lands and battlefields?

But an artist painted a picture about the Royal Blue down in Spain—and he called it the "Royal Blue's Wooing." In painting it he made the spectator stand near the foot of a

mountain from which he could look down a short distance and see this train, standing at a railway station, waiting to start for Paris. There is a high pressure of steam on and it seems as if the locomotive is anxiously, expectantly waiting for those who have come from the "waysides and the hedges" to get on board. The great locomotive as it waits there, seems to be the very incarnation of pent up energy and power—it so wants to be off with its load of humanity—the humanity which has always lived without joy and gladness—and it seems to understand fully, the situation and say from out of its roar and hiss of steam, "They shall have a taste of joy and gladness today, if it is in my power to give it, and their minds shall be taken far away from rags and cold and hunger. Today I shall run as I never ran before, and shall spread out before their eyes the beauty of the country between here and Paris in one great swiftly moving panorama."

The train, and such a train it is—a train in the making of which, the forests of the world have been robbed of their richest treasures, the looms of this and other lands have exhausted their skill in weaving and the workers in metals and colors have gone to the limit of their powers in making the interior rich and beautiful—would satisfy the longing of the greatest king on earth. This train is half filled with little people—with people who know more of the waysides and the hedges than they know, even in their dreams, of kings' palaces—while scores of others with anxious faces, are hurrying to get on, lest that great engine in front which seems to



be consumed with a restless desire to be off, should suddenly start and leave them.

That was the scene below. Above, there was another. Just behind a low, swinging, fleecy cloud, half hidden, could be seen the outline of a human form or of an angel, peering down through a rift therein, with smiling face. The face was so expressive that you could almost tell what the mind back of it was thinking about.

It was a picture, no matter whether an angel was there or not, or whether people believe in angels or not, or whether it was the spirit of Goodness which is supposed to hover over and bless such scenes, that somehow touched the heart and it was not long until copies of it, reproduced in colors, were hung up in many a home throughout the world—and so, I might digress and say, that the B. & O. was repaid for letting its handsomest train out to service that summer, for that picture made people think of it when they went to travel.

There were hundreds of situations and personal incidents worked out by these trains that summer, which, in the language somewhat of Shakespeare, made the whole world feel akin.

I will take up space farther on in giving a few of these incidents—little incidents worked out in color and in song, that made all people feel akin.

But before doing so, I might say that my description of railways and the doings of their great trains, which have been mixed in with so many other things, may be, to some, at least, rather tedious. But, I hope that those who have read so far, will bear with me still farther.

I have gone into the subject, the way I have and to the extent I have, for the purpose of showing up some of the forces, visible and invisible, and sometimes hard to name and describe—forces interlacing with and working into each other from a thousand directions—which are taking the world, or which can to be made to take the world, into a “golden age,” little dreamed of in the days that are gone. Tedious though I may be to others, in my own opinion, I have so far given but a meager sketch of that which is to become a giant workman in building up a grander civiliation for the world and which is steadily reducing it, this old world, to a neighborhood. The thrill of its coming and going in the performance of its titanic labors, will come to anyone who will stop to think.

Take that Royal Blue locomotive, heavy and ponderous with tempered steel, with its immense drive wheels on each side! What a piece of work it is! How grand and majestic it is as it waits, to the accompaniment of the low hiss of escaping steam, for orders to go. “In form and moving, how express and admirable!”

In the night, more than once, when the world was still and was resting from the labors of the day, I have sat and listened to its swift pant, going up grade on the wings of the wind, eighteen miles away, and as that wonderfully swift respiration, came to me, faintly, through the long distance, beating regularly on the quiet evening air, I have thought that I could hear it talking to itself—talking of the great things it was going to do for man.

Let me draw a picture of majesty—that is, if I can make words take the place of colors and forms and sounds and

feelings. The scene is in a huge stone building, close up to the track of a great main line of railroad in a town near the suburbs of a large city.

Listen. There is a rush as of a mighty wind and then a jarring of the earth and a tremble of the vast building—as of the quick rush of an infinite number of feet hurrying swiftly by—only a thousand times more so—and then, in a moment or so, all is still, save a far away sound as of the a forest of tree tops.

?" And the white-faced stranger in the seen what it was—one who had just come from a distance and was not acquainted with such sounds—with a strange thrill in his soul, so deep as to be almost inexpressible, looks anxiously around, scanning the faces of the crowd of bystanders for signs of fear. "O, that noise, you mean," some one at last half languidly exclaims, but nevertheless with some show of awakened interest and curiosity as he gazes at the questioner, "Oh, that was the Southwestern Limited, going by, a little bit late."

Yonder is a locomotive, puffing steadily around the side of a mountain, through the shades of evening with a load of farm and mine and quarry productions, so vast that a mere statement of its size, a hundred years ago, would have staggered credulity itself.

A man at the rear end of the load looks forward, but the long line of freight cars reaches so far away into the darkness, that that which has got them all on the move is lost to sight, but the steady forward movement of the cars in front of him, heavily laden with stone and iron and lumber,

tells him that the locomotive, away off yonder, to the front, hidden in the darkness, is hard at work. It is majestic—almost sublimely grand.

Here is another, coming down the sea coast, past the great merchantmen and battleships. It has gathered up a thousand men and women somewhere, and is taking them on the “wings of the wind”, a thousand miles away.

I might stop a moment to remark, that shortly after the Fair was over, the Wabash railway commenced to build on through to New York, and some artist got up a moving picture which he fastened onto that road and one of the great steamship companies. He imagined that the Wabash entered New York from the seashore in such a way that its tracks were parallel to the lines taken by the steamships before starting eastwardly.

The moving picture, to be brief, represented the Texas and California Special of the Texas and Pacific, which runs in connection with the Wabash, approaching the city on its long, interminably long run and rapidly overtaking the Deutschland, going at full speed—one of the greyhounds of the ocean. The artist fastened the picture, as it were, to this ship and this train.

A great crowd is watching the great train, unconsciously overtaking the great ship, for it is not thinking of the ship. The train is somewhat late and is trying to get in on time and it is overtaking the ship, much as the eagle overtakes its prey when it darts downward from a mountain crag.

Seventy-five years ago, a dozen men were never carried on land in one body, faster than a horse's trot. Now, a thousand

are picked up by the locomotive and carried more swiftly than feathered wings were ever known to go. And the people of the world are visiting each other. The vast multitudes that live on the land are beginning to know each other and trade with each other; and so, I say, that I believe the language I thought I heard that Royal Blue locomotive talking in the night, will be fully understood some day by all nations and all peoples.

I used to go down, once in a while, and stand on the C. & O. bridge in Cincinnati, where it crosses above the railway tracks at the entrance to the Grand Central Depot. I have gone there in the mornings and in the evenings and stood and watched the trains come and go, or waiting for their time of going. It always was, to me, an inspiring sight, and somehow, I felt myself grow in mind and soul.

Over there stood the Royal Blue, itself, or the mates to the Royal Blue, waiting to go to Washington and New York—or westwardly to St. Louis. Here was the Southwestern Limited, for it runs into the same depot as well as the great Union depot at St. Louis. Over there, on the outside track, stood the F. F. V. of the C. & O., a thing of almost surpassing loveliness, as the ladies would say and have said.

I remember seeing a C. & O. coach once, with the name "F. F. V. Limited" on it, standing in the Union passenger station at Indianapolis, which was being sent on to Chicago on another road, and every eye—and there were thousands of them in that great depot, that day—rested on it with intense admiration. Over on another track stood the Florida Limited of the Queen and Crescent, and, at other times, there

were the mates of the Florida Limited, of the F. F. V. of the Southwestern Limited and the Royal Blue. At times the great depot was full of trains and of passengers getting on and off—men and women, on the road to everywhere. What a busy scene it was?

If a man had never seen a show like that, and I use the word "show" advisedly, and in the grandest sense, what would he have thought? Here were six or seven locomotives facing you, hitched to great trains, restlessly waiting to start for the four quarters of the country. And there were others facing the other way, which had just come in from their long journeys, covered with the dust of travel. Right down yonder between the coaches were three or four huge locomotives facing you and it might be said, blinking at you, good-naturedly through their great white eyes.

Somehow as you looked down onto them and listened to them the thought would come into your mind, that they had come from out of some other world. And as you still looked through the hazy atmosphere, for the smoke of their coming had diffused itself through the immense building, and heard them panting that slow, solemn pant of theirs, they seemed strangely like living creatures. Sometimes, one had a sense, when he was down among them and passed one, unexpectedly, of shying away, or else, of going up and patting it on the side, as he would some faithful horse.

A scene like that has majesty and greatness in it—so much, in fact, that I have thought, if some of the great men of old had passed over that bridge, at night or in the daytime, they

would have stood there for hours and watched it as they had never watched anything before.

One day a long time ago, I took a wheel trip back of Covington, Kentucky. Leaving the pike and following a mud road for a short distance, I came upon a pair of steel rails, running along a hillside and down through a narrow cut and across a lonely ravine and on down in their windings, out of sight among the hills. It was a lonesome, sombre-looking place. Over on the pike there were some houses, but near by there were none, except at some distance off, was an old shanty. A few trees stood here and there among the hills, remnants of a forest which had seen its day and was about gone.

I sat down near the track and took in the scene. It was very still and lonesome and nothing, except those steel rails suggested the great busy world. A few minutes after, some rabbit hunters going by, some distance off, only heightened the lonely appearance of my surroundings, and then a whole troop of thoughts came up and almost startled me by their vividness; and I remember, that among them was the thought that right there, in that deserted and forsaken spot, right through that narrow cut and across that lonely ravine, on a slender path, only four feet eight and one-half inches wide, where it seemed that the world never came, more men and women with all their hopes and fears came and went than went up and down the broad Ohio river, which flowed not far off, so majestically away towards the sea.

Just then, the hunters passed out of sight and I heard the swift pant of a locomotive and the roar of a train coming up

from the south with its load of humanity, and I knew that all through the balance of that day, train after train would go by loaded with man's joys and sorrows and cares—and his merchandise, too—merchandise so vast and varied and rich that it would call to mind the poets' lines about the wealth of "Ormus and of Ind." It was the highway over which flew the New Orleans Limited and the Florida Limited of the L. & N., for the L. & N. has a Florida Limited, too. In other words, so far as commerce and travel were concerned, and that is a great deal to be concerned—a great river flowed down through that cut and across that lonely ravine on which floated, day and night, merchantmen, loaded down with passengers and freight. It was just such rivers as this one, some of them with more mileage than the Mississippi and the Amazon combined, that made Chicago great. I do not know the exact mileage but I presume that more than one hundred thousand miles of such rivers pour their floods into that city, So, after all, I think I am speaking about the doings of one of the mightiest forces, if not the mightiest, that has been put out to work in the world.



## CHAPTER IX.

## AT WORK ON A NEIGHBORHOOD.

The mighty workman, which has been able to work man's deepest nature and to gather forces which are not visible at all times, started in after the great Fair was over, not only to lifting up and building up nations, but commenced the stupendous task, I might say, of building and rehabilitating whole continents.

It was not long until South America heard the swift pant of the giant brothers' that pull the Fast Mail, the California Express, the Royal Blue, the Southwestern Limited and the Empire State Express, for great railways were built, or rather, were extended from New York and Chicago and San Francisco, southwardly along the eastern and western slopes of the Andes Mountains into all parts of the continent from Venezuela to Patagonia. The time came when such trains as the "Santa Fe Limited," the "Illinois Limited," or the "Sky Blue," the "Southwestern Limited," the "Peruvian Fast Mail," the "California Express" of the D. and R. G., the "Argentine Express," the "Texas Limited" (of the St. L. and S. F.), the "Brazilian Special," the "Chilean Flyer," and the "Kittie Flyer," were painted in beautifully shaded letters on the top margins of great trains which flew on their long runs through Mexico and Central America back and forth, between Chicago and New York and San Francisco in the

north and Rio Janeiro, Lima, Valparaiso, and Buenos Aires in the south. And these trains always spoke of liberty, equality and free government—and, well, they took everything along.

Asia became thrilled through and through, as by and by, she, too, heard the swift pant of the giant locomotives and watched them at their mighty work; and poor old benighted Africa, which had been living in the dark so long, was pulled out into the light of day by them, and great main lines were built from city to city over which hummed at last, her own Fast Mails and Southwestern and Southeastern Limiteds, and Empire State Expresses and Pennsylvania "Cannon Balls," for the Pennsylvania has a great train running a hundred miles from New York to Philadelphia called the "Cannon Ball," which of all the trains of the country, until the Sky Blue came, it alone could run a hundred miles with the Empire State Express, though the "Cannon Ball" never undertook to make the long run that the Empire State Express did and does.

These trains and the long, heavy titanic freights made Chicagos and Kansas Cities and Denvers and St. Pauls and Minneapolis and St. Louises and Clevelands and Pittsburgs, as they are now called, in those continents, possible, just as they did in our own. Ignorance, wherever she had built her nests, was disturbed by these workmen and flew away, and these continents, after they had been worked awhile by this set of hands, seemed to the traveler like new continents—but I must not forestall.

I will, however, stop to tell something about one great road which was built, for, in some respects, it seems to come in naturally at this point. It was a great road, the greatest of them all in many ways. It was built almost "as the crow flies," between Chicago and Behring Straits, and they called it the "Chicago and Northwestern."

They say Chicago rather liked the name, for a great pioneer road of that name had helped to build the city—the road which sent a great train to the Fair of which I will give a more particular account further on. London, which had so much to do in building the new line, rather liked the name, too, for she, also, had a great road of similar name and so, the two great cities were willing to let the name go as the "Chicago and Northwestern." And so, it was built through that boundless and almost unexplored wilderness of British Northwest America and Alaska to the straits, where it connected with a network of roads which were built to Peking, Calcutta, Hong Kong, Bombay, St. Petersburg, Berlin, Vienna and Paris.

The iron horse, from the new and the old worlds, met each other at the straits and then afterwards passed each other on the greatest bridges and tunnels the world has ever known. Three, and I might say four, great nations, directly met each other, face to face at the straits and exchanged friendly greetings.

The Czar finished his great Siberian railway by building on up on his side, to the straits, and Uncle Sam and Uncle John Bull built their road up on their side to the straits; and the steel rails laid in the almost trackless wilderness up

where the snow stays and the walrus and the polar bear make their home, close by the Arctic Circle, became the world's great highway for commerce and travel.

The vast populations which dwell on the borders of the Pacific and the Indian oceans and the people up in the Arctic world used this highway as no other was ever used.

When travelers crossed the waste of waters by ship, one way, they nearly always returned, the other, by rail, though the restless sea, the clear sky and the fleecy clouds and the magnificent rising and setting of the sun had matchless beauties of their own, they would, in time, grow monotonous and tiresome to the senses, but the vast panorama of nature, with its mountains and valleys and rivers and gorges and forests and prairies and barren wastes and snows and icebergs in the north, and its own rising and setting sun and bustling cities and towns and strange lands and people with strange customs, through which the iron horse ran, never became monotonous and tiresome to the senses, unless rapid and almost infinite change from one strange and sublime scene to another and from one thing of beauty to another, might, at last, become tiresome.

It is needless to say that the Chicago and Northwestern was an up-to-date road, and that the Czar and the Emperor of China, for the latter, also, had caught in his mind, the swift, thrilling pant of the iron horse, not to be outdone, built their roads into magnificent highways, too; and the trains which ran over them had double-flanged wheels—one of my own inventions, by the way—and all the modern improvements, and they were put on a high speed so that travelers and merchan-

dise, starting at Chicago, were landed in the heart of Asia in less than a week. The great ships out in the sea, were not done away with, for they always had plenty to do—more than they had before—and there were many places where they, alone, could go. Without taking a single carload of merchandise from any of the great ships plowing the seas, it, the great iron horse, built up a vast commerce of its own. It “worked” continents—the vast interiors of continents and not coast lines, merely, and brought them and their innumerable populations up out of the dark, somber world of shadows into the 20th century light, as the ships could not do.

The canals and the rivers of China still do a liberal share of the business, but they are getting to be old-fashioned and somewhat behind the times, as they are elsewhere, especially where time is an element in one’s calculation, which it is—and is becoming more so, every day, for it is, as it were, the yardstick of life in business affairs. The long, slender rivers of steel which have been made are flooded with a vast commerce and an almost countless number of travelers. Siberia, almost limitless in extent, has been opened up and is full of iron horses and is being sown with cities and towns.

And North America, what shall be said of it? That great country to the north of us including our own Alaska, with all its treasures of timber and iron and stone and coal and silver and gold has been carried by these iron horses, as it were, and dumped into the front dooryards of two great nations, and that country, once a cold, inhospitable wilderness of trees, lakes, rivers, prairies, hills and mountains, has received back from us, most plenteously and is filling up with

farms and factories and schools and colleges and newspapers and libraries, and all those things which show the difference between the desolate, uninhabited country and a splendidly prosperous one, for all that world from Chicago to Pekin and St. Petersburg and Paris—and London, too—is on the line of one of the world's great highways—the only one which is a rival to old ocean—over which rumbles a vast commerce and on which swarm myriads of travelers.

How Great Britain, through one of her great colonies, and Russia in her once vast inhospitable territory, and China with her swarms of people, and America with her limitless possibilities have grown and thrived because of this great steel river.

And its effects on the relations of these nations to each other, other than that of commerce, because of the things its prosperity brings to each, what shall I say of them? Lest I may not be quite understood by this querie, I will attempt to be more precise, and will liken it, somewhat, so as to be brief, to the coming of a little child into a home which has been long torn up and half destroyed by discord. The desire for this road to prosper, because of the good things it brought to each—and it could not prosper as they wanted it to prosper, unless there was good-will between them all—did much to bring on the triumph of the iron horse, of which I will speak, somewhat, later.

I might stop and tell about the various influences that worked together to fill China with these long, slender "rivers" and, especially, the one that ran straight from Canton and Hong Kong through Pekin to Behring Straits to connect with

the Northwestern, and also of the one which ran from Calcutta to Pekin—for China was somewhat slow in taking hold of the iron horse, as all the world knows. I will tell of one of these influences in addition to those I have already mentioned—and in some respects, might say that it was a very simple sort of influence, though, to my mind, it was not so simple after all.

Prior to the building of the line from Chicago to Pekin and St. Petersburg and Calcutta and Bombay, a great deal of talk had been going the rounds in Chicago of the possibility of the Chicago and Northwestern R. R. Co., building a great main line up through British America and Alaska to Behring Straits, where connection by bridge or tunnel or ferry was to be made with other lines, reaching to Pekin and other cities, just named, and Chinamen, living in Chicago and elsewhere had become interested.

The idea of one of those great fast trains, which they had so often seen, darting into and out of Chicago on their long distance runs, going some day on a longer run to the capitol of their own country, somehow, took hold of their imagination and filled it with dreams, such as had never been there before. They wondered what such a train as one of these would do in China and how their countrymen would open their eyes could they see it at work. They wanted their own country to have sights, such as had become associated with these trains. And so, one night, a lot of them went out along the line of the Chicago and Northwestern and waited for the coming of the Fast Mail, which was due about midnight. Some stopped off at one station, where it did not stop and some at a larger one,

farther on, where it did, and there were moving pictures taken at both stations.

At the first, the picture showed not only the crowd of Chinamen on the platform, but the Fast Mail itself, coming "on the wings of the wind" and whirling on past on its long night's run—and it was a *moving* picture, too. It showed, not only the faces of these men, as they unconsciously shrank away to the other side of the platform, but the huge locomotive also, in distinct outline, which was the very incarnation of fiery energy, as it bore down upon them, from the other end of the long platform, and hummed on past, with the heavy train.

The other picture—and it was a moving one, also, shows a crowd of Chinamen, waiting for the Fast Mail, which slows down and comes to a standstill; and there, on that platform, in a city of considerable size, is shown a busy scene, such a scene as can only be seen, along a great line of railway where a great train stops and passengers get off of and on to magnificent coaches, and mailmen and baggagemen and expressmen do in two minutes, what would take other men a half hour to do. This moving picture showed not only the monster engine, with its search headlight and the heavy train and the slowing up and the coming to a standstill, and the busy scene, just referred to, but that other equally majestic spectacle, of a great locomotive, starting on again, slowly, with its load of human life and getting faster and faster and disappearing in the darkness of the night.

And there were phonographs set, to supplement the moving pictures. So that the Fast Mail, on its run that night, was



preserved for the enjoyment of the sense of hearing, as well as of seeing, of millions who were not there to see it as the Chinamen saw it, for these pictures and the phonographs stored with the Fast Mail sounds, were not only set loose in this country but were sent to China and exhibited there. Every Chinaman, or, perhaps, I had better be more accurate and say, nearly every Chinaman in this country, who saw the Fast Mail that night on the Northwestern road and who saw exhibitions of it, as far as he was able when these pictures and phonographs were sent to China, got his friends there to go and see some of the scenes, he was so accustomed to see in this country.

And, as a matter of fact, many a Chinaman went scores of miles in China to see these scenes and hear these sounds and see if he could recognize some one of his old time friends in the new world who, he had heard, were in one of these groups.

There was not a Chinaman in all China, when he heard the Fast Mail sounds and saw the Fast Mail scenes, as taken that night, but lost his dislike for "fire wheels" and wished that the Fast Mail would continue on in its flight, into his own country, and so, these sounds and these pictures had a good deal to do with disturbing the placidity, later on, of the Chinese atmosphere, with the scream of the great freight locomotive and the swift pant of the great passenger engine and in filling the land with Minneappolises, Kansas Cities and Columbuses.

## CHAPTER X.

## SOME PICTURES AND SONGS.

But returning, somewhat, to speak of other influences in connection with those just now spoken about, perhaps I could not better describe them—the far-reaching influences, which those great trains worked out for the good of mankind, after the great Fair was over—than by telling of some of the incidents that happened to them, when they went to work to help France that summer and which have gone into song and story and into marble and the artist's richest colors.

For instance, a little incident took place in connection with the Dixie Flyer, which gave birth to a pretty picture and also to a sweet song.

This train, in which not only St. Louis but a half dozen of the large cities of the south, including two state capitols, had become interested by reason of the importance of the run—a long run from St. Louis across the country, south-eastwardly to the winter health resorts of Florida, was put on the run between Paris and Prague.

On its very first run, people swarmed along the track, in the various cities through which it ran, to see it go by.

A half dozen little Bohemians—bright, active little fellows, clad in rags, or rather not clad at all, so little clothing had they on, or to put on, little fellows of nine or ten years of age, who, since they were big enough to walk, had had to

make their own living or starve, for they had no friends to help them—and they had often starved—were in the habit of going out into the country, just to see the Dixie Flyer get under headway after it had cleared the city. How they liked to see it get beyond the city limits, out into the open, where it could free itself for the run to Paris. It was the most thrilling sight they had ever seen, this thing, which was so emblematic of peace, power, commerce, industry, plenty and energy. Those great steel driving rods on the sides, something like four by six inches in size, rose and fell with the turn of the wheels, with such rapidity, and the pant of the locomotive became so incessantly swift and seemed to have such limitless power, that they were fascinated and stood “rooted to the ground,” as they watched it bear down upon them in all its magnificent strength. And so, every time that train left the city, during the first week’s run, they had gone out—away beyond the confines of the city—just to see her work up into that high speed which thrilled them so.

If that train had any friends and admirers in the world, they were certainly these half dozen little Bohemians. But one day they were invited to ride on the train.

The picture painted by the great artist, shows up the scene that took place, when these worshippers of the Dixie Flyer were invited to get on and go to the World’s Fair. They were not dreaming of such a thing. Their astonishment could not have been greater, if an angel—one of the angels they had often heard of—had suddenly unbolted the gates of heaven in their faces and invited them to come in.

The great train had evidently heard of the ragamuffins

going out there to admire it and had investigated the case, and so, that day, instead of working up to that speed which was making it famous in Europe, it had slowed down, and come to a standstill, right by them. At first the little fellows were scared to see that great steel monster, so full of hissing, panting energy, stop close by them. But they were at once assured that there was no danger and were invited to get on and go to the great Fair and be the "Dixie's" guests for a week.

Talk about expressions. They were certainly in this picture. Every face had an expression of its own, which was intensely interesting. The play of emotions, as shown in the pictured faces, was wonderful. It was a study. The faces of the half dozen that worshipped the Dixie Flyer, as they worshipped nothing else in the world, as they took in the situation, would have made any picture bright. And the faces of the passengers as they looked out of the windows, for they had learned of the intention to stop there that day, made a suitable setting for the other faces. The engineer has leaned out of the cab of his great locomotive and is looking back on the scene, with a smiling face and feeling glad that he told about the group of little fellows, now becoming his passengers, and asked for orders to stop and take them on. The whole train seems to give them a welcome, and so, as I used to say of a certain great pulpit orator, James Kendall, the very air, roundabout, seems to be brighter. One can almost see and feel the welcome on the one side and that shy, timid sort of gladness on the other, which is so deep and sincere, that it makes those who get it feel almost afraid to take hold of that

which brings it, lest it be not real and will vanish at the first touch of the hands.

Trains do not often stop this way, but the Dixie Flyer did that day and the artist made that scene live in colors—colors which to this day have a youthful freshness, for it has made the millions who have seen it feel akin. After that, a certain song writer took it up and made a song so sweet that, it is said, even the song of “Dixie” will wear out and be forgotten long before it will be—and “Dixie” is likely to live a long time.

Yes, and there was the Wabash. I must mention an incident or so, connected with it. This train was not, by the way, originally called the Wabash. It was owned and run by the Wabash Railway Company, it is true, but it was known on the Wabash time tables as the “Continental Limited,” the fastest train on the road. But, somehow, it got its name changed to the Wabash on the Wabash and then, by and by, it was shortened down to just “The Wabash.” The name “Continental Limited” was a good name, too, but the public gradually took that name out of the calendar and put in its place just the simple name, “The Wabash.” I do not know why they changed its name in popular remembrance to the “Wabash,” unless it was because there is something musical in the name—or because the words, “The Wabash on the Wabash,” are suggestive of the words “father and son,” or of the idea of a man being on “his native heath.”

Perhaps the reason why the name sounds musical is because the word “Wabash” got mixed up with some sweet music—and that is likely to make any name sound musical.

It is not likely that the name will ever be changed back, again, to the "Continental Limited," for after it had made those great runs in Europe that summer and after it had done some of the kind of work which was done by the Empire State Express and the Sky Blue, it got mixed up with some more music. The song writers seemed to take up the Wabash, the Sky Blue, the Royal Blue, the Alton Limited, the Lake Shore Limited, the Empire State Express, the long-winded California Express—which goes in its own land, almost "as the crow flies," diagonally across the continent from Chicago—the Pioneer Limited, the four Fast Mails and some of the other trains, which had gone out to serve France and mankind that summer; and they got one up based on a personal incident about one of the Wabash's night runs which was sweet and tender. There were so many incidents of the gentler kind, connected with the work of these trains, particularly along the line of giving the pleasure of a journey to the great Fair to those who had never had much pleasure—who had never even dreamed of the possibility of such an experience coming to them—that a thousand songs could have been written.

There was such a union of strength and weakness, of poverty and riches, such a blending of greatness and littleness, ignorance and knowledge and of faith, hope and charity, that they became very mines of inspiration.

But, as I said, they got up a song about the Wabash. It is said that a woman got it up. I do not know whether that is so or not, but anyway, a song was gotten up, entitled "Going By," or as it was sometimes called, "Through the

Storm"—for it seemed to have two names—whose sweetness, they say, will last forever. It was based on a run the Wabash made, one night, with a load of little folks, when the wind blew a tempest against it and the rain fell in torrents, and the lightnings were out, running up and down the sky and covering the heavens with mighty rivers of fire.

The train had been delayed and was waiting at a station, when a message came to the engineer to hurry home for an accident had happened that day to one he loved, and that death was near.

There happened to be on that night's run of the Wabash, some men, high up in authority—those connected with affairs of government—and they had to be at Paris at a certain time. The lost time was a serious matter to them and to the governments they represented. They had chosen to come on the Wabash, because it was a fast train—a very fast train—and you can judge of their disappointment, when it steadily lost time by various delays—lost so much that it was nearly one hundred miles behind its time. Things were going wrong with them and so they got orders to have the track cleared of everything and the engineer was told to get in on time, if possible.

In obedience to the summons to come and the orders to go, he hurried back—hurried back, as he had never hurried anywhere before. He knew that, though the rain fell and the lightnings blazed their paths through the heavens, the track was smooth and almost as safe as it would have been by day. And so, he came back on his own magnificent steed, with himself as guide and rider. The great iron horse seemed to be

freed from restraint. So, when at last, it was given a clear track and told to go, it hardly waited for the touch of the hand it knew so well—and so, what mattered it if the lightnings did play overhead. It leaped forward and for hours, that night, that great mass of steel and iron seemed to quiver and tremble with almost human intelligence as it bored its way through the storm at over eighty miles per hour.

Those who have pulled bicycles against a heavy wind, know what it must have been for a locomotive to keep up a pace like that, when the wind blew a gale, angling against it, and its load of coaches. As it sped on through the night, it was a sight thrillingly grand. The flashing lights and fires from the locomotive and the brilliantly lit up train, made it seem like a stream of flame, as the darkness came and went.

Over in a certain room in Paris was the engineer's pride—his only child, a girl of fifteen or sixteen, just blooming into young womanhood—and she was mangled and bruised. She often asked about her father. Her mother was dead, and so her thoughts in this, her time of trouble and pain, turned to him, as did his to her.

As the hands on the clock dragged themselves slowly on, so slowly on a little ways, she would ask about him and then, in a little while, she would repeat her question. A little later she noticed that the hands scarcely moved at all, and then she wondered if the clock had not stopped. Once she felt quite sure that it had, that it had been stopped for nearly an hour, but they told her again, with a strange sort of misgiving in the heart, that the clock was still running as usual. And then she wondered if time ever would go fast again.



And then, once, she said she saw her father coming—and so he was. She said the search headlight on the locomotive never shone so brightly as it did that night, and that it cut a straight line, clear through to her, through the three hundred miles of darkness which stretched out between them. It was just back of the headlight, she said, she saw him with his hand on the throttle, gazing steadily through the cab window, down through that long vista of light, into her eyes, coming to her, “on the wings of the wind”—and so, he was, was coming on the swiftest moving thing in all the world that night—except the lightnings which played overhead. The locomotive seemed to understand the situation and to have made up its mind—no matter how the storm raged and the wind blew a monstrous weight against it and the train behind it, that it would overcome it all and get in on time.

The engineer, himself, scarcely knew of the speed he was going or he might have slowed down, somewhat. The man who fired for him, watched him as he sat at his post, with eyes set in a steady gaze far up the track, almost oblivious, so it seemed, to everything except the track which stretched far out ahead of him, into the darkness.

It seemed to the fireman that his gaze went farther into that darkness than even the piercing blaze of the headlight, but the fireman read the face of his chief and knew that he, who sat so immovably there with his hand on the throttle, was never so alert in his life, nor so keenly on the scent for danger—an alertness that seemed to have blended with it a thousand faculties of the mind and body. And the fireman made steam as he never had before, and so, in that three hun-

dred mile run which was left, that great Wabash locomotive gained well up towards one hundred miles over its regular schedule time. No locomotive in all the world ever made such a long run, at such a speed into the teeth of such a tempest before—and it got in on time.

Those living along the track, who saw it go by, never forgot the spectacle. You may think that they were superstitious and, perhaps, they were—they say there is a grain of superstition in all of us, even yet, though, as to myself, I think I have got it, in all its phases, pretty well drained out of my blood—hope so, at least—but when they heard all the facts of that night's run, when they heard about the passengers and who they were and why some of them were there and how they all made the engineer's case their own, and how the little passengers on board tried to urge the locomotive on to still greater speed—when they heard all these things and the picture of that train, flying through the night in the teeth of the tempest, comes up before them in fancy—they drop their voices to a whisper and say, with a queer sort of feeling about the heart, that “the Wabash train must have had other people than men, women and children, on board that night.”

As has been said, a great song—a sweet song—was composed about the night's run which, at first, was called, “The Wabash Going By,” and later on, “Through the Storm,” and two great pictures were painted about “The Wabash on the Wabash,” that night. One was called “Coming Home,” and the other “On the Wings of the Wind.” The last represented the great train going through the storm. It was a night

scene, in which the train was flying through the drenching rain and the black clouds lit up by lightning.

Then, again, an artist painted a set of two pictures, one being about the Chicago and Northwestern's Fast Mail, which he called "The Invitation," and the other about the Sunset Limited. A girl of seventeen or eighteen years was sick unto death in a third story room of an old tumble-down building in the city of Trieste, which looked out upon the track over which the Fast Mail ran, for it had been put on the run to Trieste. She lived alone, and few people stopped in to see her, even when she was sick. The room was poor and mean, so poor and mean that it looked as if no one would ever want to live in it. She had looked out many times, at the Fast Mail—at the new magnificent train, going swiftly by, which she had been told had come from across the sea to the great Fair in Europe. She could just catch a glimpse of the rich finish of woodwork and upholstering inside—a finish that would look rich and splendid beside the finish, both in woodwork and upholstering of the most beautiful palace of the King—as it flitted past. It was a train to be proud of.

A great company owned it and money had not been spared in making it beautiful. They had made it like the Lake Shore had made the Lake Shore Limited and the St Paul road had made the Pioneer Limited—the pride of the road. All other trains sidetracked for it. It carried not only passengers, but the government mail and the government had always taken pride in its mail service. Yes, it was the Fast Mail and, as I said, a great company owned it—a company so great, that for every three

miles of railroad the Emperor could show in all his dominions, this same Chicago and Northwestern, a mere private company, could show one mile of its own, and it was a well equipped road, too, so well equipped that hundreds upon hundreds, even thousands, of giant locomotives with their heavy trains, rush on it all through that great northwest country. So, of course, the Fast Mail, which makes the night run between Chicago and the two great twin cities of the northwest, St. Paul and Minneapolis—which have grown up side by side, from mere country villages, into great cities, only ten miles apart—was fine and it was filled with people, whose faces glowed with happiness and interest in life.

The train has just gone by and her eyes follow it, as the one bright spot in her life, as the one active, moving, interesting thing left in the world—follow it as it disappears around a bend on the road to Paris. A messenger has just come into the room with an invitation to go to the great Fair on that train and spend a few days there. He points to the train disappearing in the distance, and says that it has sent him with the invitation and that the Emperor himself has joined in the invitation.

She can scarcely believe what he says, but the doctor who has happened to come into the room, tells her that it is so.

That is the scene painted by the artist—not much of a scene, some might think, just the outlines of a great train, a girl sick on a pallet in a bare room, a doctor standing by, feeling the patient's pulse to see how near the sands of life have run out, and the messenger of the Fast Mail and of

the King, pointing to the great train, rapidly going out of sight on the road to Paris.

The doctor has cured his patient—or perhaps it was the messenger—or maybe it was the great train, she had seen go by, for the color has come into her cheeks and the light into her eyes—and she has half arisen and is watching it speed out of sight. It must have been the great train.

I said that it was a plain sort of picture—and yet, it was not, either. There was something strong and majestic about it—and something inexpressibly tender, too, for the artist has painted in colors, the things which we call life, health hope and gladness—painted them in, just as they were coming back to earth again—and the young woman, so sick, and those who were with her, saw them coming nearer—knew that they were coming back to her again.

Yes, if it was plain in some respects, it was fine, too, for it showed the Fast Mail bringing her back from the “valley of the shadow of death,” into which she had gone so far.

The picture was so full of kindness and gentleness and strength, that it has lived to this day. It gave birth to a song which, even yet, will touch the heart and make the eye fill up with mist. It is called “The Song of the Fast Mail.” There are those who say that it is so sweet it will not die, but will live on and on, as long as sweet thoughts stir man’s nature and sweet sounds sound sweet to the ear.

The companion piece to the “Invitation” was based on an incident that happened over in Russia, in the outskirts of Moscow. A boy of ten or eleven years of age was sick with a fever and the Sunset Limited as it came in from Novgorod,

went by his door, and it seemed to go so fast. It got into his mind and whenever the time of its run drew near, he would listen for its roar in the distance and as it slowed down to half its speed and darted past his window into the depths of the city, at a rate, even then, of fifty or sixty versts per hour, his eyes would light up and his mind fill with trains, running straight to heaven—the heaven he had heard about. And then his tongue would loosen and talk somewhat wildly, about seeing the Sunset Limited running down a couple of sunbeams into a great city, far away, which seemed to be built in the sun or on the top of a mountain, he could not tell which exactly, for the city and the sun and the mountain were all there together.

One day, just as the Sunset Limited had come into sight and while it was thundering by, making the old house tremble on its foundations, for the pant of the locomotive was so deep and heavy and the jar of its rushing weight was so tremendous as to make the old house tremble, the Czar's messenger came in and told him that the great train he loved to see and had heard go by, had heard of him, and that it was his friend and wanted him to go with it to the great city at the other end of the sunbeams down which he had seen it run. At first the boy thought he was going to die and that the messenger was the angel of death. But this messenger did not look like an angel of death—he was so smiling and friendly. So the little fellow thought, after all, that he was not going to die and that it was true that the great fast train, which he liked to see so well, did want him to go somewhere—and so, not to make the story long, and using an old-fashioned ex-

pression, he got well. His nurse, an old woman, the only friend he had till the great train came and got to be his friend, soon brought him back to health and strength, and every day, after he got strong enough, how he would rise up in bed with the help of the old woman, who had so faithfully ministered unto him and watch for his great, strong friend, as he heard it coming in the distance.

And so there was a picture made about him and the old woman and the Czar's messenger and the great train from across the sea, just coming into sight, to take him to the other end of the sunbeams. This is one of the reasons, they say, why the name, over in Russia, was changed to the "Sunrise Limited."

I might go on and tell stories about these trains and what they did and what people did because of what they did and fill a book, but it is enough to say that songs were written which, it is said, will not die, and pictures painted which will not fade. So many songs were written and sung that it seemed the very air was sweet with music and so many pretty pictures were painted that the ear and eye of man had a ceaseless round of feasts. There were songs sung and pictures painted which not only pleased man's outer senses, but touched and deeply stirred his finer senses—those senses which have no name.

## CHAPTER XI.

LOVE AND KINDNESS IN THE WORLD OF ART, PHILOSOPHY,  
SCIENCE AND COMMERCE.

It has been said that there was more happiness in the world that summer than there had ever been before. While this was probably true, there were, also, more love and kindness than had ever been known before. In fact, so much love and kindness and good-feeling had grown up among the people of all nations, that national characteristics and social distinctions, at least, the sharper edged and more disagreeable ones, were affected—so much so, that new avenues to greatness were opened to statesmen and their talents given employment more along some lines and less along others than had been their wont.

It was noticed, ere long, that under this state of good-feeling, while the heart of myriads of people was tender, distrust skulked and hid in the background and individual and national confidence and faith came forth with smiling faces, bringing with them an industry and a commerce, such as was never known before.

Under the spell of music, which was not only sweet in itself, but so tender that the heart was moved with the thought back of the sound thereof, and under the fascination of new pictures of the human heart and of that which we often call "soul," people got interested in each other, as they never had before.



They got so interested that statesmen and lawgivers got over into some new—perhaps I should say, some old—domains of thought. Under the influences mentioned, they had already noticed how industry and commerce thrived, and so they commenced to think more largely than had been their wont, on how their own people could be lifted up, and others, too—on how it were possible to so bring things about that the multitude could have a larger share of the sweetness of human life.

To this end they worked, chiefly, on a double problem. One part was, to strengthen the forces which lift men up, and the other was to destroy the forces which drag them down. Work was commenced on the destruction of national evils on the one hand and the strengthening of the forces that grow national prosperity and happiness on the other.

For instance, in becoming interested in each other, under the spell of the new influences, which had been largely started that summer, it was found to be possible to make vast masses of the people, consumers or users of the good things of life, and so it came about that, whereas, only one person was using a reasonably large share of the good things of life—those things which strengthen the body, please the taste and develope the mind and ennoble man's nature—ten men became the users of such things. In other words, where two men lived on a bare crust of bread per day and clothed their bodies with rags and starved their minds, they—that is, the statesmen and lawgivers with the help of the artists and musicians and others—so changed personal and national ideals and modes of life, that only one man, or none at all, in

the course of time, lived on a crust of bread per day and clothed his body with rags and starved his mind.

Yes, they did this, and you can imagine, for I am speaking, now rapidly, of causes and effects, the effect it would have on a nation's industries, its commerce and its prosperity. Take a population of 50,000,000, where this was done, and it is not hard to see that commerce and industry, would increase from three to ten times, even, among themselves, for it is possible for the poor ragamuffin to become as large a consumer or user of things, as the King, who sits upon his throne. This principle is not hard to understand. The higher a man rises in the scale, the more things he wants. As civilization advances, the more numerous, also, become his wants, and these, in turn, beget the means of their satisfaction. I do not suppose that there is any end to man's desires. One want begets another and one satisfaction demands another. This is the real foundation principle of that which we call "industry and commerce."

In the application of it and its working out, we can see the difference it makes, or at least, did make in the size of the trade and manufacture—in a population of eighty millions of Americans and four hundred and fifty millions of Chinamen, as they existed in the year 1900. So, from out of the stir and drive of those great trains and the many things which they took along with them and the love and kindness which grew up out of their good deeds, and flourished, as in a fertile soil, Industry and Commerce came nearly everywhere, as a sort of reward and benediction, and spread over the earth as was never known, for it must be

remembered—and this is a sort of an answer to those who did not understand the new philosophy—that a man with a competence of ten thousand dollars, will, on the average, struggle as hard to increase it and have more of the good things of life as the man who lives on a crust of bread per day, will struggle to get two crusts. The civilization which the former has adopted for himself, or in which he lives, tends to create the desire for the innumerable things in existence or which can be brought into existence by labor and these create the incentives to action—to work for the acquisition of these things. While it is possible for the very poor man to have as many wants as the rich man, it very often happens that the rich man will work harder for their gratification than the poor man.

So, it happened that in the development of this limitless domain of industry and commerce, the human activities were not diminished by the kindlier and broader statesmanship. The fear which arose when statesmanship undertook with the aid of all those forces back of it—to which I have slightly referred—to drive poverty and want and destitution out of the world and replace them with a marvelously increased industry and commerce, that the incentive to labor would be taken away from poor people—and there were so many poor people—was never realized.

And the new Markets! What could be said of them? Prior to the year 1900 statesmen were ever on the lookout to extend the markets of their country—but this extension was almost always a foreign extension, seldom a home extension. Under the later order of statesmanship, while the ex-

tension of trade with foreign countries was not neglected, but was marvelously increased, the home market was the one which was wonderfully expanded and this expansion was had in finding the means to more largely satisfy the demands, the wants and desires of the myriads of people who had for so long a time been stinted in or totally denied the satisfaction of them.

But this philosophy and the influences back of it, herein hastily summarized, were not confined to near-by cities and nations. By reason of the great Fair having been on and the world having been there to see it and the new influences having been set to work, far distant nations felt not only the spirit of industry and commerce move into them, but they felt the stir and movement of a thousand other influences which came up out of that combination of circumstances.

In an incredibly short space of time, whole peoples and races leaped forward a thousand years in civilization and all that the word implies. Humanity moved forward, a long ways forward, and man's ideals and aspirations rose far above the average common level, to which they had long been confined.

The great artist came forward under the new conditions with renewed strength and vigor—he who could chisel in marble and make steel and gold and silver take on the forms of life—and he put into more durable forms, perhaps, the world's thoughts and ideals and aspirations. Such intangible things as love and friendship and hope and faith and the spirit of self-sacrifice—those things which dwell deep in man's better nature, were brought up, as it were, from out of the

gloom and obscurity of his existence and painted in beautiful colors and chiseled in marble and were made to speak to that vast multitude of men and women who will live after us.

The great sculptor did not study and work to chisel into beauty, the cold impassive things of life and nature but he sought to make cold marble and steel and bronze and gold and silver and ivory, flash and glow with the things that move the heart. So, under the new conditions, Phideas came back again with all the hands, as it were, who used to work for him, and decorated the world with such forms of sculptured beauty as even Athens had never dreamed of.

The forces which control so largely, a nation's characteristics and its power—its pictures, its songs, its statues, its poetry, its monuments, its mechanics, its industry, its commerce, its science—had poured into them, the milk of human kindness as never before—and so, these forces—I call them forces—grew and flourished until the whole world was filled with their spirit. The artist instead of painting simply a man or woman, a cow or horse, a river's bend or a mountain crag, painted more than these, painted a story, a history—painted those etherially fine things which bring a mist to the eye and a tremble into a man's soul.

And the sculptor made marble, cold marble, so, to speak and look and talk tales of love and kindness, and to think, aloud, almost, of things, beautiful and sublime, that the whole world, with its vast commerce and all, moved on to a higher plane.

I will not go into details, but simply say that poetry was written, songs were sung, pictures painted and marble chiseled

which were permeated and filled with things that touch the heart and make human nature seem and be more grand. One artist painted, for instance, a history of what those great trains did, that summer—made a personal history—almost a nation's history out of it. Another painted Poetry, leading a child, clad in rags, from out under the wharf, where its home was, to make him great. She had been hunting for him and had found him there. A great sculptured group represented science and statesmanship, driving a drove of hideous diseases, which had cursed the race, back into the darkness from whence it came. Another showed stern visaged Justice with bandage raised from her eyes—with Law in all her indignant majesty, standing by her side—flagellating a pack of wrongs to death.

A colossal group of figures in marble represented, as the center group, Science, Justice, Wisdom, Law, Mercy, Art, Literature, Commerce, Industry, Plenty, Mechanics, Progress, Peace and Liberty, in battle array, while fleeing from them, were monstrous shapes, War, Pestilence, Ignorance, Superstition, Cruelty, Hate, Vandalism, Slavery and Drunkenness. Within the protecting circle of the first group of figures was another set, representing the race of man, as children with some of their most sacred interests about them, which had been triumphantly defended against their ancient enemies. I will not go into details, but the workmanship of all these works, as well as thousands of others, was superb.

Another work—I will allude to it—was a painting. It was a beautiful picture of Art, with mallet and chisel in one hand, coming rapidly from out of a dark alley, which ran down into a lot of tumbled down old houses, coming rapidly out leading

with the other hand, a child. Their tracks, made as they came up out of the alley, showed that they had come from a cellar in one of the old tumble-down buildings. But the child, which she had hunted for and found in the cellar, where it had lived in the dark, lived and grew and came to have marvelously deft fingers with the mallet and chisel. It was Phidias.

## CHAPTER XII.

## THE RIVALS.

I saw a drop curtain in a theatre, once, on which was painted a battleship scene. I remember how it spoke of the majesty of the United States and of how it sent a thrill of pride through every lover of his country who saw it.

It showed an eagle perched on a ledge of rock by the side of a broken spar from a wrecked battleship which had drifted against the ledge. With outstretched wings and feathers ruffed, it was giving expression to indignant rage. Near by was a steel clad battleship, floating the American flag, which had come to the scene of the wreck. The expression of the picture was suggestive. The great bird was angry and the steel ship, into which the nation had put the genius of its civilization and its hopes and fears, was typical of the country's pride of military and naval power and it seemed in its strength to be without a rival.

I am not saying anything against the battleship. They and armies were necessities of the time in which they most flourished—and I might say, are still necessities, for it would not be safe for any one nation, especially one that is growing and is developing its powers and resources to do without them.

When I saw this picture on the drop-curtain, a whole troop of thoughts were suggested and they came and so filled my



mind, that the glory of the great steel ship was forgotten for the time being; and then, by and by, all these thoughts, moving in a somewhat chaotic form, became marshaled around one central thought, and that was, that the steel clad ship had a rival. This rival, I found, did not go to war. Its paths were paths of peace. Its work was construction and not destruction and its language, though for peace, was most wanderfully grand.

When it was out following its beaten paths in the world of commerce and industry, it would thrill not only, the man, who could see it, to the profoundest depths of his nature, but the man, who was blind and "slow of speech," would whiten to the lips, as it rushed by, lest it should make a "misstep" and tear and grind him to pieces.—And I remembered that when it goes by near you, everything else is forgotten except that which concerns you and it. Even the majesty of the Lord of the sea, at such a time, will pass out of remembrance. In its mighty rush, the blind, the deaf and the dumb, even though safely housed in some great stone asylum, can tell from the jar and tremble of the building that some mighty power is on the move—and it is a mighty power, the power of a thousand tons, or two or three thousand tons of iron, stone, coal and lumber on the move as the tempest moves.

But though the deaf, the blind and the dumb can feel the tremulous something of the great iron horse, there is still another vibratory something about it, intangible and indefinable, which it makes in its heavy, tremendous flights and which, those who can hear and see and speak, have not as a rule, clearly seen and felt and heard. But when they

do feel and see and hear and clearly understand, they will give as a reason why the great Iron Horse is a rival to the steel clad ship, is that it is out in the world, day and night, working up influences, which some time will drive it from the high seas, and make its costly machinery of no value except as old iron, for it must not be forgotten that the populations of the world are on land and not on water and that, when the great locomotive with the visible forces within it and those invisible, intangible, indescribable forces back of it and around about it, gets to work in all continents and in all lands, even as it has not yet got down to work in our own, where the people live and have their being, and when it has carried its ideas, and suggestions of ideas, of industry and commerce and peace and the brotherhood of man, to all peoples for years and years, and has impressed them upon the minds of men, with its own majestic eloquence, the world will slowly catch the meaning of it all and turn into a great neighborhood where all men are friends and neighbors and not enemies.

The great merchant ship is grand, too, but it does not steam through the busy marts of trade where the people congregate, nor through the nations and the continents, where vast populations swarm and breed and die in the midst of old opinions and customs, and so, what eloquence it has for Industry, Commerce and Peace and the Brotherhood of Man is largely lost on the desert air. Besides, huge and great as it is, it speaks in a whisper to the gazing millions who do see it, but this other speaks as the tempest and the earthquake speak and the swarms of men and women on the

earth, can hear every word it says and see it at its mighty labor. The merchant ship does not reach and impress people in such vast multitudes—even if it could impress them deeply—as does that which dwells among them like sleeping tempests and earthquakes—or rather like awakened tempests and earthquakes.

And so, it has already come about that the locomotive has become the agent, the trusted agent and confidential friend—almost the principal, itself—of Industry, Commerce, Peace and the Brotherhood of Man. Since it came amongst us, how the great illimitable west, once full of trackless forests and lonely prairies has bred and grown great cities and states. We well remember that after the iron horse went west and people commenced to go west, also, they always bought their section or quarter-section of land along the line of the railroad rather than along the river and so, those great western states, so far as population and wealth are concerned, are almost wholly strung along the railroads.

And so, I say that I believe that the messenger of commerce and peace and the brotherhood of man is greater and more majestic than the messenger of war. Its swift pant, a pant so wonderfully swift and tremulously penetrating, that the evening winds will gather it up and carry it as the pulse beat of a newer and grander civilization for the whole world and put it as a benediction into the ears of those who dwell within a score of miles on either side of its path, as I think I heard a locomotive doing once, is drowning out the roar of the cannon. It is filling the world with its mighty respiration and is taking it straight into a civilization where

war and famine and pestilence and other things that curse and destroy will not be wanted. I believe that the inevitable results of new lines of communication between nations and continents and the rapid means of transportation, will sooner or later, make all nations and people, except so far as climate may or has made differences, identically alike.

When nation can visit nation and race visit race, and when one nation drags itself a hand's breadth upward, all the others, like adjoining neighbors in a town or country, will want to go up, too—and they will never rest contented until they do go up that hand's breadth.

These were some of the thoughts that collected around the battleship scene—or rather about it and the battleship's rival. But I will speak more fully later on of what came of this rivalry—of this contest for supremacy, as it were—between the battleship and the iron horse.

Without reflecting at all on the majesty of the ship of steel, for it was and still is, a necessity, as conditions exist around and about each nation separately, and without intending to write as a religious propagandist in any sense whatever, for I am not writing for the spread of religious notions, though I have used a scriptural quotation occasionally, which quotations were used exactly as one would use well known words from Shakespeare—because they are well known and expressive—I will pause and speak of some other pictures, which were somewhat suggestive of the other side of the battleship scene—and I speak of these pictures as I have spoken of others because they show up so much a nation's heart and brain, and show, oftentimes, the trend of its history. As a

great naturalist can build up the form of a strange animal from a bone or so, so can the historian almost write an extinct nation's history from a few monuments, or a few laws, if they can be found.

Anyway, I will mention, now, a few of these pictures, which point out, as it were, a history for the world, different somewhat from that which the great steel clad ship would steer it.

Later on, possibly, I will speak of others which were painted, if I can describe them. Some of them were immense in scope and had in them, scenes painted which never before had been painted. The great trains made them possible. The "Triumph of the Iron Horse" was one of them, but I must not forestall. But first I will speak of three Sky Blue pictures—which taken altogether were not wholly national pictures—which were painted on the drop-curtain of three great opera houses, one on each curtain—which opera houses were said to be the Grand at Paris, the Auditorium at Chicago and another, which was built after the great Fair, at Constantinople.

Some might say that a drop-curtain in a great theatre is not the place for a beautiful picture. In answer one might simply ask the question, "Why not?" If beautiful pictures are expected to have an influence on the national character, where could one find a better place to put them up than in some great building where the people gather nightly in multitudes?

The scene painted in the opera house at Paris, represented the Sky Blue train in its flight to Constantinople. I might

pause to say again that Paris took a world of interest in this and other great trains, which we sent her, and they, in turn, made Paris great, or at least greater. In fact, so much was Paris and Chicago mixed up with these trains, that, somewhat after the style of Dickens, as was said once before, I had a notion to call this "A Tale of Two Cities."

I will not undertake to describe the train—I have done that already. I will only say that it was represented as going fast. The train is going like an arrow's flight, down the rails and is headed straight for the great mosque—once the Church of St. Sophia—which can be plainly seen in the distance where the two rails seem to come together. And in the clouds over the city, can be seen, forms representing Commerce, Science, Peace, Industry, Prosperity, the Brotherhood of Man and Free Government looking down in benediction on the flight of the train.

The Turks made no objection to the picture. On the contrary, they had the reverse of the picture painted for their great opera house. It shows a great city, plain and distinct in the foreground, whose inhabitants have turned out to welcome a great train which can be seen coming up a magnificent line of railroad which cuts its way through the blue outline of hills away off to the southeast. The great city of Paris, with its womanly beauty and manly chivalry and its wealth and culture is waiting for the return of the Sky Blue train with that first load of little strangers from the old half mysterious capital of two empires—the past and the present.

The one painted for the Auditorium shows the Sky Blue leaving the city of Constantinople with that first load of

waifs, taken from the alleys and streets and garrets and cellars and from under the wharfs. The great train is getting rapidly under headway and it is so intensely real, you can almost hear it—as the people in Prospect Park at Niagara, that summer in 1900 heard the heavy train on the Michigan Central—and though the rails are lost to sight in the distance where they come together, it is headed straight for Paris.

Another great picture, called "The Rivals" was painted. A little bit back of the foreground and yet, almost within it—is an immense steel clad cruiser which has come into the harbor, close by a great city, and has cast anchor. It shows up magnificently in its strength and majestic greatness.

In the foreground, a little bit closer, is a monster locomotive, moving by, close to the side of the wharf. This locomotive is loaded down, as anyone can see. It is at work—and hard at work, though it is not moving fast. It has a long line of cars behind it, reaching almost out of sight and the track curves so that you can see the entire train. It is a vast load of merchandise in almost myriad forms which it is dragging—nearly a mile of cars loaded with coal and iron and stone and lumber and machinery and horses and cattle and sheep and hogs and stoves and hardware in almost infinite variety, and muslins and calicos and silks and satins and broadcloths and sugar and coffee and tea and spices and thousands of well known articles of daily use—millions of things pulled into the city from the south or north or from across the continent by this locomotive.

It is Commerce and Manufacture and Industry on the move, or using more particular terms, it is the mine, the farm, the

quarry, the workshop, the cattle range, the sheep ranch, the woolen and the cotton mill, the foundry and the blast furnace, the planing mill and the rolling mill hitched behind that huge locomotive coming slowly into the city—almost feeling its way into the city among the network of tracks; and, as the black smoke pours forth from the short smokestack and the steam hisses from the huge cylinders, the mind says that the great steel ship, indeed, has a rival.

The fifth picture was painted by a great artist, on the reverse side, also, of the steel battleship. It was suggested, somewhat and yet, it was not either, by a cartoon in Harper's Weekly of an American locomotive clambering over a bedstead inhabited by European kings and queens and pulling our steel bridges, machinery and products after it.

That was a fine cartoon but this picture was not a cartoon—the ludicrous was absent and it was intensely real and, though, almost infinite in detail and difficult of execution, it was true to life and the facts in the case.

The scene, in some respects, is a night scene and in others it is not. It is laid in a benighted country—a country where the civilization of the iron horse is unknown.

A vast multitude of people are in sight—a multitude so great that no man can number them, covering the valley and the nearby mountains. Superstition, hideous and repulsive in outline, hangs over them from the clouds like a black pall and it seems to beckon the people to follow it.

War, a great monstrous shape, is there, also, hanging over them, and under it, over in one dark corner of the picture, is a field of blood and carnage—a field covered with dead and



dying; and birds of ill omen are flying over it. It is a gruesome scene, that dark corner is, where thousands of lives have gone out and men are still trying to kill each other and are killing each other.

Slavery can be seen, hovering over one side of the darkened picture, a veritable fury and devil in form and appearance, and it is holding or trying to hold the multitude to her. And Pestilence and Famine and Ignorance, are there, monstrous shapes, revelling in the misery and death of a large part of that great multitude.—I might pause a moment to say of these tripple Terrors that the iron horse is their enemy—and that Famine, especially, that awful terror of the ancient days, since the great iron horse has come, has been driven from the world by it, or so largely driven away that it is not the terror at all that it used to be, for it has brought far distant countries and climes so near together that gaunt Famine has but little chance to exist.

It is a picture that would be complete in its horror and awful hopelessness, were it not for one or two redeeming features, and they are that a large part of this multitude have turned their faces away from the darkened scene and from these horrible shapes and are gazing in astonishment from these horrible shapes and are gazing in astonishment and amazement at something coming down through their midst from the direction of a rising sun. In fact, in some respects, it seems to be following the lines of the sunbeams.

Others, nearer to the thing which is coming among them, are eagerly holding out their hands to it; and others, nearer

the light, are receiving plenteously of the things which the messenger has brought.

The thing which has come into this benighted country is heavily laden. It is of such a strange, almost fierce and awful shape, that the monstrous shapes I have spoken about, seem themselves to be half terrified and know not what to do—though, they endeavor to get the multitude to follow them.

The head and front of the new visitor to that darkened country, is a huge locomotive and its search headlights sends a shaft of light far ahead, and it is pulling a load of stupendous size. There are carloads, just behind the engine of all the brightly colored products of the loom, and of the contents of hardware stores.

There are carloads of musical instruments and pictures and a thousand things that appeal not only to the cultivated but to the barbaric taste. Behind these, still, are carloads of printing presses and plows and reapers and mowers and steam threshers and traction engines and planing mills and saw mills and bridges and street cars and electrical apparatus and an almost limitless array of machinery—almost everything you can think of, is piled on to that load and somehow, like things sometimes seen in dreams, this vast load, instead of following on one track behind the locomotive, as it starts out to do, seems gradually to spread out and to cover a large number of tracks. Instead of one track, which the locomotive is puffing along upon, there seems to be, in the distance, a multitude of tracks and they are covered as far as the eye can reach with all that makes modern civilization what it is.

Away towards the rear of this stupendous load are the out-

lines and shapes of great cities, and some of them I have heard it said, bear such names as New Chicago, New Philadelphia, New Buffalo, New Paris, New Berlin and New London, and they are all moving down behind the great locomotive into that benighted country.

Some called this picture, "A great train coming" and some called it "A friend coming," some "Civilization On the Move." But by whatever name, the last named picture is called, it is surely typical of what this rival of the battleship is doing and has done. When you think of it, the exclamation comes to the lips, almost spontaneously, "How the world has grown since it came into it." The great western prairies of our own country go over, again and again, and repeat the same words, and the mountains and the valleys and the impenetrable forests in summer and in winter, have whispered them and the winds have taken them up and carried them, everywhere, throughout the land; and when the ear, in the stillness of night, catches the musical toot and the swift pant of some great passenger engine in the distance going on its mission, and the mind takes in the meaning of it all, the heart will almost leap in one's bosom.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## THE NEW NEIGHBORHOOD.

Speaking of the dark continent and the picture of civilization, moving down into it, reminds me that the pride of the B. & O., the Lake Shore and the Union Pacific roads, known to the travelling public as the Royal Blue, the Lake Shore Limited and the Overland Limited, respectively, which had run down, during the latter days of the great Fair, into Spain and Portugal, were put one day on a much longer run than these, for like the Empire State Express, they stayed on in Europe.

The time came, when the straits of Gibraltar were bridged, or tunneled—I am not sure which—and they, these great trains, crossed over into the country of the dark continent and became the forerunners of thousands of others, and the builders of cities and the doers of many mighty works.

On their long distance runs, southward through the desert, which in many places, blossomed as the rose, by reason of their coming, and through the country which was not desert, these great locomotives sent a new pulse beat, far out across the wastes of sand, deep into the impenetrable forests and jungles, high up among the mountain crags and far away among the fertile valleys on their way to Johannesburg, Pretoria and Cape Town, for they, these travelers, ere long found their way to Johannesburg, Pretoria and Cape Town.

It was almost sublime—it was sublime—to see those great trains, going almost as the crow flies “on the wings of the wind,” through the old, silent desert, so full of tragedy and mystery, on their long tireless flights southward; and it was just as grand to see them, coming up from out of the south on their long runs, heavily laden with mail and passengers, northward, on their way to Madrid, Lisbon, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Rome, St. Petersburg and London, for I should not forget to state that these locomotives at last found their way across the English Channel on a great tubular bridge, built on the bed of the channel and securely fastened, or through a tunnel under the channel—am not sure which, for I have heard that there was such a bridge and, then, again, I have heard that there was such a tunnel.

But these locomotives did get across the channel and, though they were made in stupendous workshops beyond the sea, it seemed to be especially fitting, that they, the most majestic product of modern civilization, should fly on and find a resting place in mighty London. In one sense, it was a home coming for it was here, on one of the little islands, where London is, that the man lived, who first breathed into the iron horse, the breath of life. He had faith in them and toiled long and hard to make them go, but I doubt whether, with all his faith, he saw, away down in the future, the things which these iron horses did that crossed the English Channel.

And the time came, when the Sky Blue train, too, took on a longer run than the one to Constantinople—a far mightier run than that.

It, too, crossed the channel to London and from there, sped

not only through Paris and Vienna to Constantinople, but to other cities.

The day came when it only stopped for a few minutes at Constantinople, for it had a long journey ahead—an interminably long journey. It, too, hummed over Babylon and Nineveh, on its way through Asiatic Turkey and through Persia, to Bombay and Calcutta and then on, and on, with its ceaseless, tireless pant through the capitols of Burmah and Siam in its flight to Peking and Behring Straits, where it took the track of the Fast Mail of the Chicago and Northwestern for its old home in Chicago—and from that day to this, it has stayed on and has not grown tired of its mighty run over the continents of the earth.

It was not at all out of place, that this great train, famous as the "Sky Blue," should have had a run from London to Chicago, for in the beginning, so it is said, the Illinois Central road was largely financed by the people of London and I understand it is yet; and the city of Chicago, so full of restless energy and ambition as to have shown, even in the year 1900, that it had the hope and nerve and will to some day become the rival of mighty London in wealth, population and commerce, was indebted to its great pioneer railroads of which the Illinois was one of the chief for its start in life when it was a struggling country village on the shores of Lake Michigan, a thousand miles from the sea.

And I might say of it, taking the past as something of a guide for the speculations of the future to work upon, that it is no idle dream of Chicago to be London's rival, for aside from her lakes and inland waterways, I have found on investi-

gation, that instead of having in the year 1900, one hundred thousand miles of these steel rivers centering there, she had one hundred and twenty-two thousand miles; and the locomotives which ran over them, went out thousands of miles from home among myriads of farms and workshops and mills and mines and cattle ranches, for what we, in bookkeeping, call in general terms, "merchandise," for the markets of the world, as the steamboat and the ocean liner could never have gone.

The steamboat and the ocean liner were not built to travel on land, where men dwell, mostly, and build their cities and cultivate their farms. And so, it was the iron horse, largely, that went out, far from home, and gathered up that vast mass of material which goes into what we call the commerce of the Atlantic Ocean.

It used to be said that it was the commerce of the great lakes that made Chicago, Milwaukee, Detroit, Toledo, Cleveland and Buffalo, but that was only half true—a great deal less than half true, for the commerce of the great lakes in fact, only came from a small strip of land along their border, over which horses and wagons could bring stuff to market—and the balance—where did it come from, the balance of that great volume of stuff which was seen on the lakes?

Chicago had and still has a vast lake commerce, but after all, when we come to think about it, nearly all of it was brought to her by those faithful steel limbed creatures which went far out from home across the almost boundless prairies, through the vast, illimitable forests, through the great corn and wheat fields of the west, up the river valleys and almost

into the mines and quarries on the hunt for business, which they found and brought back, "on the wings of the wind," so plenteously as to not only have made her great, but many other cities, also—a vast business, so vast that I am almost afraid to put an estimate upon it, but so vast as to not only have made these cities and towns grow and become rich and great, but to have overflowed and made the whole land rich and great.

The locomotive has brought in, if I may somewhat repeat, myself, from the valleys and from the mountains and the hills, nearly all of that great volume of stuff which goes into what we call "commerce"—that great volume of "stuff" which clears from Chicago and New York and Boston in ships—and so many, so very many of these locomotives were and are still working for Chicago. So, it may be that the dream of the little, one time, struggling town on the shores of Lake Michigan is not an idle dream, for already something like a couple of millions of pretty wide awake people have cast in their fortunes and their lives and all that they hope to be with her—and myriads of locomotives are at work.

So, because of some of the things, which I have rather faintly outlined, it was not inappropriate that this great Illinois Central train should have a run from Chicago to London. In fact, there was just a faint suggestion in this long run, that the Sky Blue had two homes, one in Chicago and the other across the sea. And who knows but that there was some connection between Chicago and her mighty strides forward, and in the gathering of the resources which have made her great and powerful, and of the railway com-



pany which owned the Sky Blue train and of that great city beyond the sea.

I will not undertake to follow the trail and see whether there was such a connection or not but I will pause to say that the great city beyond the sea was interested in the railway company when it was a young struggling company and when Chicago was a young struggling city.

Today, the great train which runs from London to Chicago is known more than any other train in the world as the great English and American train. And since it commenced to run those mighty runs, no one, yet, has undertaken to say what all it has done.

The Empire State Express, also, took on a longer run than the one to St. Petersburg. When its twin brother crossed the English Channel, it did, too, and these two great trains—the two fastest long distance trains in the world—met in London in the same great railway station.

One day, it started from London on a run which took in not only Paris, Berlin and St. Petersburg but hundreds of other towns and cities away beyond these—and people saw it, flying, as it had flown on its daily runs in the new world, across the vast distances of Asia to Behring Straits, where, it, too, took the track of the Fast Mail part of the way for its home in New York—and its time was seven days.

When I say that people saw it, I speak advisedly. Millions saw it.

I might slightly digress at this point and say that ever since that day in 1893 at the beginning of the World's Fair in Chicago, locomotive No. 999, which pulled the Empire

State Express, has been an object of interest. On that day, it set the pace for the whole world of locomotives and until the Sky Blue locomotive came, it was the "undisputed champion of the steel highway," though that long-limbed iron horse which pulls the Colorado Limited—and whose name, I was once going to change to "Kittie"—just after the close of the Paris Fair in 1900, for fourteen miles on a level track, made a hundred miles per hour with a heavy train—and a very high average for over a hundred miles—and, I believe, more than a mile a minute for several hundred others.

But, it was on this run, in May, 1893, that No. 999, covered single miles at one hundred and twenty miles per hour. An article printed in the New York world, not long ago, says: "In May, 1893, without breathing hard, No. 999 did a nine mile spurt on a level track at the rate of 102 miles per hour. On the same trip and many times afterward, the great locomotive drew the Empire State Express during a long run at a sustained speed of more than a mile a minute. It was photographed in its great act by the biograph process and to this day on countless moving picture screens, breathless music hall crowds may see its counterfeit presentment appear and vanish in a calcium glare."

And so, millions of people saw it—saw it in moving picture form, too, that moved—long before it started on the run from London to New York. And from that day to this, the Empire State Express and the Sky Blue have had these long runs—and the Fast Mail, too, though in getting out of Europe, via Constantinople, it passed through the city of

Trieste, where the artist painted it into everlasting fame, in his picture of the "Invitation."

A little later, the Wabash on the Wabash and the California Express and the Southeastern Limited, were put on the same long distance run, and the Sunset Limited, the Black Diamond Express, the Rock Island Limited and the Pioneer Limited, the pride of St. Paul road, which is the competitor of the Fast Mail between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul, were put on the northern run, for the great highways between the continents, over which these trains flew, became known as the Northern Route and the Southern Route.

If I may be excused for mentioning it, I spoke once of giving the Lehigh Valley Railroad to a girl, but I will take the liberty, now, of giving its great train, the Black Diamond Express, to the Czar. As he bought the Empire State Express, and as the Black Diamond always claimed to be its rival between Buffalo and New York and as some disposition ought to be made of the latter I will make him this present. Though it was a rival in speed and beauty, to the Empire State Express, it was handicapped by having to climb a lot of hills and mountains on the way, and they always delayed it, but when it got to a level track it took on a gait that put it to the very front of the world's great trains. Though the great train was often worried, no doubt, by the hills and mountains and wished that they were in some other country, lots of people liked to ride on it, even if it did have to slow down, because in the old hills and mountains was some of the prettiest scenery in Eastern North America.

I wanted to see it go past once when on another train going

in the opposite direction. While opening a window to get a better view, it went by. All I got to see was a black spot going by, so I feel sure that if the Czar likes to go fast and likes something beautiful, he will accept the Black Diamond Express.

Having made the Czar a present of the Black Diamond Express, it is only fair that his brother King, across the way, should have something, too. As the Alton Limited was left on my hands and as it got to running through Berlin on its long runs and as the Emperor must have wanted it, I will give it to him. I trust the Emperor—I was going to say William, or just simply “Bill,” if he will allow me, after the style of name used by many of my old friends on other friends—will be pleased with his present. I might explain and say that I do not mean to hurt the Emperor by speaking of him as William or “Bill.” Probably, more than half the Williams’ in the United States have been called “Bill” at some time, and so it is not likely that it will do him any more harm to call him “Bill,” than it did them. Sometimes, the owner of these pet names seem nearer to their friends. The name “Little Corporal,” was a better name to conjure with than “Sire” or “Emperor,” and so it might be that if the people got to calling their king, just simply “Bill,” or “Uncle Bill,” he might find it to be the best and strongest title of them all. But whether he is called “King,” “Emperor,” “Bill” or “Uncle Bill,” I give him what some say is, “the handsomest train in the world.”

After these two routes had been established and had been in operation for some time, another, a great Central Route,

was laid out. It laid on an average of from five hundred to a thousand miles north of the southern route and stretched from London, Paris, Berlin and Vienna to Pekin, where connection was made with the existing roads. The Fast Mail of the M. P., the F. F. V., the Colorado Limited, the Alton Limited and the Atlantic Express of the Erie—and I ought to pause and say something more about the Erie train, for it was indeed a great train, one of the greatest in the world—were put on these long new runs, and they opened up, and developed, one might say, almost a new earth.

But there were other great East and West main lines built still later on through Europe and Asia. In fact, in time there came to be more of them than there were in existence across the North American Continent in the year 1900, and all the other trains which did not go down from Europe to work in the Dark Continent, including the Chicago Express of the Pere Marquette road which I forgot to mention, ran upon these great new highways.

I will scarcely stop to speak of the things—I will call them “things” for want of a better name—that came out of the long runs these trains made through the nations of the earth and through continents which were dark—and some which were not so dark—of the powers, influences and interests which they moved and of the hopes and fears which came to be wrapped up in them as they for years and years went out across the world on their long journeys and their great missions.

The cities, and there have come to be so many cities, which

lie along their courses, would almost as lief think of having the earth pass away as to have them taken away.

And their missions—well—speaking somewhat in a larger sense—they reduced the world in size—commenced to reduce it to a neighborhood and they took civilization with them. always. They had plenty of it to give and they gave prodigally of it to all the people of the earth; and they, the people, were enriched by their coming and going. Yes, they gave a great deal of what we call civilization, to the world, for whatever there is in modern civilization, it takes it about all, to make and run these trains.

The roar of the blast furnace and rolling mill and the workshops and mills and factories of a thousand kinds, the rumble of the printing presses, the incessant click of the telegraph, the multitudinous voices of the telephone, the glare of the electric lights and there are millions upon millions of them, the whirr of the dynamo, the drive and turmoil of the locomotive works and car shops and bridge manufactories and the noise and bustle of the world's young giant, electricity, coming forth at the beginning of the twentieth century with a million hands and arms to labor for man for all time to come, are all in these trains and the running of them.

Even in the year 1900, some of these iron horses, of which I have written, had eyes lit up with electricity, seemingly, as bright as the blazing sun at noon day. I remember, once, in walking through the switchyards of the C. H. & D. road at Cincinnati of seeing the headlight of a locomotive approaching me, so brilliantly lit up as to almost blind one nearly a quarter of a mile away.

At least the gleam of that headlight made me take my eyes from it, just as the sun would have done.

They made this old world tremble and pulsate with the throbbing of a new life, those great trains did, on their long runs, but I will not speak of their triumph, now, except to say, that from the day, the Royal Blue, the Lake Shore Limited and the Overland Limited went across Africa "on the wings of the wind," Africa was called the dark continent no more.

As to the civilization of Africa and the building of cities there, an artist painted three pictures—pictures somewhat fanciful, some might say—of some locomotives building a city in the desert. It might be considered an impossible thing to do—to build a city in the desert but the artist had faith in iron horses for he had seen them do some wonderful things in building up a country where there were no cities or towns or farms or workshops, and filling it with them.

The first picture represented the laying out of the metes and bounds, and of the streets and avenues. The surveyors at work laying long slender lines of steel rails, which seemed to run in nearly every direction, were five or six huge locomotives. Some were facing you in the distance, some were moving in the opposite direction, some were standing still and some were moving sidewise to and from you, near by. On the tenders of those you could see, were the cabalistic letters—at least cabalistic to the old desert—L. S. and M. S.; U. P.; B. & O.; T. P.; Great Northern; N. P. and Pennsylvania Lines, for I might say that the Pennsylvania, the Texas Pacific, the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern, in

later years, in running south out of Paris, split their trains, as railroads usually do—leaving each portion as large as the original—one part going on to the old destination and the other turning off through Spain for Africa, and so, it happened in the course of time, that all these trains, as shown in the picture, went to work in Africa.

Another represented great trains, headed by these same locomotives, pulling a vast multitude of people and all kinds and manners of material which go to make the construction of a city into the city, so laid out by them. The third represented the city, built in the desert with great steel highways running into it.



## CHAPTER XIV.

## A POISONOUS DRINK.

Statesmen caught the inspiration of the great painters, sculptors, poets and singers, scientists and philosophers and devised plans by which, the growing humanized public sentiment of the world could be worked to kill giant enemies of the race; and the great iron horse gathered up this 20th century sentiment, wherever it had been strongly generated, as it had gathered up man's merchandise, and carried it far away, where it was unknown before and gave it to people, who had for ages been living in the gloom of human existence.

The drink habit and the deadly traffic, back of it which had been attacked in America and destroyed in Russia—and America, too—and which had been warred against for years, elsewhere, met death at last, wherever it existed.

I will stop and comment a little on the overthrow of this traffic—this alleged industry. It used to be defended by millions upon millions of friends, not only in one age, but in all ages; and poets had sung in their ignorance of its virtues—that is, of the drink, itself— and preachers had administered it as a religious rite to men in health as well as in the “last hour and article of death,” and doctors had prescribed it as the one universal medicine for “every ill that flesh is heir to.”

Men in their blindness, drank it in winter, when the cold was intense, to keep warm and in the summer to keep cool; and while it would quench thirst as effectually as salt water, people would drink immense quantities of it for that purpose—and some would drink ten times as much of it as other men would drink of water—and even then, their thirst would not be quenched and they would have to return to water.

This “industry” assumed gigantic proportions. In some cities there were as high as ten and fifteen thousand places where this stuff alone, was kept and sold—an honor which was not paid to sugar or tea or rice or meat or bread. In some quarters of some cities, almost every other “business house” was one of these places, and, as a matter of fact, in those quarters they did almost all the business—there was not much chance for any of the other kinds of business, and as a result of their monopoly of trade, one could always distinguish the difference between one of these neighborhoods and another, where the business was confined to dry goods, hardware, groceries, clothing, bread and meat and shoes.

There was as much difference in looks, between them as there was between a neat, industrious, sober man and his family, and an old toper, dirty and ragged, and his family—which family he had—this old toper—dragged down to rags and dirt and squalor and brutality. I said “he had dragged down.” I ought to qualify that statement, and will, further on—for he had help—and such help!

This business was defended and kept going for ages. It was believed in. People almost swore by it and they cherished it with a love as keen as that which they had for the flouring

mill—if not a great deal keener. But, who, now, in this age—we who live without it, just as we live without the black stake, the immolation block, the rack and the thumbscrew—would defend it?

We have become so used to the higher order of things that we would, as lief, think of defending the immolation block, the black stake, the rack and the thumbscrew and that other hellish industry—the catching and rearing of men and women for purposes of barter and sale.

While the right to make and sell this stuff for drink purposes was no more defensible than the right to buy and sell human brains and muscle and sinew, for the slave might still be a man, and the natural strength of his mind and body might not necessarily be sapped and destroyed, and he might still be greater than his master as Aesop was, yet it was defended.

As no right existed whereby one man could buy or sell another for profit, either for laboring or eating purposes, and as no right existed, or still exists, whereby one man, or set of men, can make money by impoverishing and killing their fellow men, no matter whether the victims are too ignorant to understand the *modus operandi* of the killing or not, or are too weak to defend themselves, then, why should nations—governments that pretend to be civilized—recognize and defend such an assumed right in one case, any more than in the other?

The history—and I give this as a reason against the right—of this last named traffic to exist, is such a history as shows that in justice and in right, it has not, now, nor ever did

have, the remotest claim to such a right. It is a long history, an interminably long history, of man's degradation, fall and death—a history so full of episodes and tales and tragedies, that it tells in figures of stupendous size of the destruction of great nations and peoples. It has written its own history in blood, rapine and tragedy—in colossal characters of that kind—and twentieth century science has written its epitaph, which, in plain English, mercilessly reads, "It lived and grew and flourished only as it could ruin and kill men and women."

They used to talk about having good times, drinking this drink stuff, but they might as well have talked about having gloriously good times, eating arsenic, or playing with rattlesnakes and cobras, for the laboratory, long ago, put the mark of the skull and cross-bones on every drop of the stuff. In fact, it did not require the testimony of a chemist or an anatomist, to put up the sign of death, for when a man drank of it and then reeled and staggered and fell down, as millions of the people did who were having a "good time," and thought and talked like an idiot, what more proof should any man with even half sense have wanted that there was, and is, something wrong with it? Well, that thing, which had dragged men down for so long a time and had buried nations, so often, is dead and man has already risen in a thousand ways.

This thing became a power in its day and it made some of the most abominable social customs, ever known. It also trained men how to make swine of themselves; and it never hesitated to teach little children how to stagger and fall down and how to become worthless, good-for-nothing vagabonds.

Vast numbers of men, so fell under its control, that they would get together and drink this deadly liquid, no matter whether they were thirsty or not—would even drink it when they did not want it, because the customs it had made, said, “drink.” Horrible as it may seem, now, some men got so they could drink ten and twelve huge glasses at one sitting—and some as high as forty huge glasses in a day—and they said it never hurt them. They were honest in it, too—actually believed it did not hurt them. With just as good sense, a man could have said, because he had schooled himself to eat arsenic, that therefore arsenic did not hurt him. An article may be all right as a drug but all wrong as a food or drink.

It—the traffic in this drink—acquired great power and it ruled some nations with a rod of iron. Great political parties bowed down before it and, to win its favor, would grovel on their bellies in the mud. It finally got so arrogant and so sure of its power that no statesman in office, in all the land, dared to open his lips against it, even, though it slew his own sons and daughters.

And many a man who hated it in secret, smiled up into its face when he bent the knee, lest the upraised lash should descend and cut the flesh off his own back. In its pride and its contempt for the people and of the government which had been instituted for the equal good of all and for the protection of the weak and helpless, it got too arrogant and too sure of its grip on power—and it courted death. Forces were, at last, aroused, which proved to be its master and that thing which was spoken against, and the generations of man warned against by those in the far away past, who claimed

to have heard "the voice of God "warning the world against it," is dead.

How this traffic was ever able to maintain itself for so long a time, is a mystery to us, today, for it is so abhorrent and so deadly that it can scarcely be accounted for on any other ground than that the people were, on one side, afflicted with a suicidal mania, and on the other were so selfish and heartless that they cared nothing for the destruction of their fellow men. It was like unto a town wherein was a poisoned well of which the people well knew and, yet, while a portion of them would drink of its water and become diseased in mind and body to such an extent that they, themselves, not only would live a living death, but others who did not drink would be cursed and dragged down to poverty and death, also, because of their dependence upon those who did drink, the other portion—the "sound" portion, if you please—would grimly set their teeth and say "Let it alone." "If people want to drink and die and cause others to die, who come in contact with them, why let 'em drink and 'be damned'—we will not disturb the well."

Somehow, people got so used to this way of doing business," that millions of good people—good in most other respects—would have said and did say, "Let it alone," and they would have said, "Let it alone," even, though nine persons in ten in every village, town and city in the land were laid away in drunkard's graves in the potter's field. This "traffic" had hardened men and women just that much—but to stop such a thing as that from killing men, women and children in their midst by hundreds and thousands, why, that, so it was

said, would jeopardize "party success," as it was called; and the bare thought of jeopardizing the lives of the then existing political organizations was enough to make the people become the enemy of the man who proposed it. No pity came into the hearts of millions of men and women, who called themselves "our best people," when the liquor power was out at work, crushing defenseless women and children by the million, within sight of their own dooryards. The multitude of hands that were strong were never lifted against this most damnable of all the curses of the race, a curse greater than war, famine, and pestilence, so Gladstone said.

These other curses only came, once in a while, and then went away, but this one staid on and hung around and onto its victims and could not be shaken off. It staid on, and fed on human brains and nerves and bones and sinews, as no tiger, bloodthirsty and fierce, ever hung on to a victim—and the strong would not drive this thing away from the weak. Devout Christians who firmly believed in the anethemas of of the old prophets and who took a world of stock in the curses of their God, against this thing, languidly folded their hands, and when urged to go to work for the extermination of this, their enemy, petulantly said, "Away with you." "Don't you see you are bothering us and doing your cause no good?" And then they would return to their worthless prayers and good-for-nothing piety.

If a man had come into their neighborhood and started a bakery and made bread and sold it, which was poisoned, so that when those who ate it would talk maudlin and idiotically and "holler" and whoop like lunatics, and stagger and

fall down and slobber and hunt around for water, as do rats when poisoned with arsenic, and become blear-eyed and nervous and have caricatures of faces put in place of the one given them by nature—big, wide, hog jowl faces and watery, whiskey-soaked faces—he would have been run out of the country in less than a week; but when another man set up his “shop” and made a drink and sold it which did all that the poisoned bread would have done, these same people scarcely opened their mouths, except to mutter imprecations against the man who had pointed out the means, the “impracticable means,” as they called them, of getting rid of the “shop” or “shops,” and to mouth worthless prayers to the “Throne of Grace” and ask “God” to do what they would not do themselves and which they could have done themselves—prayers as silly and nonsensical as to have asked God to leave his throne and come down and plow their corn and sow their wheat and feed their hogs and fry their bacon and cook their breakfasts—nonsensical and absolutely foolish—because, in a free government, the way was open, and had long since been secured, whereby they could have done these things, themselves—a way just as open as was the way to pass a law and enforce a law against murder or about a tariff.

But these people would not “go” that way. They could see the way to get any other kind of legislation and enforce it, but they could not see the plain, constitutional way of getting it on this question. There were people, millions of them, who would have seen twenty millions of men and women, starve and freeze and die, or would have seen the



entire government, almost, without a doubt, fall to pieces and become a huge wreck before they would have gone this way, if the going that way had meant the dethronement of their political idols and the overthrow of their political party. In speaking of great reforms, was it Garrison or Phillips, who said, in effect, that "the only way to make a people feel," is to sink the harpoon into some cherished political "idol?"—some leader of his people or of his flock—and sometimes, I have thought that the word "flock" was the correct word. I presume the reason why he said this, was because men in power, want, usually, to maintain the existing order of things, for, in upheavels, they may at the close, be underneath, rather than on top, and it is only by harpooning them, by holding them up to public odium and destroying their power, that they and their idolators can be made to feel, and other idols made to fear the same fate.

I will only pause here, long enough to say that some "idols" were harpooned in this reform as they were in the other great one which preceded it—both men and parties—and that their power was completely crushed.

But, Christian, and other, people under the leadership, which was harpooned, before they would come to that point, resorted to all manner of subterfuges and plans and schemes to get God, or somebody, to restrain it; or, if he or that somebody thought it possible to destroy it, why, then to destroy it—and they did this for more than fifty years in Republican America, before they would take a course which was as plain and simple as the getting of a tariff law—that

is, by electing a party that was in favor of it and keeping it in power until the question was settled.

I remember of seeing Ministers of the Gospel look wise and "puzzled" as they sat in their pulpits during a temperance meeting, and then of seeing them look up with a sort of "cockeye" expression and hearing them remark "that they did not know how it was going to be done, but in some mysterious manner, the Lord would open the way."

These men, I thought, did not quite talk like American citizens. They talked and acted as if they were newly arrived foreigners—Turks or Russians, for instance—and that this was a theocracy or absolute monarchy, or something of that kind, and not a republic where the government is made and run by the people. In reference to the Czar destroying the liquor traffic, I said that he did it, because he is so largely the government. What he determines upon, usually "goes" and if it does not "go" by his own personal say so, it is made to "go" with the army's say so, though, in some things, there are limits to his power—but these are to a great extent the dagger and revolution.

But, in this country, for people to go palavering around, about what to do, on things subject to civil law and the enforcement thereof, is as silly and foolish as for the citizens of Athens to have gone around praying to the gods and asking each other as to the means of doing that which they had the power of doing themselves in their own assembly.

While Athens made mistakes, we might get a clearer view of things and understand the principles of free government better if we would read and study up a little on how people

did when they met in one great assembly and did things without the intervention of delegated agents, for our republican government is built on the great principles on which the Athenian government rested—the chief difference being, owing to the vast population, here, and the extent of territory, that we have appointed men to legislate for us, for we could not all get into one building, even if we wanted to go and make laws, ourselves.

I have spoken of Athens, several times.—I would like to refer some of our friends, who sometimes get lost and do not understand the difference in doing things between a republic and an absolute monarchy or theocracy, or something of that kind, to Athens. She deserves it—that is, deserves their or any other mans attention. She was the mother of free government, if there ever was one—and I am glad of it.

Of all the ancient cities, she alone deserves the honor of being its mother—and she made it honorable. She made it respectable—I might say marvelously respectable. Eliminate her, and very likely, there would be today no American or French republic—in fact, no Europe or America, at all, of any consequence.

Allow me to quote a paragraph from Wendell Phillips on this kind of government, in his great speech at Harvard College, entitled “The Scholar in the Republic.” I believe the space taken to dignify free government—and its mode of operation—as he has dignified it, is well taken—and will do good—and I also believe that every lover of free government, the world over should read that speech.

He says: “Anacharsis, one of the seven wise men, went

into the Archons' court at Athens, heard a case argued by the great men of the city and saw the vote of five hundred men. Walking the streets, some one asked him what he thought of Athenian liberty. 'I think,' said he, 'that wise men argue cases and fools decide them.' Just what that timid scholar said, two thousand years ago, in the streets of Athens, that which calls itself scholarship, here, today says of popular agitation—that it lets wise men argue cases and fools decide them. But that Athens, where fools decided the gravest questions of policy and of right and wrong, where property you had wearily gathered, today, might be wrung from you by the caprice of the mob tomorrow—that very Athens, probably secured for its era, the greatest amount of human happiness and nobleness, invented art and sounded for us the depths of philosophy. God lent to it the largest intellects and it flashes today, the torch that gilds yet, the mountain peaks of the old world, while Egypt, the hunker conservative of antiquity, where nobody dared to differ from the priest or to be wiser than his grandfather; where men pretended to be alive, though swaddled in the grave clothes of creed and custom, as close as their mummies were in linen, that Egypt is hid in the tomb it inhabited, and the intellect Athens has trained for us, digs today, those ashes to find out how buried and forgotten hunkerism lived and acted."

There were a multitude of good men in the Republic in those days, who seemed to understand the dignity and powers and responsibilities of free government and who appreciated them, as little as did Anacharsis. They seemed to think that

some mysterious, unknown power was running the country and that all they could do was to pray, beseech and petition and wring their hands. In fact, they did not take as comprehensive a view of Republican government as did Anacharsis. He seemed to think it was an unwise thing to allow wise men to argue questions and fools—the common people—to decide them. These other men, in our time, seemed to think that they—"the fools"—should not decide at all, but that some unknown power should decide, say, some twenty or fifty years afterwards. They never believed in an immediate decision at all. No, sir! "Decide now, on this question?" Why, such a thing never seemed to have entered their heads. "*Decide, now?*" Preposterous! And these men on some great public questions in which they professed to be interested, for years and years, discharged the duties of citizenship in this strange way.

But there was at last, an alignment, politically, in Republics, along the lines of free government, rather than along some other lines, which latter if they had been worked out completely, into general principles, would have constructed governments so monstrous and lop-sided and silly as to have excited the derision of posterity; and in the making of this new alignment, some "idols", who attempted too long to prevent it, were hurled from power, forever. New sets of statesmen did come, at last, in both republics and monarchies, who did take up the work which science had laid out—for all science came to be against this thing—and though it was a long fight, for this thing fought hard to save itself from destruction, it did go at last.

Today, it seems incredible that men could have drank this poisonous stuff in the quantities they did—quantities, annually, which would have floated fleets of vessels. It would be impossible of belief, were not the facts too well established and were it not known that women have eaten arsenic daily, until death overtook them and that they seemed to enjoy traveling that road. Myriads upon myriads drank this pungent, noxious stuff—a fluid which was very aptly called by the North American savages, “firewater.”

Science found that this “firewater” was taken up by the blood and carried to all parts of the body and that then, the fight commenced by the various organs of the body to get rid of it, for they, one and all, declared it an enemy. This poison was expelled wherever possible. Part of it got out through the skin, and part through the lungs and part in other ways. While the lungs were hard at work, supplying the body with oxygen, they were compelled, at the same time to wage a fight against this intruder and so industriously did they try to overcome and expel it, that the breath of the victim would be loaded with its odor.

The stomach would suffer, and in millions of cases gave out. The liver would become a mass of sores and the kidneys and other organs of the body would cry out in agony against it. In the brain, it had not such a good chance to escape as it had in the lungs and so, while it was there, it would raise “Hail Columbia” with the delicate machinery of the mind, millions of nerve cells would be broken up and reason, itself, would reel on its throne—and so, the drunken man would think and talk like an idiot.

It was, indeed, a bitter foe that could take the brain and nerves of a strong, healthy man and in less than an hour, make the mind stagger and the body reel and fall down—could make the great lawyer, the great teacher, and the great scientist think and talk like an idiot. It was no common foe of man that could do such work as that .

Man's body, once rounded out and well proportioned, would become distorted and misshapen. Here was one man, whose stomach and intestines had grown or rather swelled to such proportions that he hardly had the shape of a man. He was a monstrosity. I have spoken of one—I should have spoken of millions. Some cities were full of these poor unfortunates. There were other millions of men, whose faces had acquired a skin as repulsive as a toad's. I have seen beer drinking women, whose eyes, once beautiful and shapely, had become imbedded in beer fat—and eyes imbedded in beer fat are hideous. Healthy flesh on tens of thousands—hundreds of thousands of men and women—was converted into what should be called "beer meat." Some cities, that is, the people in them, drank more of this poisonous stuff than they did of water—and the effect on the mental and physical welfare of the people, was precisely the same as if some bitter enemy had poisoned the city's water supply.

If a stranger from some unknown country had passed along some of the streets of some of our cities and had seen the crowds of men, collected about the doors of grog shops—victims of this traffic, customers and defenders of the business—he, no doubt, would have thought that he had passed a lot of hospitals of some kind.

Vast multitudes of people, not only impoverished themselves but threw immense financial burdens on the balance of the population. Asylums, penitentiaries, poor houses, hospitals and other institutions for the care of the products of the liquor industry were established and maintained out of the public treasury. While the expense of constructing and maintaining these excrescences on the body politic, for that is what they were, no matter how fine they were, was almost incalculable, the temper of the public mind was such that nearly every community wanted one or more. One of the means of relief the good people had, who were responsible for this condition of affairs, because they did not understand the difference between free government and autocratic, or ~~theoretic~~ <sup>sales</sup> government, was a tax or license. In other words, they undertook to make the liquor traffic support itself, which is impossible—but, the traffic, coolly put the tax, or license, on to the consumer; and millions of little children, and helpless, ragged women had, in fact, to pay a large part of this tax—by going without the necessities of life.

In the struggle for this enemy's overthrow, I must not forget to say a few words about one of the forces that helped—and that was the stage. It is said that the liquor power in the blind assumption that nearly everything was for it and but little against it, never dreamed that the stage would take up arms against it, but it did. There used to be a good deal of prejudice against the stage, but there is not now.

When the long, hard fight was on to the finish for the death of this thing and for the betterment of the world, the



stage took sides and it covered itself with glory—the kind of glory that “fadeth not away.”

Yes, it went into the fight and when it got a taste, it drank so deeply of the blood of the liquor devil that no enemy of man will ever care to meet the stage again, in a fight to the death. It has become, since then one of the most powerful engines of reform that the world has ever seen. The opera house and the theatre have become not only, great centers of amusement and entertainment but of education as well.

Great tragedians came forth and made war on the liquor power and they won imperishable renown. They played not merely for dollars and cents and the flitting popularity of a day or so, but they played for the gratitude of mankind, for a place in their country's history and for a loving remembrance by that multitude, so large that no man can number them, which is to follow us.

That thing, which, in the very heart of great cities, used to seize a child and set it on a red hot stove and hold it there with unflinching nerve until the bones were charred and it had screamed itself to death—that thing which used to coolly cut a child's throat and do such little tricks as these within a stone's throw of the workshop, school house and public library, and about whose antics, it had trained people to laugh and titter, was seized and put on the stage by the great tragedians—and people laughed no more. He showed up a cruelty and relentlessness by the side of which, bloodhounds on the trail of a fleeing slave was mere childish sport.—And politicians and party leaders, no longer spoke of the paramount importance of the tariff and like questions

—for the tariff was never known to put a child on a red-hot stove nor to cut a baby's throat. The great tragedian showed the difference between the liquor question and all other such questions.

Great tragedians made whole opera houses shriek over this thing's antics.—And great comedians came forth and made whole theatres ring with laughter over the "antics," too. I said the people laughed no more. I take that back for they did laugh, but it was not of that species of indulgent laughter to which it had been so accustomed. It was more of that species that Charles Dickens and Jonathan Swift used to evoke.—And it is a pity that they were not alive to help write it "to death" which they could almost have done, themselves, so some think.

Yes, the opera house and the theatre had something to play for and work for. Great plays were gotten up, plays that had in them, the germs of national prosperity and greatness—plays that went straight into the foundation and very perpetuity of republican government—plays that spoke not only of personal love affairs but of affairs so wide and deep that they included within their sweep, millions of personal love affairs and the growth and spread of civilization, itself. Yes, plays were gotten up, of such transcendent dignity and power, that even the plays of the great English Bard will die and be forgotten long before they will be, for with all his splendid genius, he wrote not on greater subjects, nor had he such lofty objects in view.

They wrote and played for a greater prosperity and happiness among the people and for the safety and perpetuity of

the Republic.—And such purposes give great dignity and grace to plays.

Anyone glancing through the great throng, at the opera house, today, can see the faces of those who have been redeemed. What I mean by this is that there are so very many there, now, that used to never be there—of people who never dreamed of going to see the great play or to hear the world's great singers. And there, over there, tonight, you can see them, and the world has been turned into something like a heaven for them.

Those well dressed women and girls, in the magnificent opera house, wearing bright smiles on their faces and having a keen interest in life, have come from the unknown throng that never used to see the inside of the great opera house and who lived in garrets and back alleys and were always clad in faded calico dresses and froze and starved in the winter time. It is much better for them to be over there in the warmth and brightness of the opera house and in other places of entertainment than it is to freeze in rags and watch drunken men guzzle beer and whiskey and talk maudlin and vomit on the floor, or on the bed, as they used to often do. Yes, it is much better for them;—and the women, who so long bore the weight of the liquor traffic and had been made to starve and freeze and to go without those things which the heart of woman craves so much, have remembered the opera house because of the great fight it made in helping to drive away rags and cold and gloom and hunger and in helping to change drunken husbands, brothers and fathers into sober, industrious citizens.

The opera house has found what a difference it makes, too. It is better for it to have those chairs filled with the smiling faces of the new patrons than to have them empty. And the cotton and the woolen mills know what a difference it makes, too, for the vast throng of women who used to dress in rags and faded calico to be well clad; and they all know the difference it makes about the men, also, for the nasty, dirty, ragged, broken down specimen of man is fast disappearing.

It is no wonder that wheels, long festooned with cobwebs, commenced to turn in workshops; that fires were lit in blast furnaces; that rolling mills ran up to their full capacity and great railway lines were built, for the drink bill of the United States, alone, for the year 1898, for instance, was large enough to have built fifteen great highways of steel, straight across the continent from New York to San Francisco, at an average rate of thirty thousand dollars per mile, if the money had been expended for the one item of railroads as it had been expended for the one item of drink. Yes, the people spent fourteen or fifteen hundred millions of dollars, every year, for poisonous drinks and got nothing in exchange worth mentioning—except shattered nerves, diseased bodies and minds and a thousand “ills that flesh is *not* heir to,”—and some of them got experiences that could not be equaled “this side of hell.”

Already trade and manufacture have learned of the difference it makes for the people to spend items of this size with them, instead of with the distiller and brewer and saloon keeper. In fact, here is where a very large part of that won-

derfully increased trade and commerce and industry came from to which I made reference in a preceding chapter.

Already, the glory of the stage has become part of the nation's—of the world's glory, too—for it has made the world bigger and richer. And it has woven itself by its plays and songs and by the names of its great comedians and tragedians into the web and woof of national greatness. A new power seems to have come to it and a new set of responsibilities rest upon it, and as true men and women try to measure up to the responsibilities put upon them, so the stage has arisen to the heights of the new occasions. It stands in close touch with the two or three great forces which have so much to do in making and directing public opinion. One of its first rules in putting great questions on the stage and dressing them up in human flesh and blood and making them big, so that the world can see them more plainly is that they are just and righteous and are clearly for its good.

I could say much of the iron horse on this subject, too, for it was for commerce and industry and prosperity you may be sure. The railway companies were among the very first great business institutions in America to speak out against this deadly traffic. Many a beautiful train and costly locomotive had been wrecked, because this poisonous "industry" had made and sold to some one, occupying a life and death trust position, for many of these positions are of that kind—the drink that paralyzes brains, muscles and sinews. Many a train had run "wild" because the engineer, for the time being—and what a "time being," it sometimes was—had turned into a madman or a chattering, slobbering idiot.

Many a "bridge" had been left open and switch unshut, when they should have been shut. Many a wrong order had been given or a right one misunderstood by minds which had been dazed and stupified. The red, white and green lights which had so faithfully come to keep vigil by the side of steel rails, so often and so often, more than once, had been made to tell a lie to the great iron horse—and human lives had been snuffed out, as a penalty, as suddenly as the stars sometimes fall in the heavens.

The power of the railway companies and their almost countless trains as they went thundering over the continents in all directions, was at last, hurled solidly against this "industry."

That thing which had prostituted steam, the great servitor of man, and made it work and toil to ruin him, was made to "feel" the power of the iron horse; and well!—the black smoke no more pours forth from tall chimneys, round and about "drunk factories" and murder mills," as they used to be called, and these great instrumentalities for evil being deserted by man, have become in their ruin and decay, tenanted only with owls, bats and spiders—places shunned and avoided as places of ill omen.

The Iron Horse did not have much difficulty in understanding the plain, simple principles of republican government. It understood the necessity of running the government against the "business" rather than for it, or with it, and it helped to organize a majority of the people into a party organization, which was not afraid to fight it in a life and death struggle; and when, in the republic, the victory was



accomplished and its places of business had become tenanted by owls and bats, and later on, when the steel highways had been completed over the earth, it took up the cry and thrilled the world down with its defiance of the liquor devil, wherever it existed. In fact so conspicuous was the iron horse in the fight that one of the great party emblems was the forward end of a huge locomotive, just penetrating through a mass of fog, or darkness, with a glimpse of wheels here and there, of a great train behind it, and of a mass of telegraph and telephone wires on each side of the track. The pilot, the smoke stack, the head light and the cylinders of the locomotive have just penetrated the darkness, and the train is rapidly approaching a rising sun far in the distance. In fact, the locomotive seems to have struck a pair of sunbeams and is running on them. I might stop a moment to say that later on a great nation in the east, the one that had persistently refused so long to accept the iron horse; that had torn up its track and had tried to destroy it wherever it could be found, at last not only accepted it, but adopted this same party emblem and made it its great national emblem.

Millions of pictures were painted about this liquor traffic and the different phases of the struggle against it—pictures transcendently grand and beautiful, some of them, which showed up or tried to show up in color, form and expression, the vast sums of happiness, which had been added to the general store of happiness and the misery, so far-reaching and boundless in quantity, which had been subtracted as it were from it. Love between man and woman, which had lived in all ages under the shadow of this curse, and which in so

many instances—innumerable instances, I might say—had withered and died in want and destitution, round and about cold and deserted hearth-stones, fears it no more; and the young men and young women mate and weave out life's happiness as they think best with never a thought of this giant enemy coming between them, except as some memory of dark days gone forever comes to them. The poets wrote poems and the singers sang songs; and the violin, organ and piano—dumb instruments of music—have become inspired and filled, as it were, with some of the sweetest sounds in the world, and libraries have been written, out of the history—detail and general, for it has had a long history, some parts fearfully bloody—of this “industry” and of its downfall.



## CHAPTER XV.

## SLAVERY.

After the great trains commenced to run in Europe, that summer, where all the world could see them, they carried the idea of free government with all its powers and responsibilities, principles and benefits, deep into countries which had never known such things; and some false ideas fell to rise no more and some hoary-headed old wrongs were stricken to the death.

Slavery, that hideous traffic in human brains, blood and muscle which had dragged down into degradation and ruin, so many millions—billions—of the world's population and made them valuable and marketable like hogs and cattle was destroyed throughout the earth. . .

Civilization hissed it with its auction block and bloodhounds and chains and fetters from off the world's great stage, forever, and no man, since then, has stood in fear of the fate that was once the spectre, grim and terrible, of whole continents. It took an awful struggle, though, to get rid of it, and especially was this true in this country whose boast for so long a time, has been that it was "the land of the free and the home of the brave" and the asylum of the oppressed of all nations. This thing, as we all know, before the public conscience became troubled over the wrong the nation sheltered, was thoroughly entrenched in the laws, customs and opinions

of the people. Vast sums of money were invested in slaves and the returns from their labor were so immense that, almost, the whole people were poisoned, socially, morally and mentally. To give up slavery, was to give up property of vast proportions and sources of revenue, private, and public—which had no equal anywhere on earth. As a result, the whole people were, at first, disinclined to disturb such conditions and they resented any attempt to seriously discourage or injure such possessions and emoluments. But the fight waxed fiercer and fiercer until it took the form of the most fearful war of modern times—a war in which a half dozen contending armies, aggregating over three millions of men, struggled for over four years for the mastery. Deeds of valor were performed on either side by individuals and by masses of men, which would have awakened the applause of Napoleon's "Old Guard" and given the heroes a place within its ranks. In the two days battle at Gettysburg, Pickett's men made successive charges that were so bloody and terrible, that in twenty-five minutes, more men were killed and wounded, so it is said, than in the first fifteen months of the whole South African Boer war—and this is not saying anything against the Boer war, either. Yes, slavery died in our own country, but it died hard.

A magnificent opera house, more costly than the Auditorium at Chicago or the Grand Opera House at Paris, has since then, been built in the capitol of the nation, by those who were in bondage and by the children of those who were. It is so beautiful and grand that when strangers go to Washington, their attention is divided between it and the capitol

and the great library building. In that opera house is a drop curtain, so finely painted that it fairly speaks with eloquence—an eloquence, the artist has caught from him who spoke for the slaves. This curtain tells a tale of its own—of a long, hard fight—and it thrills those who were once bondmen and those who were not.

The picture painted on the curtain is that of a monument—an unfinished monument—for it will take a long time to finish it—and the artist has not undertaken to paint more than what was finished in front of the capitol at Washington and it shows up, grandly, close by. Carriages are driving down the splendid avenue and disappearing in the distance. Elegantly attired men and women, representing all that is grand and beautiful and delightful in society, are coming down the steps of the capitol and are standing in groups, round about the monument, looking up at it. The President, the great Lincoln, himself, is in one of the groups. In the crowds, here and there, are Chase and Sumner and Seward and Stanton and Garrison and Lowell and Mrs. Stowe and Beecher and Whittier and scores of others who became famous in the struggle against slavery. They are all passing by, under the shadow of the monument or standing about, looking up at the central figure. The outlines of beautiful buildings can be plainly seen near by, while others can be faintly seen in the distance.

The monument, as shown in the picture, is primarily a single figure, in battle array, with a pose like unto that which I once saw on a drop curtain in an opera house—a pose which

shows an attitude of defence as well as that of striking down an enemy.

It is a monument, an unfinished monument, to him who was hated so long and who, above all others, spoke the fetters from off four millions of slaves—the man who had faced mobs and hurled thunderbolts among them and tamed them, who had spoken to the nation when it was full of wrath, who had denounced the slave power when its passions were seething and boiling with hate and murder and who had never flinched, nor halted, nor trimmed, nor swerved an inch. It is a monument, as it were, to the hound that never was afraid. that could not be misled, that could not be called off and that followed the game to its death.

The monument shows up this man, not exactly as he looked in the flesh, though he was a handsome man, but as he was in mind and soul—a creation of Godlike, heroic mould and action—a figure such as some great artist would delight to make live, forever, in marble. It was the highest conception of the artist's mind in human grace and beauty and strength—it was a figure and a pose which brought to mind, Shakespeare's words, "In form and moving, how express and admirable. In action how like an angel." As I said, it was a figure and a pose which represented this man's mind and soul in action during that long, hard fight before the crowd came to help; and the picture on the canvas was the picture of a human mind.—And I think that the man who spoke so eloquently before the nation for so long a time, when it was angry and impatient, for the poor, helpless inhabitant of the cotton fields—for him whose very dreams of liberty were so

blurred and indistinct and so clouded with the realities of the lash, the bloodhounds and the slave markets that he, himself, could never have gotten the images of the tangible and the intangible separated in his mind—is worthy of such a conception and such a place.

At this day when all civilization looks askance at slavery and its horrid accompaniments, I think that the old slave power, which bathed the nation in blood before it would give up, would, were the monument to be rebuilt, help to pay the artist in his work of chiseling out again, such a conception, for even though its losses were more than the gains of “two hundred years of unrequited toil,” as Lincoln said, it can, I think, in the early morning glare of this twentieth century civilization, only wish that its connection with this thing had never been.

The enemy, which this figure, so full of grace and beauty, with mantle torn and shredded, is striking down, is slavery; and it can be distinctly seen round about it, in the form of hideous figures, terrible to see, representing Furies with disheveled hair, with lash in one hand and chains and fetters in the other; bloodhounds famished and fierce with jaws distended, reeking with blood, and mobs in brute form, wilder and fiercer than these others, but slinking away with a backward turn of the head, abashed and awed.

The central figure is of a gold and silver bronze and at its feet are three or four dark colored bronze figures, representing children, some of whom are clinging to their defender and looking up into his face with fear and dread, and others,

slightly behind him, are staring with set eyes, in terror and horror at the figures in front.

In gazing at this scene, the society, pictured in all its wealth, beauty and power, coming down the steps of the capitol and standing around this battle scene is forgotten; and the carriages and avenues and beautiful buildings—even the capitol, itself—passes out of remembrance and the spectator fixes his eyes, long and earnestly at the figure so beautiful and grand in shape and pose, striking down one of man's great enemies—and then, the mind goes off on one of those contemplative researches and future imaginings of what was and what is to be, which makes our nature so much better and nobler.

The reason why the monument is still unfinished is because, when it was commenced, it was determined that certain portions were to be left unfinished, so that every fifty years, thereafter, those who felt themselves better off, in any way, because of the fight made by him who had fought so bravely and so well when the odds were so overwhelmingly great, could have the privilege of adding something to its beauty and completeness.

This man forged his thoughts into bolts of lightning, as it were, and turned them against hoary-headed old wrongs, so often and so much, that it is thought by some, that by the time, the first fifty years shall have elapsed, so many people in the world will feel in debt, and will want to beautify that monument and make it grander, that there will be nothing left to be done by that innumerable throng which will come after them.

Even, though, this man has been criticised for his want of statesmanship in some things and, perhaps, justly, too—I will not undertake to say at this day for we must judge of men's words and actions, largely, according to the conditions surrounding them at the time—I have said what I have of him, because, all things considered, he was and is, more of the whole world's champion against slavery than any other one man. His words on this subject, will, even, today, when read coolly, in cold type, make the nerves tingle and a strange tenseness come over one's muscles; and his voice over all other voices will ring out for all peoples against this wrong through all the coming years.

It is fitting that there should have been a great spokesman against slavery, at that time. The question of slavery may have arisen, and, in fact, did arise, at other times and among other nations, but not as it arose here. There may have been struggles against it in other places and at other times, but they were not struggles in the sense in which this one was here. Slavery might have been strong at other times and places but certainly not so strong and arrogant and daring, as it was when the great advocate commenced to speak against it and lay its horrors bare before the world.

There may have been some blood shed in other struggles concerning slavery but not like there was in this one here. Rome had her slave insurrection. England had her disputes in Parliament and then, quietly said that no slavery should exist within her colonies. France had her "arguments," too, and Russia freed her serfs, but, they were all very tame affairs, as compared with ours.

Here, a nation was lashed into fury, like as old ocean is when the Storm King is out in his might.

Blood was shed in torrents and cannon roared for four long, terrible years as they had not roared in the world since the days when Napoleon and his "Old Guard" marched all over Europe and camped in every capitol.

Yes, the slave question was magnified, here, and uplifted, so that all the world could see it. The world never got a good glimpse of slavery until then. Slavery went down, after it had made the most fearful struggle for existence in all human history and it will be a lesson, or at least, ought to be a lesson to the race of man for all time to come. Yes, slavery got up here, where it could be seen. And, so I think that the great orator and the great struggle should go together and that they should both speak it out of existence, forever on the earth; and the great iron horse told the world all about slavery and its struggle for existence.

A great many pictures were painted of this man and of the conflict of which I have made mention. The iron horse seemed to take great pleasure in carrying these pictures everywhere, and in an incredibly short space of time it carried them all over the earth.

Wherever it went, it took the friend of liberty and the enemy of slavery and the great spokesman for free government along with it. It seemed to want some one by, who could talk, so that all peoples among whom it went, could understand.

I will refer, somewhat, to two other of these pictures.

The first represents a scene, in which a vast multitude seem



to be angry. They are facing a small group on a platform and are jeering and scoffing at it and are almost ready, as it seems, to hurl stones. The multitude seems to sink away into a vast mass of scowling faces in the dark background.

The central figure in the little group, is a man who is about to commence to speak. By his side is an old man with gray hair and to him, is chained a little child. The old man looks appealingly to him who is about to speak, for the great angry mass in front, seems to overawe and terrify him and the child, shrinking away, looks with timid, scared eyes, up to the old man who is holding him by the hand.

The great crowd in front, with scowling, sinister faces and with threatening gestures fade away into the dark, indistinguishable mass in the rear and is suggestive of the crowd painted by Munkacsy in his "Christ before Pilate."

This was a scene, painted almost true to life, of the great advocate beginning his defence of the slaves.

Another represented a trial scene. Lincoln is on the bench and a great array of distinguished counsel are seated about within the bar, among whom, are some women. The great spokesman for the black man is making the closing argument to a jury, which, at first glance, seems to be of the regular panel of twelve men, but which, as you look upon it, new faces seem to come up from out of the rear until the jury has grown into a innumerable multitude, half hidden in the background.

Through a window in the distance, can be seen, rather dimly, a gang of slaves, working in a cotton field. Close by,

there is an overseer with a whip in his hand and near him is a pack of bloodhounds.

Within the building but outside the bar inclosure is a great crowd of spectators. It is the world's civilization looking on, and in that crowd is a female figure, standing slightly apart, unobserved.

She and the great advocate are the two distinct, clear cut figures in the court room, one within and the other without the bar.

The right hand of the female figure, holds by her side, a pair of balances and a sword; the left hand has raised a bandage and is holding it up from her eyes and she is looking with intense interest at the speaker.

The figures within the railing are men and women, who have made a long, hard fight in defense of the slave. Chase and Sumner and Garrison and Lowell and Whittier and Beecher and Mrs. Stowe and others are there, near by the speaker.

The third picture shows up another part of this same trial scene, except, that in this one, the female figure has become the great central figure. She is still standing in the same place, but she is wide awake, now.

The jury has gone out and the judge and the counsel within the railing and the crowd outside of it are waiting for the verdict with that indolent and yet, expectant air, peculiar to court rooms, save one or two within the bar, who with quick eye, have caught sight of the expression of the central figure and are gazing on her with eyes set and fixed.

She has replaced the bandage to her eyes and has picked up

the scales, which seem to have dropped from her hand a little while before, and has unsheathed her sword.

It is Justice, preparing to render judgment.

These paintings were hung up in the magnificent building at Washington, which had been dedicated to the great Advocate by that innumerable multitude who felt that he had spoken into existence, a better life for them.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## WOMAN.

Shortly after the destruction of the liquor power, which was, by the way, consummated soon after the trains commenced to run that summer, and the total extinction of slavery in the world, another kind of slavery was abolished.

Perhaps, I should speak of this other slavery with reverence for it was a hallowed sort of slavery—a slavery so refined and nicely woven into the affairs of men, that for ages, no one had dared to call it slavery. I mean the slavery of the gilded shackles, wherein one-half of the population of the world was held in subjection to the other half—I will take that back—part of it, at least, and instead will say with more exactness—was held in subjection to cruel and unjust social rules and regulations. At, and long before, the breaking of these fetters, innumerable multitudes of people, including the victims, themselves, looked upon them as things too much sanctified by general usage—as too sacred in their character—for any one to attack or to brand with ordinary invective. I mean the slavery of one of the sexes—and I might say, of the partial slavery of the other for they are so identical in interest that the subjugation of one means the partial enslavement of the other.

For instance, take a country, where the women are compelled to keep their faces veiled and are forbidden to speak

to the other sex, with just a few exceptions—and it is not hard for one who is used to the word “liberty” and who knows something of its meaning to understand that the enslavement of the one sex, extends also to the other.

Here are two eagles. They look alike and have the same characteristics and the same aspirations. One of them can fly away and go whithersoever it pleases—can go and come at its own sweet will. It is free. But its mate is kept in a cage and can not fly away whithersoever it pleases—cannot go and come at its own sweet will. Why should they not both be free?

I said that one of the eagles is free. I should be more exact and say that the fate of the one in the cage goes out—and fastens itself to the other, for the one that is free, does not always want to fly away alone to the mountain crag nor does it want to always return to the cage. They are both in subjection to the cage.

As the eagles with all their free born characteristics and aspirations were in subjection to the cage, so were both men and women in subjection to the social and political contrivances which had no foundation in reason or in nature.

In some countries, women had to keep covered up, as it were, and stay in the house and look out of the windows—and in some countries she did not dare to look out of the windows very much—that is, if she wanted to “amount to anything.” In others she could go out into the street in day time, provided some older woman was with her, but at night, never, unless a friend of the other sex was by her side. In fact, nearly every woman had a guardian over her, sometimes, sev-

eral guardians—not so much to look after her property, for she usually had none, but to care for her character and reputation. It was thought necessary that her character should be formed in secret and in darkness as much as possible. And so, in order that she might have a strong, noble—I should say, feminine—character, she had to live under cover.

There were thousands of regulations for the government of the weaker sex, which had no justice in them, whatever, unless there is such a thing as male and female justice. All of these regulations, probably, grew out of one or two great usurpations of power in the past and as one lie often makes necessary, a thousand others to support it, so these raised a brood of regulations, which, in a variety of forms have lived till almost the present time and which, in one country, had forms so cruel as to result in crippling one-half the population.—And they were firmly established, too, for often it was harder to repeal one of these social usages than one of the more regularly established laws.

And so, by reason of these rules and regulations, the happiness of man was woefully diminished, for there is a world of pleasure in the mingling together of men and women. Lord Erskine, the great English lawyer, who had so much to do, with the help of the English jury in forging the liberty of speech and the press, in the trial of Richard Bingham, said: “Nothing, certainly, is more delightful to the human fancy than the possession of a beautiful woman in the prime of health and fouthful passion; it is beyond all doubt the highest enjoyment which God, in his benevolence and for the wisest purposes has bestowed upon his own image; I rever-

ence as I ought, that mysterious union of mind and body, which while it continues our species, is the source of all our affections and builds up and dignifies the conditions of human life." He might have gone farther and said that one of the most attractive objects in all the world to look upon, is a pretty woman, neatly clad, and that if she were excluded from our public gatherings, from the opera house, the music hall, the park and the street, it would be not only a hardship to her, but a misfortune to men as well. A very large part of the happiness of the world consists in the association of the sexes, but for ages, a very considerable portion of this happiness was lost by imposing a species of bondage on the weaker sex which was almost as cruel as death.

Imagine the difference in beauty, brightness and pleasure of a thousand well dressed men and women listening on equal terms and with equal enjoyment to some great singer in the opera house, and a thousand men and women in some country, where one sex dares not show itself in public. Just as the sum of happiness was made greater for all, by the liberty of the former, so was human happiness made greater for all, throughout the world by granting the same liberties, the same rights and privileges and powers and responsibilities to women as to men, for it must be remembered that all women "are created free and equal and are endowed by their creator with certain inalienable rights and that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

The two together, men and women, make up the social, industrial and political fabric. Take one away and all industry would stop, all government come to an end and the earth

become a silent and uninhabitant waste, so far as man is concerned. If this is so, then how can any one say that one is not entitled to as large a share of liberty, of right and justice and happiness as the other?

Yet, woman, for ages, was compelled to deny herself, largely of these things. In fact, the enslavement of the female sex had gone to such a length that the only free woman, in most countries, was the woman who had no character or standing in the community. If, perchance she exercised some of the simplest, commonest rights that man had long possessed, she was looked down upon with contempt. So, that, in order for a woman to have a good name and a standing with people of character and to associate with them, it was absolutely necessary for her to go into the cage and stay there.

There were thousands of regulations gotten up and cruelly enforced, too, for the government of the weaker sex, so absurd and unjust and harsh that men would have fought to the death and drenched the world in blood before submitting to them. Imagine a social regulation, if you please, whereby a man would not be allowed to appear in public unless some other man accompanied him! What sort of a fight would occur if some power should come from abroad and seek, merely, to subject the men of this country to a law which forbade their appearance in public, unless attended by a woman or some other man? Imagine if you can, the imposition of such laws as would compel men to keep their faces covered, to stay in the house and keep out of sight as much as possible and to refrain from speaking to women, unless of the same family—by blood or marriage. Well, they did have something akin



to that once, in this country, in this, that a man was forbidden by custom from speaking to a woman or having anything to do with her unless he was introduced—which meant that he must get a warranty or guaranty from one of her friends, that he was all right. This and a lot of kindred customs which made the social machine run hard in millions of instances and cut down the male acquaintances of many women—even attractive young women—to a small circle of four or five, grew out of the old idea of woman's weakness and her need of protection. Under this idea of protection, many a young woman of refinement and modesty was compelled to go through life, almost, wholly without friends and to deny herself the pleasure of the company of those who would have been glad to be her friends. And so, lest her reputation should be smirched and she be trampled down into the mire of public odium, she was compelled to lead—not in all cases, but in very many cases—a lonely, wretched existence, with little or no chance of marrying, because, forsooth, she knew no "eligible young men." The old idea of weakness and protection was worked to death and it, at least, went the road of the custom of covering the face, the most beautiful part of a woman, with a veil. People found out that women were protected by themselves and by the law, just the same—at least on the same principles—as small, weakly men are protected. For a time after the overthrow of the unjust and unreasonable regulations which had been applied to women and the putting of them on an equality with men—at least, to a great extent—so far as the difference in nature would permit, some foolish laggards in the march of progress and civilization had

a fear, for a time, that there would be a reaction the other way and men be caught in the meshes of the social contrivances, which so insidiously form and fasten themselves upon their victims and which are so hard to break—regulations, by the way, which would be almost as hard for men to break, when once established, as for women—but these fears proved groundless, for both sexes were too much on the lookout for such possible dangers. And so, today, man and woman are living together and enjoying themselves with each other as creatures, free born and equal—as, no doubt, nature intended.

Lest I may be accused of being an enthusiast for women, of being a blind worshipper at the feminine shrine, as it were, and, because of that, of being, too, biased and prejudiced in their favor to form a just estimate of them, I will pause now, and say that I am not. I used to speak of women with great enthusiasm, but I cannot say that I do now; my enthusiasm is tempered. I can not say that I consider women to be what we used to consider angels to be. In fact, I am inclined to think that what angels we have had were, probably, made out of the masculine gender.

I have my doubts, whether, as things were in the year 1900, women were the equal of men in mind and character—and if they were not, then, of course, they were of an inferior make of human being.

I do not, by this, mean to say that, inherently, women were inferior to men in mental and moral attributes—I simply believe that they had become so. Women have and did have in the year 1900, keen intelligence—and with that as a basis, almost anything was possible. Intelligence! Who can bound

it? Who can, as it were, run its length? And so, the possibility of woman to be the equal of man arose out of that.

I have a profound respect for the possibilities of intelligence—and I do not mean intelligence in the sense in which we use the word “knowledge.” I mean that something within us which has the capacity to acquire knowledge.

In this sense, I think that animals have intelligence;—how much, I do not know; but I have a theory which I will not undertake to explain, now, that there are possibilities wrapped up in the animal mind, which under favorable development, might astonish the world.

With intelligence as a basis—and that, the dumb brute has—I do think that it, the dumb brute, can be taught to understand language as the deaf mute understands it, and if this is so, then the libraries and the art institutions of the world will be accessible to it.

I do not say that it will be so, but I will say that I would not be surprised if the dog and the horse, for instance, will be able to understand, some day, the mysteries of the typewriting machine, the newspaper, the street car and the locomotive.

But returning to women, I believe, that in the year 1900 the average man was above the average woman. I do not see how it could have been otherwise. She had lived for ages in a narrower world, just as the animal, if it has the intelligence I suspect it of having, had lived in a narrower. The sum of human, or animal, experience, had not, for ages been saved up for it and so, the animal in the year 1900 was

densely ignorant, just as some human beings in Africa and the islands of the sea were.

Woman, however, had the advantage over the animal of having had access, more or less to this accumulated store of human experience which we sometimes call "wisdom," or "knowledge," but, nevertheless, in all countries which claimed to have any degree of civilization, she had been shut up in a narrow world which man would not have tolerated at all. And so, in the long lapse of time, her mind and her character had been dwarfed. She had been compelled to live there so long that she reasoned much, no doubt, as the animals reason—in a sort of an instinctive way. Under such conditions, to claim that she was the equal of man in all respects, morally and mentally, would be to claim that, inherently, she was his superior, which I feel sure no one would claim—and, so, in my analysis of her status, as it were, I am not saying anything unjust or unkind after all. The average woman—and I am speaking of her and the average man in civilized countries—lacked the calm equipoise of the man. She was fiercer and more ungovernable in her hates—was more spiteful—and where cruelty seemed to be the necessity of the hour, she was more cruel and tigerish than man.

She did not have as keen a sense of justice as man. In all her judgments, she was more flighty than man, had a more inflammable nature and was more easily excited to anger, love, hate and revenge.

Now, while these estimates may not be altogether pleasing to "our women folks," yet, I do think they are true estimates of her as she existed in the year 1900—and as some old phi-

losophers used to have it, "Truth is" almost "everything,"—"Truth is mighty"—"Truth should prevail." I do think that her "liege lord and master" had a better sense of justice and of right, that he was more prone to tell the truth and that where mercy was required in dealing with those who were on the opposite side, he was more given to mercy.

A woman can be the most pitilessly cruel brute on the earth and where she has power, unrestrained power, she is more difficult to reason with than man. The only hope—in the case of anger and unrestrained power—is the sudden shifting of the moods, and they, unfortunately, do not always shift. Reason and justice are not factors in the case at such times.

Frontiersmen, always, when taken captive, dreaded the squaws, especially. Their genius in inventing new tortures, surpassed the men's; and they could push slivers of iron and splinters of wood under the finger nails or up the nostrils with more relish than could the men—and up to the year 1900, the relative difference between civilized men and women had not so very wonderfully changed in her favor.

I might digress just a little bit, as it were, at this point and say in justice to woman, alone, that there were both men and women—not she alone—who, much as civilization had lifted itself above such a state of affairs by the year 1900, had not been affected and changed so that they would have been above establishing slaughter houses and butcher shops in which to kill other men and women and expose their flesh for sale.

I believe, that in the year 1900, notwithstanding our civilization, then, there were men, so brutal and cruel and sel-

fish that they would not have hesitated a moment in establishing such a slaughter house and butcher shop business, provided it could have been shown to be profitable and reasonably safe.

In the poisonous drink business, the question asked by thousands of men—and some women, too—was not whether “my business will kill my friends and neighbors,” but whether “the law will let me run it” and whether I can make money out of it.”

No, indeed, the question was not whether my business is deadly and will kill or disable or brutalize my neighbors and friends. Such a question as that seldom entered into the calculations of those who prosecuted it. That was a question which was not worth considering, at all. And so, with such an education as that on among people, along business lines, I do not think that I am far wrong in saying that there were those, both within and without the liquor traffic in the year 1900, who would not have asked what I would call the real question in establishing slaughter houses and butcher shops for men and women.

But by reason of the brutal education given in business, in politics, in social affairs, in war and in other departments of the human activities for so long a time, and the encouragement given to frivolous conversations, and of the kindly consideration and indulgence shown them in the manifestation and cultivation of the ill graces—and I do think that women can be especially proficient in the ill graces—woman became on the average, more cruel, more ignorant, more narrow, more unjust and more illogical than man.

Now, while I think all this and much more about the women, I do not see how we can do without them.

Believing that their inferiority as human beings in the year 1900, was not inherent, but was the result, largely, if not wholly, of the peculiar environments under which they had been trained for ages to think and act, I must say that it was only just that they should at last receive justice and be put into environments which would produce men and women of equal mental and moral powers as well as of equal rights. When I speak of their inferiority as to mental and moral characteristics, I make due allowance, or at least, try to, for the ravages which the liquor traffic had made in men, but notwithstanding this, I think there was still a difference in favor of men.

Equal rights do a world of good in righting wrongs, no matter how old they may be. Equal rights bring equal responsibilities—and responsibility often has a very soothing, quieting effect on the turbulent passions and often produces a higher order of thought.

Under the old environments and the old notions of woman's place and duty, I do not see how it could have been possible for her to be of a higher type, mentally and morally, than she was. She was shut out of active participation in nearly all of those loftier things which have had so much to do in making man great and glorious. As to mechanics, that great department of human activity, which has done so much to fill the world with things of beauty and use, which has made cities and towns and villages and railroads and telegraphs and workshops and factories—that great department, which,

so largely and visibly to the naked eye, makes the difference between civilized and savage men—she practically knew nothing. Science knew her not, neither did Law. Art and Philosophy had but a faint remembrance of her. And so, she had grown up and had lived with all these things—these ennobling things—about her, as a sort of dumb looker-on, much as animals are.

No wonder she lacked the breadth, the poise and the balance of those to whom these great fields of thought and action were as workshops and playgrounds.

In those days—I am trying to speak of conditions as they existed before the year 1900—a lot of women would get an idea into their heads and as they would brood over it and think over it and yearn for its realization, they would become reckless, as it were, and unless there was some outside power to prevent them, they would hesitate at no method, no matter how foolish, wild and absurd, to accomplish it. Women were not so scrupulous as men in the accomplishment of their purposes. They, when worked up, as it were, would stop at nothing—wild abandon, even, was not a matter to be considered, then. They would, at such times, without a moment of hesitation, I feel sure, have picked a man's bones to pieces. They would have burned up human minds and bodies—and souls, too, if there had been any to burn. In fact I ran across a case once where some women did almost accomplish the feat of picking a man's bones to pieces. They did it with their tongues and they did it knowingly and intentionally. They poured their evil thoughts into his brain for months and he was so situated that he had to hear them and



and I must really beg pardon once more for using the words, "mouths clamped onto a public teat," for the thought in them is not the most elegant in the world, but, nevertheless, it indicates, pretty clearly, the relation of this breed of statesmen to the countries which they served.

This class of "public servants" would have cheerfully—and often did—let a flock of wrongs settle down upon a nation and nearly devour it and make no complaint, provided there was enough left for them; and rather than get out of office or imperil the chance of getting into office, they would have willingly sacrificed everything but themselves. Every nation has had its career retarded and oftentimes blocked by this species of great men—by men who would not do right themselves, nor make their country do right, unless there was "something in it" for them;—by men, who, on getting control of public affairs, would not permit their country to be, or get, any larger than their own damnable characters and who, oftentimes so impressed themselves upon their country as to make it as odious and villainous as themselves.—I use the word "damnable," not because of the elegance of the word, but because of its expressiveness.

Sometimes, the same unfortunate circumstance happens in small neighborhoods—and this often explains the difference in the character and temper of neighborhoods. In times farther back, some one or two persons, or one or two families became "great men and women" or "great families" in that neighborhood and being dominating factors—and all men being more or less of the imitative disposition—the whole

community in the lapse of time, came to think and act, much as these people did.

What would make these half dozen or more people angry, would make the whole neighborhood angry. If these few were of a good-natured, tolerant disposition, the whole neighborhood would be largely so, too, and if these few were of an envious, malicious, spiteful, jealous, hateful disposition, the community would be, largely, of that general character, also.

And so, this old world has had to move along, just about as these dominating forces would move along—or as they were overcome by other forces which came in conflict with them. Sometimes, terrific combats for the mastery have taken place between them—between good men and bad men. The world has largely moved along this line of conflict between the good and evil forces.

It seems impossible for bad men to long run public affairs. Like as a driver of an eight or ten horse team who is blind, or ignorant of the art of driving that many horses invites a catastrophe—so when bad men get control of public or private affairs, it is not hard to foresee a wreck.

The bad men, the hedgers and trimmers and time-servers and artful dodgers may get along for a time, but they will not get along all the time. Societies, business enterprises, cities, states and nations may run for a time on ignorance, vicious principles and scoundrelism, but they cannot always run that way.

A house may last some time, after it catches fire, but unless the fire is put out, it is doomed. When nests of scoundrels get built into a government, unless they can be torn out, the

government is doomed just as surely as the house is when the fire cannot be put out.

Great reforms, to which I have alluded, aside from doing their own great work, do another work, sometimes almost as beneficial. They nearly always tear out these old nests and breeding places. Many an old nest has come out of a government, which might have staid there, until the whole establishment was a fit place only for bats, owls and spiders, when one of these great movements for the betterment of the race came along and disarranged things so that the whole nest fell to pieces.

No, it can be set down as a rule that bad men can not run things. They think they can but they cannot. The reason is—going a little farther back than effects and considering causes, somewhat—that it takes faith and confidence to run public affairs and nobody has faith and confidence in ignorance, dishonesty, corruption and scoundrelism.

And so, organizations, no matter what they are, or how powerful, soon commence to disintegrate and ultimately will go to pieces when these elements of character become established in them. This statement, harsh as it may sound to bad men, bad parties and bad governments, is backed up, as it were, by an interminably long line of precedents.

It has always followed, I believe, that the statesmen who have builded up on vicious principles of action—those who have permitted wrongs to grow into the foundations of their political life and who have abandoned honesty and truth—are the ones who sooner or later, go down. They must go down if they are in power, or the organizations which they

dominate must go down—and in any event, they go down. They must fail and go down or those eternal things which we call truth and right and which we have been taught to believe are so omnipotent must fail and go down. Men cannot live together without more or less faith and confidence in each other, which faith and confidence are built on truth and honesty. All those things against which, truth and honesty are arrayed, can never be the foundations of societies, or parties or of governments and when the real foundations are affected, the whole superstructure tumbles to the ground, no matter how strong it may seem to be.

Because of these plain truths—plain truths, though they may not be so clearly or so lengthily stated—bad men in government, the hedgers, the trimmers, the time servers, the corruptionists, the thieves and rascals of every description, no matter whether they “dress in purple and fine linen and fare sumptuously every day” or not, build on the quicksands.

But not all statesmen have built on the quicksands. The progress of the world proves that not all of them have built there. There have been men—many of them, who were honest and true, men who were ever on the lookout for the public good, who ever wanted their country to take the right road and who were ever opposed to bad government, no matter whether it was made bad under the pretext that good might come of it, or for any other reason.

Some have built on the rock and the world is heavily in debt to them. Some were ever true to Honor and Truth and to their country's highest interest. Some have lived and some have died, for truth and honor and their country's wel-

fare. And those things for which they lived or for which they died, and the people and succeeding generations of men who believe in the staying, lasting qualities of these things, have been busy, keeping their memories green.

Some, there are, whose voices have rung out for years and centuries and ages for the good as against the bad in human government. Along this line, the one which is so very essential to this old world—and I will call it an old world, though, as a matter of fact, I do not know how old it is—I know of no one that gives me greater pleasure to read after than England's great orator and statesman,—and I will pause to say a few words.

I have read a good many speeches in my time,—and you get a man very largely in his speeches—in his talk—in his thoughts—but afterwards I have returned again to Burke and read again, and thought to myself and have said to others, many a time, that there is something “grand” about Burke—and I am not discrediting any other great orator and statesman, either.

Bad government is a fearfully bad thing, but the most fearful arraignment of bad government in all history, so far as I know, was made by Burke, though, of course, there have been great speeches made by other men on other subjects. His impeachment of Warren Hastings in Parliament will do as an impeachment of bad men in government and bad government, itself, for all nations and for all time to come. I do not think there is anything like it in literature and I want to pause long enough to say a few words for Burke, for he

should be impressed on the public mind—and I want to do what I can to impress him.

He has been dead, something like a hundred years, but he is still growing, while the greatest of his contemporaries are beginning to shrink in size. This plain, untitled man—untitled, except that he was a member of Parliament—who told so often and so much, how England should govern and how all men in power should and should not govern, has taught school for over a hundred years on the science of government.

A great empire has gone to school to him and I might say a great republic has, too. Of all the statesmen she has ever had, I think that old England, today, considering the mighty task she has on her hands, of governing one-fourth or one-third of the human race, would rather have it known by her people, living far away, that she has gone to school to Burke than to any other one.

He stands, I think, on a very high pedestal; and great statesmen of the coming years will, no doubt, gather about him and look up to him and learn some things from him, this man, who died, just as the light was breaking into the last wonderful 19th century, for his was a mind that dwelt much in the azure blue of sublimity and many of the things he said are not subject to change—nor are they liable to “the vicissitudes of time”.

He was of a royal family, but one, I suspect, into which kings and queens will never enter. I remember of hearing a great pulpit orator, one whom I much admired, say,—and I will give his name, Mr. James Murray,—that the next man in size after Demosthenes and Cicero, was Burke.

If that is so, then I was probably right when I said what I did about the kings and queens.—And then, since I come to reflect, he was an Irishman, born and bred, though developed to full maturity on English soil and under English law, and then, as I reflect still more on what he has become, this Irishman, some of the thoughts come back to me which came to me that evening at Niagara when listening to the Great Falls and the music of the merry-go-round—the thoughts about the Irishman and the Union jack being friends.

I will quote a few lines from the peroration of his speech on Fox's East India bill. I will quote it, not because of the religious sentiments, but because it gives a glimpse of the tributes he could pay to good, honest government and statesmanship. The author of the bill was mercilessly attacked and abused and the bill for the relief of India was venomously opposed.

He said, in the last two paragraphs—and there are hundreds of strong beautiful things about the higher order of statesmanship and of right and justice and kindness in government in this and other speeches:

"I confess, I anticipate with joy, the reward of those, whose whole consequence, power and authority exist only for the benefit of mankind; and I carry my mind to all the people, all the names and descriptions of men, that relieved by this bill, will bless the labors of this parliament and the confidence which the best House of Commons has given to him, who the best deserves it.

"The little cavils of party will not be heard where freedom and happiness will be felt. There is not a tongue, a nation

or religion in India which will not bless the presiding care and manly beneficence of this house and of him who proposed to you, this great work. Your names will never be separated before the throne of the Divine Goodness in whatever language or with whatever rites, pardon is asked for sin and reward for those who imitate the Godhead in his universal bounty to his creatures. These honors you deserve and they will surely be paid when all the jargon of influence and party and patronage are swept into oblivion.

"I have spoken what I think and what I feel of the mover of this bill. An honorable friend of mine, speaking of his merits, was charged with having made a studied panegyric. I do not know what his was. Mine, I am sure is a studied panegyric; the fruit of much meditation; the result of the observation of near twenty years. For my own part, I am happy that I have lived to see this day; I feel myself overpaid for the labors of eighteen years, when at this late period, I am able to take my share by one humble vote, in destroying a tyranny that exists, both to the disgrace of this nation and to the destruction of so large a part of the human species."

From the lofty pedestal on which this man now is, he speaks in no uncertain sound for good government and righteous principles of action—that is, he speaks for your good and mine—and the audience is growing larger.

Government, good or bad, is so intimately connected with law—and in civilized countries, with lawyers—that a special word should be said about it and them.

Some people seem to think that law is unnecessary—that



all that the world needs is love. I do not minimize the power and importance of love, but it alone will not run this old world. One might as well talk about running the Pennsylvania and the Santa Fe railway systems with love. Love would be a good thing to have on these roads no doubt, but with it, alone, to operate them, there would soon be not only chaos in their management and along their lines, but soon would be in the whole country. Every enterprise requires rules and regulations in its proper management, and it does not matter whether it is a private company or a large one called the state or nation. These rules and regulations are laws. A great railway company could not run a train without rules and it could not be organized and made to fit into its place among ten thousand other enterprises and interests without laws. These laws are simply rules gotten up to facilitate the transaction of business and to regulate human conduct in reference to people and things so that they can all exist agreeably together.

Without them no man would know what course to pursue, in the vast maze of conflicting interests, wants and desires about him, and it is here, largely, that the lawyer appears as the great pilot in the business world—and it might be added, until human affairs can be controlled without rules,—which will never be,—he will be needed, and will be one of the great indispensable factors in social, political, commercial and industrial affairs, the factor without which, the huge frame work of civilization, would tumble and fall into ruins.

Go into any dry goods store, for instance. The ordinary observer might not see anything but goods, but the close ob-

server would see back of the goods a hundred thousand laws and the handiwork of the lawyers of two or more continents. Into every thread of mens' and womens' wearing apparel, for instance, have gone the laws of real estate, of the mine, the sheep ranch or the cotton field, the telegraph, the telephone, the railroad and the cotton and woolen mills.

Even with these helps things did not always run smoothly prior to the year 1900. There were many poor rules or laws, and often where there should have been rules and laws, there were none, and so the world's affairs ran hard. But soon after the year 1900, the whole world started on the upgrade and the lawyers were among the very first to set to work on the problem of devising rules and regulations, that is, laws by which the vast and often times complicated interests, and the wants and desires of not only individuals but of whole nations, peoples and races could be controlled or worked up to, as the case should require, to the fullest capacity, and all made to exist harmoniously together.

This problem has not been solved altogether yet, and probably never will be, but the former often times half chaotic conditions arising from bad laws or from the absence of law, or from the disregard of law, has been largely eliminated and a uniform system made to take its place, a system that has comparative uniformity—in very many fundamental things at least throughout the world.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## WAR.

We, too, have produced the higher order of statesmen. Those minds of the larger size—what do we not owe to them? The minds that feared nothing but the wrong, and what wrong does, and who were above a lust of office that would make their country's interest, matters of bargain and sale, or of indefinite postponement, have been training statesmanship and government, through the slow moving years; and, today, there is a nobler and a higher order of statesmanship than that which had theretofore existed.

When they came in the larger numbers, they were of the kind which the great messenger of Commerce and Peace and the Brotherhood of Man seemed to have been hunting and calling for, throughout the earth.

When they came, they not only did the things, to which I have already alluded, or helped in the doing of them, as only statesmen and lawgivers can, but they continued on and worked out some new and mighty problems. I will only take the time and space for a few of them.

As to one of them, in order to be brief and to go into the subject at once, and to finish some thoughts which I started in the chapter on "The Rivals," they devoted their thoughts less as to how they could work their countries up to colossal military establishments whereby their own people could break

open, by millions, the skulls of men, whom they regarded as enemies or possible enemies, by reason of their abiding beneath another flag; less as to how they could maim and cripple vast multitudes of men by machinery and fill cemeteries and long bloody trenches in some valley or on some mountain side with the very flower of the world's young manhood—with manhood that did not agree with them on some proposition, perhaps, of little consequence,—and more thought to getting a system in harmony with what the painter, the sculptor, the poet, and the song writer, had been and were idealizing—a system in which nations had no more thought of defending themselves or of destroying each other than neighboring farmers have of settling differences by like means. This problem, like so many other difficult problems, was found not to be impossible of solution, for when the newer statesmen got to thinking it out, it was not long until they had solved it, and so, today, the nations are living together much as prosperous farmers do in some well regulated neighborhood. The purposes of the statesman are not so selfish as they were, neither is his country bloodthirsty, heartless and cruel.

One thing that helped in solving the problem, was the becoming divested, for the time being—that is, by some of the great statesmen and leaders of thought—of their old-time notions on the subject of war and the putting of themselves in the standpoint of a man who knew nothing about “Glorious War”, until one day, he saw a miniature battle and then, later on at other times the “real thing,” if I may be permitted to use the words “real thing”.

These statesmen, who saw through the eyes of the man who

had never seen "glorious war", saw one day, a crowd of young men and boys playing on a "village green".

They were bright, active, handsome young fellows—as much so as one could find, anywhere. Laughter and good-natured talk and musical voices, saying pretty thoughts, filled the air, almost with the fragrance of flowers; and bright looks were flashed out of eyes into as bright and smiling faces as could be found anywhere.

It was a very attractive looking crowd to look upon. It pleased the senses and made the stranger wish to go over and mingle with them. It was a place and a scene where Peace was seen with smiling face.

In an instant, in the "twinkling of an eye," it all changed. It became all commotion.

It was never known, what the trouble was, exactly. Some said that one participant in the playful, sportive scene got more honor than was justly due him. Some said that one man was not treated fairly. Others said that when a question was asked, no answer was given. Another version was that when a man should have said "yes" he smiled, shrugged his shoulders and said nothing.

Anyway, whatever the trouble was, the scene was as suddenly changed as a landscape is when a cloud flies over it or the sun is eclipsed. Loud talk in an almost inconceivably short space of time, turned into words filled with spite and venom. Voices grew shrill and hoarse with rage. Smiling faces turned into faces blackened with looks of hate, contempt and spite.

In less time than it takes to tell it, angry savage blows

were given and taken, faces were battered into unrecognizable pieces of bone and flesh, hair was torn out and eyes beaten out of their sockets. Some had legs broken, ears torn off, and scarcely any but had their clothes half stripped from their bodies. Stones were thrown and clubs were used freely. Several were crippled for life.

When it was all over, it was a sorry looking crowd and the stranger wanted to know what all this was and he was told that it was WAR.

The statesmen had heard so many sweet songs about war and had been told so many beautiful tales of heroism about it that it was very difficult for them to conceive of glorious war in any other light than that which human experience had afforded.

But when the stranger heard of *war* and saw it, he wanted to learn more about it and so, he went and saw another war. It was in another quarter of the world and a very beautiful quarter it was, too—a quarter filled with cities and towns and farms and pleasant homes for the people.

A quarter of a million men assembled on a plain, near this pleasant scene, and commenced to kill each other. They fought and struggled on the plain and then they went into one of the cities and fought there. By and by, these quarter of a million men were all dead save a few who called themselves conquerors; and the country was laid waste and made desolate and the cities were razed and dismantled and the country in which it all occurred, once so rich, prosperous and great, became a wilderness in which savages and wild beasts roamed.



At first, the stranger could not understand why this was done but on further inquiry, he learned that the reason for all this wretchedness and woe and desolation was that there was a principle at stake. This principle directly touched the honor and pride of every inhabitant on the west side of this particular part of the country. This principle had its origin in the fact that from time immemorial, their hereditary foes on the east side had not been allowed to use the river which ran between the two sections, but half way across. They had never been allowed to come but half way over. One half of the river was theirs, but no more.

In the year when the war started, the Easterners had been seen on the west half of the river and more than that, they had caught some fish, one day, beyond their own boundary line; and so, this trespass was very properly considered a *casus belli*.

Soon after this, he saw another nation completely subjugated and all its lands with the meager remnants of its cities, made a part of the territory of the victors. This war started because a couple of men had stolen a couple of sheep belonging to the vanquished people and the sheep had died so they could not be identified by their owners in establishing a claim for damages, nor be returned to them.

Negotiations by the ablest men of the two countries followed this transaction. They were unable to settle the difficulty and war was declared, which raged for ten years, killing one hundred thousand men and ending as just stated.

Both sides fought bravely. Personal deeds of daring were

performed on each side, unsurpassed in the history of valor, and the victory was celebrated in song and story.

According to the custom which prevailed, the remnants of the vanquished people were reduced to slavery—a slavery from which they never emerged.

Another great war, the stranger got to see, just at its close. This one had lasted fifty years and when it ended, there was not much left of either side. It was closed up by another power seizing what was left of the people and carrying them away into captivity. This war, the one which lasted so long, was started about a yoke of oxen. The purchaser of the oxen belonged to an opposing nation, that is, to one which had a different flag. One of the oxen was represented to be five years old, when the fact was, it was six years old. This discrepancy in the age of that particular ox was fatal to the contract and in the adjustment, the contending parties succeeded in getting their differences settled in the way just stated.

He saw another great war get started about a half dozen beaver and mink skins. Some trappers out on the frontier had gotten into a dispute about the ownership of the skins—which dispute, the statesmen at the capitols of the two countries, promptly took up.

One of the strong points about the diplomatic controversy which preceded war, was that neither side would concede anything. It was either all or nothing. War broke out between the two nations and never ceased until one of them was completely subjugated.

It had been, before the war, a great nation, but in the



peace compact which was made, it surrendered nearly everything it had—a tract of country nearly as large as the United States—and then, it lived a few years as a third rate power when it was attacked and conquered and annexed by another nation, though by that time, there was not much to “annex.”

One fearful war was started, so he found, because a young man had fallen in love with a young woman and had induced her to leave home and go and live with him. In the struggle which followed, deeds of daring were done, which also became celebrated in song and story. The war lasted ten years and when peace was declared, there was nothing left of the young man’s relatives and countrymen except a few refugees scattered here and there, over the earth.

Several other great wars, celebrated wars, long, bloody wars—got under way about a box which was supposed to contain a spirit. The box thieves were, in the end, badly defeated. In fact, when smiling Peace returned again to visit her native haunts, she found everything had been exterminated by the conquerors, even to the dumb brutes.

The stranger—and the statesmen who saw through his eyes—saw strange sights—saw scenes of blood, scenes of slow, deliberate killing, which lasted for hours, sometimes for days.

Here is one scene—and it was not of the larger kind, either. Two thousand men, one morning, as the sun rose up into the sky, marched out with banners and with axes, against another two thousand with axes, and they struck and chopped at each other, all day.

When the sun went down, in the evening, and the stars came out to see, as it were, what the four thousand men had

done, that day, more than three-fourths of them were lying stiff and cold in death with their heads split open or with great gaping, bloody holes, made by the axes in their backs and breasts.

The glory of this achievement was duly posted at the capitol and men and women raved and poets wrote poetry, and singers sang songs with a tremor in the voice over the victors—and the people listened with a flutter of pride at their hearts as they cried and shouted and cheered over the courage, fortitude and strength and matchless skill of the boys who had wielded the axe so well that day. The whole land was in a tremble of joy and the martial spirit ran high and in the enthusiasm of the hour, thousands of others banded themselves together to go out and do likewise.

The stranger found—and so did the statesmen, too, who were seeing things from his standpoint—that on one continent in the course of a thousand years, not less than twelve great nations, and multitudes of people, had been swept from the face of the earth with scarcely a trace left of their existence.

On some continents, seven civilizations had perished, if not more. Ancient cities which once ruled with a mighty power were found buried in the earth and over the piles of stone and burned brick and mortar the green grass was growing.

Sometimes, peace would come to one nation for a time and it would forge ahead in agriculture, manufacture, mining, commerce, art, literature and those things which make up the substance of what we call civilization.

But, by and by, it would get a taste of blood or some other

nation would get a taste of blood, and either from necessity or choice, would risk its agriculture, its manufactures, its mines and farms and art and commerce, its cities, the happiness of its people—its very existence as a people—on the tossing up, as it were, of a copper cent—for the fortune of war is as risky as that. Sometimes, one nation would get the start of another and win in war and then, again, in order to get a “start,” it would start too soon and lose.

Sometimes, a civilization would arrive at a considerable degree of excellence and the people would commence to have those things which satisfy, or at least, please the mind and heart—I mean the comforts of life. Under the influence of industry and commerce and the enjoyment of the things they bring, other tastes would be developed than those for blood and slaughter and they, the people in this industrial and commercial civilization, would lose their taste for war—though, sometimes this condition was brought about by the cultivation of certain vices, as for instance that of drunkenness, for drunkenness has been the cause of national weakness and destruction many and many a time by the sapping of the individual vitality, or their “martial vigor,” as it has been called, from this or other causes, being lessened—and the world being full of people and nations, some of them being vast swarms of savages who had the taste for war and conquest raging in their blood, the more civilized and peaceably inclined people would become the prey of these others.

It was because of the danger of this fate overtaking a nation, even so late as yesterday, that I said what I did far-

ther back, about it being unsafe, either from civilized or half savage foes, to go "unarmed."

The stranger found—and so did the statesmen, too—that almost universally, though the world had had terrible experiences, because of war, the dominating sentiment, the poetry, the songs, the music the plays, the oratory, the art and the statesmanship of the world were for war more than for commerce and industry and peace and the brotherhood of man. War was in evidence, everywhere. The implements of war, the sword, the spear, the bayonet and the cannon—took precedence over those of industry and commerce—the plow, the anvil, the forge, the sickle, the mill and the workshop, except as these latter contributed to the former.

But few thought of the brotherhood of man—and especially, outside of their own country; and for a long time, but few would trade to any great extent, except with people over whom their own country's flag floated. The world, in fact, he and they found, had been divided for ages into great military camps and the relations of nations to each other were colored and influenced by this camp life. War was written in huge, red letters, over the whole world; and industry and commerce and the brotherhood of man lived and thrived as best they could, under the shadow of some awful catastrophe. In fact, in many places, industry and commerce eked out but a scanty subsistence and in hundreds of others, they starved to death because the people had too much martial vigor.

I will not undertake to say what the stranger said, who had never heard of war until he heard it and saw it, first on that summer's day near the village where so many were bruised

and beaten, and later on had seen and read its signs, all over the earth.

But if it had not been on so serious, solemn and momentous a subject he would have dropped, I feel sure, into the lighter, and more jesting words of another stranger to this world, who is said to have said, "What fools these mortals be!"

But this stranger who came to our modern statesmen from out of our coming civilization, did see things which they also saw and said things which they did.

## CHAPTER XIX.

## THE COURT—THE PEACE.

The newer and later and better statesmen who had seen things as the stranger had seen them, said, among many other things which they said not long afterwards, that nearly all the controversies about which war had been waged, could have been settled peaceably without the shedding of blood if they had been tried in the ordinary way in the courts of justice of almost any country—that, in fact, many of them should have been disposed of before a Justice of the Peace.

But these cases had not been disposed of, that way. Neither had there ever been an attempt made to settle them in a court on such principles as prevail in nearly all well constituted courts. In this country, we have courts with powers to try controversies between citizens of different states and between states and citizens of other states, but until then in the world, there had been no court established to do substantially the same work between nations.

The question they raised and subsequently worked out was—why, was not a court established somewhere, where “war causes” and other kinds of great disputes could be reasoned out under the law and the evidence, and judgment entered accordingly, just as causes, sometimes a thousand times larger, except that they had not the name “international” written under them, were tried and judgment entered.

They were confirmed in the notion that such a court would have as much necessity back of it, as much philosophy, humanity, and consideration for the welfare of the people—as much justice back of it—as any court that had ever been constructed for the settlement of disputes between people and between people and their government.

They believed that where a reason could be given for the establishment and maintainance of these other courts, as good a reason could be given for the establishment of the court to try causes between nations. The settlement of disputes in court, they found, kept the peace—kept it so much, that though the judgments might be wrong, the settlements therein almost invariably kept men from “taking the law into their own hands”—and we know what the “taking of the law into their own hands” by people, means.

In a neighboring state, and in others, too, there used to be communities that had been kept back and had had their trade and industry and business demoralized because there was a sentiment there, or had been, which allowed men to “take the law into their own hands;” and as a result, wars to the death had taken place between families and individuals. Just as the people in some communities had taken the law into their own hands and had no respect for the reasons underlying the existence of courts and, in fact, for the law itself, and, as a result, had almost exterminated themselves, so had nations taken the law into their own hands and had, in thousands of instances, been literally destroyed.

In other words, the nations of the world had been running things a great deal on the Hatfield-McCoy principle; and

this plan was so covered with glory by the poets, the historians, the artists and the soldiers, too, that it was slow, hard work to work up influences strong enough to break down the old notions and build up a sentiment and a public confidence in the world, great enough to construct such a court, as has just been spoken of, and to stand by it, for, as these men saw and said—the men who had divested themselves of their old opinions so that they could see clearly—the old sentiment had to be replaced with a *sentiment for*, and a *confidence in* the integrity of such a court. All this had to precede its organization, just as all this had to precede the organization of other courts.

But these influences were at work, commenced to work with increasing energy after the great Fair—influences which not only brought a few nations up to the point where they could understand the necessity for such a court and where they were willing to organize and maintain it as they maintained their own courts, but so many other nations in the world were lifted up, so rapidly lifted up, for, when things commenced to go in that direction, they went rapidly, because the nations that were down, not only commenced to push themselves up but they had the help of those that were up, to pull them up—that the old danger of national destruction arising from the subsidence of martial vigor or from the invasion of savage, warlike hordes was removed.

I have spoken of the necessity for such a court and have referred to the influences that were behind it, manufacturing its existence.—But there was one power back of it, to which I have already devoted a considerable amount of space and



nation would get a taste of blood, and either from necessity or choice, would risk its agriculture, its manufactures, its mines and farms and art and commerce, its cities, the happiness of its people—its very existence as a people—on the tossing up, as it were, of a copper cent—for the fortune of war is as risky as that. Sometimes, one nation would get the start of another and win in war and then, again, in order to get a “start,” it would start too soon and lose.

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hour, the steamer will have to run something like 120 miles per hour, in going the same distance, between two points.

The locomotive talked so incessantly for commerce and industry and the brotherhood of man, and was so implacably opposed to, and so eloquent in its denunciations of, their enemies, as for instance, that land and water pirate, the liquor devil, which it well knew, prospered and grew rich only as it could prey on commerce and industry and the brotherhood of man, and war, which could only be carried on as it destroyed industry and commerce and the brotherhood of man, that the stubborn trend of opinion was turned out of its old course into the new. It took people to see each other with a speed greater than the wind and mixed them up so much and so often as travelers and manufacturers, merchants, artisans, buyers and sellers, artists, poets, philosophers, musicians, lawyers and statesmen, that they all, at last, got almost as much alike as brothers and neighbors. Before it came, two-thirds of the population of the world, probably, if not more, had never been fifty miles from the places where they were born. And they had as much idea of the size of the world and its interests as the young man had in South Carolina who had never been away from home, but who concluded at last to go and make his living elsewhere. I set this joke up at the expense of the State of South Carolina, as it were. It is their joke, now. While I stigmatize one of her young men, I will make amends by saying that though her people have made lots of trouble for us, they have nerve of the most unflinching character, are not slow in expressing their sentiments and have courage to back these sentiments up—though

## CHAPTER XIX.

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The question they raised and subsequently worked out was—why, was not a court established somewhere, where “war causes” and other kinds of great disputes could be reasoned out under the law and the evidence, and judgment entered accordingly, just as causes, sometimes a thousand times larger, except that they had not the name “international” written under them, were tried and judgment entered.

and science and music and literature pay no attention to them, at all.

But returning to the court and going somewhat into detail, it was established and the troublesome affairs of nations were disposed of, much as the disputes of prosperous farmers were in some law-abiding neighborhood.

If the farmers have differences and can not agree among themselves, they submit them to the tests of reason, based on the law and the evidence in the court room, where things are coolly, quietly and orderly done and then abide by the result—even though they are not quite satisfied with the judgment of the court—without ever thinking of the shotgun and torch as remedies.

Under the spell of the influences set in motion in the way explained, it so happened that three of the most warlike nations in the world, the three that had in them the blood which "will fight at the drop of the hat", for a right, real or imaginary, the three in which the thing called national pride, was almost phenomenally developed and in which burned the fire of the military spirit, as perhaps the history of none of the others showed, though a good many had it burning pretty fiercely, fell more deeply under this spell, strange as it may seem, than any of the others, and sought by every means in their power to encourage its spread through the earth. They worked together for the growth of the idea and then, when they and some of the other nations had worked, or helped to work, the leaven through all nations, they, in the course of time, plighted *their* faith, especially, and then, they *with all* the others, that the court built up on this idea for the set-

tlement of international disputes, should not be broken down by any nation or combination of nations which might afterwards become dissatisfied with the findings of the court or with the court, itself, and all the nations returned to the old mode of living in a state of war or warlike truce.

In other words, the tribunal and all its accessories were established at last in which, great questions of world wide import, and smaller ones which might lead into them, were settled quietly by argument and reason on the facts presented, under the rules of law which had been agreed to, in a great court room and not on a red battlefield on which the lives of nations, swung in the balances, over belching cannon and fighting battalions and heaps and piles of dead and dying.

A court is not much of a court unless it has force back of it. Its judgment will not long be respected unless it is backed by enough power to enforce it. The great, burly criminal, who is strong enough to whip a half dozen men—who has killed a half a dozen men—comes into court and is tried by a small, weakly looking man, who can, perhaps, scarcely walk from his home to the court room, but that little man tells the burly giant to stand up and then, when he is standing up, says, coolly and solemnly, "I sentence you to be hanged by the neck until you are dead, and may God have mercy on your soul". The giant stands in awe of the little man. Why? Because of the power back of him, for back of him, for instance, if you will go far enough, you will find not only the sheriff, but the army and navy of the United States and all that they can be made to be, and so, when the great court was established, there was power back of it. Back of it, first,

was the plighted word of all the nations and the power of all their resources; and back of that, still, the grimmer plight, if I may use the term, of those who had been chiefly responsible for its creation, the three which had taken terrible chances in war in times gone by and whose history showed that their military spirit was not to be trifled with and whose power was such, that, if on any occasion, it should be allied, no nation or combination of nations would care to provoke it to wrath. I link these three together, because in the creation of all great things by many people, some few, rather than all, are chiefly responsible for their creation—and because, also, out of all, some are more zealous in defending the things so created.

In other words, the nation that defied the judgment of this court after a fair and impartial hearing, for the honor of all the nations was involved in making it fair and impartial in its findings within the scope of the powers conferred upon it, united against it, the wrath of all the others. So far it has happened that no nation or combination of nations has cared to disobey the court by inviting a conflict on the battlefield by the side of which—were the dissatisfied nations powerful—all other wars in the history of the world would be tame affairs.

In fact, one of the most terrific wars of modern times was waged, in a case, where all the states of the American Union had agreed to certain fundamental propositions, but from which agreement certain ones on becoming dissatisfied, later, wanted to withdraw—and did so. Here was a Union of all the states, but when those withdrew who wanted to do so, and the Union so formed was imperilled, they struck this

grimmer plight—the plight of the ones that believed in the Union and that would, and did, fight to preserve it.

Soon after the establishment of the court, it was found that had it not been for the fear of this power, its judgment would have been defied and the old mode of settlement by “wager of battle”, re-established.

But, as time went on, the nations which felt themselves aggrieved came to abide with better grace by the finding of the court, and it is, now so firmly established and so thoroughly grounded in the necessities of mankind that some think it never will be overthrown. It has jurisdiction of no questions except those that come up between the nations.

Each nation was left free at the time the court was established to pursue its own course of development, and it could do this, up to the point of conflict with certain recognized rights of other nations. The nations had the right to modify the judgment of the court by agreement, just as the parties to a suit in any court have.

There is now, a reasonably permanent guaranty of the peace of the world—at least, so far as a conflict between the nations is concerned, and under it, labor and capital are ever employed in doing things for the good of the race; and many of the old shackles that fettered it are broken. There is, already, as much difference between this and the old system of doing things, where each nation was always prepared to fight the others to the death, as there was between some well-regulated law-abiding neighborhood and another where a constant warlike feud existed and the “men folks” hunted each other with revolvers and Winchester rifles.



Whereas, before, vast numbers of men were continually preparing and fitting themselves to kill each other and diverting their genius, their brain and muscle, into that channel, they are now engaged in producing things good for themselves and others, and the sum of human happiness, I will repeat again, has been most wonderfully increased. The world is on the up grade as it never was before and there are those who piously believe and reverently say that that celebrated peace of a thousand years is now on.

An artist painted a great picture, not long after the court was established—and I will pause to say a few words about it.

The scene is laid in a great seaport city and in the open air. The only roof over the court, for the scene painted is a court scene, is the blue sky and the fleecy clouds, through which, in the distance to the east, for the time seems to be in the forenoon, the sun is pouring his genial shafts of light from over the top of a high mountain.

Near by, in the foreground is the court, composed of old gray-haired men and of men not so gray-haired, but they are all of a distinguished cast of countenance, and they are seated in semi-circular form within a beautifully carved marble enclosure, which rises no higher than their shoulders.

In front of this audience—and it is composed of judges—of men of the highest learning, of men whose chief ambition is to be just and honorable in all their judgments—is a female figure addressing them. She has a pair of scales in one hand and a sword in the other; and there is a bandage over her eyes—or rather, I had better say, there has been a ban-

dage but it is raised, now, and she is looking straight at the judges in front of her.

She is not rendering judgment for the sword is not drawn nor are the scales uplifted as in judgment.

It is Justice, giving instructions to the Court. Out in the harbor can be seen the outlines of some great ships, and not far away from the court scene, in clear cut outlines, probably because it is so large, is a great locomotive—among others—projecting its head from out of a roundhouse and looking on. But I will not stop to speak more of the picture now.

## CHAPTER XX.

## THE PASSING OF DISEASE.

As was said of Russia, the statesmen, the lawyers, the doctors and the scientists worked together, and they had a mighty work to do, and worked out another reform, one of the greatest in human history, one which comes close up to that other one in size, and which in some respects it resembles, whose base was the poisoning of men and women by the millions and the money that could be thus made—and the destruction of nations.

They studied natural law and worked and educated and legislated out of existence, a swarm of diseases, which had been for years and years, some, for ages, attacking the population of the world and killing it off before its time.

They took hold of the law of heredity and so made it serve man instead of curse him that scores and hundreds of cruel diseases, which in times past had seized on him and built nests in his blood and had been, ever since, breeding there and propagating themselves, were bred out of instead of into the succeeding generations.

It begins to look, now, as if the only diseases which will feed on mens bodies and minds in the future are those, strictly speaking, which attend old age—and those which attend old age, do not to any great extent, by reason of natural law, propagate themselves, at least on the female side. Because

of science and statesmanship largely getting control of those infirmities, which come by inheritance and making it unlawful for those, who were affected by them, to perpetuate them, and then creating sanitary and hygienic conditions which would stamp out existing diseases and prevent the coming of new ones to harass and kill men—those diseases which came, or come, not by inheritance—the average age of man has already lengthened out, and it bids fair to so lengthen out that it would have astonished men who lived in past generations. The reasoning that induced men to quarantine against contagious diseases was applied largely to the transmission of disease, both mental and physical; and scientific instruction and the rigid enforcement of wholesome laws, sanitary and otherwise, at last, made it impossible for these enemies of man to get a foothold in his body or mind. In fact, as to the transmission of disease by inheritance, the law took as much care of the creation of mind and body as it had, theretofore of the training of the same—and in the first years of the twentieth century, the training of the mind was largely intrusted by law only to those who were fitted, especially, for that work.

In fact, in nearly all civilized countries and especially in the United States, the training of the young mind was taken charge of by the government, largely. Schools were established in practically every neighborhood in the land, even though there were only as many as twenty or twenty-five children living there; houses were built for them, in which to meet five days per week for mental instruction and teachers employed on reasonably good salaries to teach these children—and all this mighty work was done at public expense.

Before a teacher could teach these children, he or she had to undergo a special course of training and pass strict examinations under governmental supervision.

These vast expenditures of money and time and labor were not at all regarded as being out of proportion to the subject matter of them. In fact, these expenditures were insurance moneys, as it were, put on life, property, happiness, personal security, law, order, liberty and republican government.

In the great American republic, the individual citizen ran the government and it was regarded as of supreme importance that he should be intelligent. To not have an intelligent citizenship, was like having in a monarchy, a king who was not intelligent, and so, colossal sums were expended by the government on the minds of its citizens.

While colleges and schools abounded in the great republic, as probably they had not abounded at any time in any country in the history of the world before and very careful attention was given to educating the minds of the youth of both sexes, and illiteracy was cut down in most sections to a very small ratio, very little attention was given to other questions, no less important than this.

In the year 1900, children were brought into the world any way and every way—many of them totally unfitted by nature for the duties of life,—that is, if there had been a studious provision made for the bearing and rearing of children in the most hap-hazard, ignorant, short-sighted, animal way, possible, except as to the education of the mind, no better one could have been provided than the one in force.

In many sections of the world love was the all important

consideration; in others, the amount of real estate and chattel property that either or both of the contracting parties had was the all important thing to be looked after. The law undertook to meddle with such matters, at least, but seldom. Love was, very often, the one and only essential thing. The poets and song writers had sung of love so much, that other essential things were lost sight of. The poets never thought of children; neither did the songsters who serenaded at "my lady's chamber window".

A woman could have a tumor growing in her body, as big as a peck basket, but if she loved John Smith, who had no tumor, or even if he had a tumor, too, and John loved her, why it was all right. In fact, it was often regarded as a special proof of love if there was some sacrifice of this sort on one side or the other—and love was the main thing. A marriage of this kind was likely to prove successful because of the love there was in it.

Then, on the other hand, if a man had two legs half eaten off by cancer or some other disease which had a liking for legs, if cancers have not, and a woman loved him or even wanted to marry, for even love was not an absolute requirement, why, it was all right. I am not trying to belittle love. But there are times when love should not be admitted—when it is out of place and if it forces itself in, should not be recognized.

The liquor traffic had poisoned thousands and hundreds of thousands of men and women, so that their bodies were monstrosities—and their minds were little better than their bodies, and it was all right for them to bear children. I have

seen women carrying young children around in their arms who were but little more fit to have a child born to them than a cow or a wolf. But the law said never a word; and, so, these human monstrosities in mind and body, went on "replenishing the earth."

It is no wonder, the average age of men went down at one time in civilized countries, to nearly thirty years.

But all this has been changed. The Minister and the Justice of the Peace have been discarded in affairs of this kind and the physician has taken their place.

Much liberty is allowed in the relations of men and women—and it ought to be allowed, for nature, or what we call "nature", evidently intended a wide liberty to exist here. These relations are the source of a very large part of the happiness of mankind. But, when it comes to questions of parentage and childbirth, the law is strict. In fact, the universal policy is, to prevent the birth of children by parents who are diseased, mentally or physically.

More care is exercised in the begetting of children than there is in the breeding of hogs and cattle and horses and sheep. Formerly it was just the other way. No care was taken, whatever, as to the begetting of children, while there was to the dumb brutes. A man in those days, would have been "run out of the country", probably, if he had bred hogs which were suffering with a hog disease. But it was all right when it came to raising children, no matter whether he or his wife was eaten up with cancers or other diseases or not. Cancers or other diseases did not have anything to do with the matter, at all,—not as much,—generally, at least, as

finger rings or a nice pair of shoes or a stylish suit of clothes.

No sir, the government never paid much, if any, attention to children until they were big enough to go to school.

Then, it spent colossal sums on them, no matter whether their minds were just above the idiotic state, or their bodies overrun with a lot of diseases, or not. The government always took great pride in making good citizens out of this diseased material—and I am not saying anything against the making of something out of poor material. It could always see the importance of the matter, after the child was born, but not before.

Then as has been intimated, the sanitary conditions of the world were so improved that the outside sources of disease were almost wholly destroyed and disease itself could scarcely find an entrance place into man's body.

The conditions having so improved, the time of the enjoyment of the good things of life has already commenced to lengthen out. The span of man's life is not gone over like a flitting shadow. Formerly a man scarcely got a start in life's work before he stumbled and fell into a grave, but now, already, people have begun to notice time's lengthening flight between the cradle and the grave.

There are those who think that the average age of man will become so great that it would have been regarded as impossible, a hundred years ago.

As the improvement of conditions has already made man's life lengthen out, it is argued, why can not conditions be more improved and man's life be made to still more lengthen out?



If this is so, then, why would it not follow that the limit of man's life would only be reached when there could be no farther improvement in the conditions favorable to it? I sometimes have a doubt as to whether there is any limit to such improvement.

But whether or not such an improvement and such a lengthening out of life are possible or not, it is certain, I think, that if such a lengthening out is had, the conditions of human life—the civilization of the world in fact—would have to be made so far above what they are now, that those who lived in them would regard our civilization as a savage state.

I am not so sure, but that that is the civilization for which we are steering.

## CHAPTER XXI.

THE STORE OF HAPPINESS THAT WAS GATHERED.—THE  
TRIUMPH.

Since writing the preceding pages of the last chapter, another flight of years has taken place. They have come and gone, one by one, full-formed, glorious years for man and his ever-increasing store of happiness—years quite different from some of the old ones, which were ever over-clouded with giant evils—grim inveterate enemies to man and his little store of happiness.

Many of those old enemies are dead. By saying that, I do not mean to say that there are not others, yet to kill. There are, and they will be killed.

The human mind—the product of the new order of men and women—has become wonderfully trained. It has been able to penetrate farther and farther into the mysterious depths of nature. It has analyzed and investigated and pursued its way, far down the road towards the source of life, to that unknown something which we call “life.” We know so much more about life, about its processes and its possibilities than we did in the year 1900, that many people think that the time will come, when we will know all about it and become as much the master of it as we have of steam, electricity and other forces. Forces in nature, never dreamed of in the year 1900 have been discovered and have been set to

work for man—and some old antiquated notions—notions that were nonsensical and absurd, though old and venerated—which had no foundation in reason and which could not stand the test of analysis—the kind of analysis to which they were put—have gone down and the world is richer and brighter because of it. Old notions about the relations of the sexes have been modified and many have disappeared. Some old customs, thought to have been very beautiful in their day, about these relations, but which nevertheless, had in them an inequality of the most intolerable character, have given place to a freedom and equality for both, which nature, no doubt, intended them to have—a freedom and equality, which, today, could not be overthrown, any more than could be undermined the sources and intents of nature, herself. The relations that exist, now, are based on the great laws of nature, as we see them operating, everywhere and not on the rude, one-sided establishments of our far away ancestors, which in thousands of instances, abrogated these laws.

Idiotic asylums, insane asylums, immense hospitals, epileptic institutions, poor houses, homes for the friendless and great magnificent penitentiaries, of which the people used to be actually proud, are almost wholly things of the past. Some of them have almost literally been bred out of existence and others have, as it were, been kicked out of existence by her outraged majesty, the Law.

By their destruction, labor and capital and the thousand mighty forces that naturally tend to lift man upwards have been freed from these ghastly weights. Yes, they have been practically destroyed, not because the people have grown

heartless and cruel, but because they hunted out the causes which made their existence necessary and then, when they were found, destroyed them.

They found that it was easier, cheaper and better for all concerned to destroy the causes than to provide for their effects.

Humanity is getting out of the old, long night into the light of day and the world is fast filling up with things glorious for the race. The great locomotive—and I speak of it again, as it were, with a long pause—which once dragged the world behind it, so far from where it once was, has sung its great song of triumph and it is laid aside, for the world at last commenced to go faster than it could go.

I said something, further back, about telling of the triumph of the iron horse and of its great song of triumph. Well,—I have almost told my tale and I have not much to add, as to the triumph. It was, I think, a very complete triumph and a very sweet song—a great, grand song. The iron horse had gone out, over the earth and gathered up for man, so many things which were sweet and useful and valuable and great, that one's mind almost gets lost in measuring the aggregated amount of them. They had gone from one nation to another, from one race to another and almost from one great man to another—and great woman, too—and gotten something, rich and valuable for the common store—much as bees will go from one flower and blossom to another and get something sweet and life-giving for them all.

The inheritance of great men's thoughts—those who were living as well as those who were dead—were seized upon and

taken to the people, everywhere. Great struggles for the good of humanity were made familiar to the whole world. Great libraries were taken everywhere. Great reforms, such as those I have outlined, were worked out in some more favored spot and then, like bees after the honey in flowers, these great beasts of burden gathered up what was good and took it everywhere.

The winning out of one great reform made it easier for the next and so, they became the world's stepping stones, as it were, on the great highway of civilization.

What was done in Russia became well known in America and China and if it was good, they did the same; and what was done in America and England and France was known over the four quarters of the globe—and I use the word "*knowing*" in its broader sense, not the knowing which comes from one sense, only, as for instance, hearing, but the knowing which comes from not only hearing, but seeing, feeling, smelling and tasting—the knowledge which comes from personal contact, with all the senses alert and active.

The iron horse, with all those forces, visible and invisible which go with it, got the dead past from out of its grave and paraded it before the world. Athens was hauled from out of the depths, or the distances of more than twenty long centuries and given, as it were, to all men, savage and civilized—for the savage and half civilized men of the year 1900, were made acquainted, later on, with the "Mother of Civilization"—and her daughters, too.

All men saw each other, as it were, face to face, because the

iron horse had come and so largely annihilated distances—and I was going to say, time, itself.

It gathered up intellectual treasures, everywhere and, as it were, lit up the world with knowledge.

I spoke of the song of triumph. I cannot describe it, but one was gotten up. I do not know the exact words, neither can I give the music to the words.

I have heard it said that the locomotives which were looking on the great court scene when Justice was giving instructions to the judges, started up the song when they left the old roundhouse that night and went out over the world on their interminably long flights, and that all the other locomotives caught it from them and filled the earth with the sweetness of the music.

Yes, the great song of triumph has been sung, and like some other music, it still lingers in the ears, and they say it will linger in mans ears for generations to come.

But, as I said, the old world, at last got to going faster than it could go.

Yes, the great locomotive which had worked so long and so hard, all through the continents and the islands of the sea, where man and his store of happiness so largely exists, is laid aside and is at rest in the old roundhouse, but its mighty work is not forgotten. Its services will live in men's memories as long as commerce lives. And I have heard it said that the great cities which it took into unknown quarters of the world and the spirit of universal brotherhood among men which it carried everywhere, "on the wings of the wind"

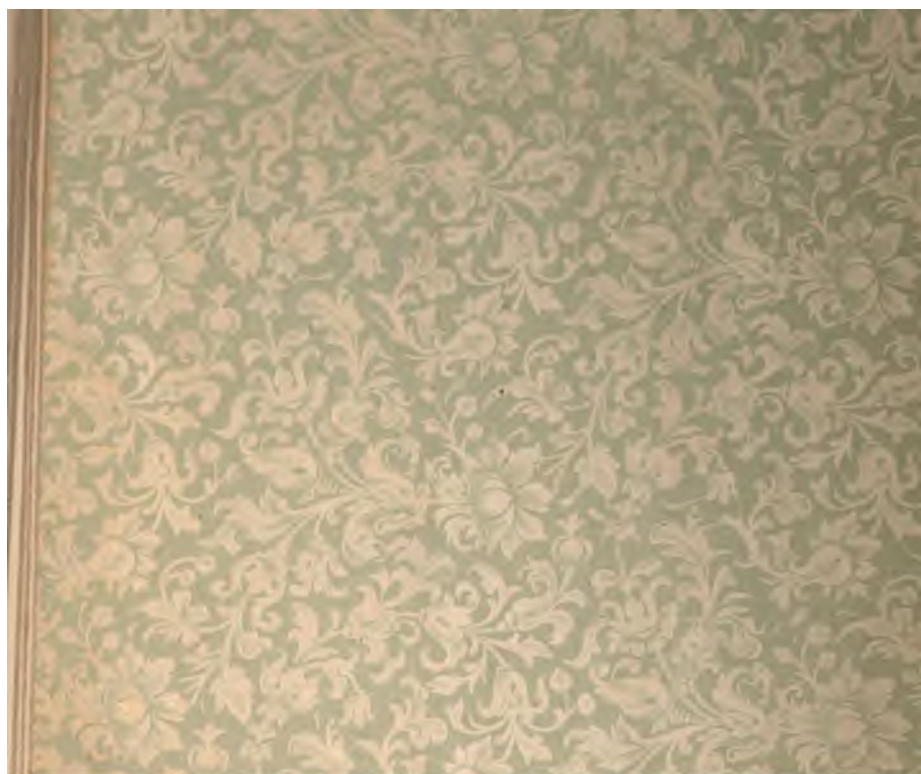
and that white-winged Peace, which dwells, today on land and sea, say that it shall live on in men's memories.

A better understanding exists among men and a nobler spirit is shown, everywhere. So many of those things which used to harry men to their death long before their allotted "three score years and ten" had been lived out, are gone and the old woman and the children, too—who used to be so poor and friendless that they were afraid of what the morrow might bring forth, are not afraid any more for they have tasted in these later days of the new kindness which has come into the world; and the old men and the young men and the old women and the young women—all say and believe that the world is moving into a paradise of such transcendent dignity and glory as to be almost beyond the reach of the longest flights of the imagination—a paradise where each man and woman will develop to almost infinity, their powers of mind and body and where they will become the master and the mistress of all the forces of nature.

[THE END.]









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